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THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE

BY

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D., L.H.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

BOOK II.—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS, AND STUDIES IN JAPAN, 1870-1874

BOOK III.—SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS, INCLUDING HISTORY TO THE BEGINNING OF 1912

ILLUSTRATED

TWELFTH EDITION

WITH EIGHT SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS

INCLUDING HISTORY TO BEGINNING OF 1912

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BOOK II.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, OBSERVATIONS, AND STUDIES IN JAPAN. 1870-1875.

THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

I.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF JAPAN.

The longest unbroken stretch of water statedly traversed by the keel of steamer or sailing vessel lies between California and Japan. The floating city, which leaves its dock in San Francisco at noon on the first day of each month, pulses across four thousand miles of ocean, from which rises no island, harbor, or reef. Nothing amidst all the crowding triumphs of the genius and power of man so impresses the reflecting mind as the thought of that mighty ark, which, by the magnet and the stars, is guided in safety to the desired haven. Without a Noah, without dove or olive leaf, freighted with bird, beast, and fish, and often with thirteen hundred human souls, over a flood of waters that cover a world beneath, alone for weeks, that ark floats on, at the bidding of the master.

Twenty-seven days in the solitudes of the sea seem long to the man of this decade, who crosses the Atlantic's thousand leagues in nine days, and the New World in a week. Even the old traveler—whose digestion is sea-worthy; whose appetite is like a whetted saw; who meets a host of genial fellow-birds of passage, and finds officers who will answer questions; who discovers new and readable books in the ship's library; and who delights in the study of steerage ethnology—yearns in his secret soul for the sight of land again. Even the ocean scenery, though, like God's mercies, new every morning and fresh every evening, palls on the eye, and loses its glory before the thoughts of the crowded city in which comforts cluster and pleasures bloom. The waves that daily cradle the infant sun and pillow his dying splendor, the effulgence of the cavernous sunsets, the wonders of spouting whales, flying-fish, phosphorescence at night, "multitudinous smiles" of waves by day, the circling gulls evermore, or even the fun of burying a day (Saturday, December 16th) under the 180th meridian, would be gladly exchanged for a patch of farm or the sober glory of a wide-spreading oak. Often, indeed, the monotony of the voyage is relieved by meeting one of the company's steamers. If the weather be fair.

the pillar of cloud, or the long thin scarf of black smoke, descried afar off, is the harbinger of the coming ship. The exchange of newspapers and the sending homeward of letters are accomplished, to the intense delight of passengers jaded with *ennui*.

Thus met in placid mid-ocean, on Sunday, December 11th, 1870, the P. M. S. S. Co.'s steamers *Great Republic*, Captain J. H. Freeman, from San Francisco, and the *Japan*, bound to San Francisco, from the land whither we were bound. All day long we had watched the smoke. At 5.30 P.M. a rocket was sent up from the *Japan*. In a few moments our dinner-table was deserted. Within a stone's throw, the passengers on either ship shouted to each other. The stately ships, with scores of lighted windows gleaming on the waters, parted at seven o'clock, one moving to the home-land, one to the Mikado's Empire.

The meeting of steamers in mid-ocean is, strange to say, a matter of dislike to a certain class of persons, who, in spite of all preventive precautions, keep up their existence. One or two "stowaways" are found on nearly every steamer that leaves the shores of either continent. They sneak on board the big ship while in port, and are driven from their lair, when at sea, by hunger. When first discovered, the inquisitor of the ship—the purser—uses all his skill to extort the full passage money. If not forthcoming, the "stowaway" is consigned to purgatory—*i. e.*, the fire-room, and compelled to pass coal and feed the fires. This process refines his feelings so far that the "dross" is produced, if on the victim's person. If he refuses to do duty, his fare being still unpaid, he is put in irons, but, by passing through purgatory of the furnace-room, he is "saved" from further punishment, and reaches the paradise of firm land, "yet so as by fire."

All these incidents and accidents of sea-life cease to have any importance after the oracle at the head of the table, Captain J. H. Freeman, has announced that "we shall sight Cape King at day-break tomorrow." We try to sleep well during our last night on the water; but sleep, so often won and long embraced thus far, becomes fickle and flies our eyelids. With joyful wakefulness, our thoughts are busy with the morrow, until at last, in the wee morning hours, our eyelids are sealed.

I wake early on the 29th of December, 1870, and from out my state-room window behold the eye-gladdening land within rifle-shot. Hills, crested with timber, line the bay, and the beaches are dotted with thatched huts and white store-houses. Fishermen's boats, manned and moving over the bay, are near enough for us to distinguish their occupants. Tall, muscular men, with skin of a dirty copper color, in long, loose dress, their mid-scalps shaven, and the projecting cue or top-knot, of the percussion gun-hammer style, are the first natives of Japan whom we see at home. Though different in dress, condition, and as the barber left them, from their gay fellow-countrymen who spend plenty of money and study hard in the United States, they, nevertheless, exactly resemble their brethren in physiognomy and general appearance.

The dayspring in the east sifts enough of suggestive light over the land to entice us into the belief that the Land of the Rising Sun is one of the fairest on earth—a belief which a residence of years has ripened into an article of faith. To the right lie the two mountainous provinces of Awa and Kadzusa, with their numerous serrated peaks and valleys, which may be beautiful, though now they sleep. To the left is the village of Uraga, opposite which Commodore Perry anchored, with his whole squadron of steamers, on the 7th of July, 1853. Remaining eight days at this place, he was accorded what he first demanded—an interview with, and the reception of President Fillmore's letter by, an officer of high rank. After the ceremony, he gave the place the name of Reception Bay, which it still retains. Now we pass Perry Island, Webster Isle, and, on the opposite side, Cape Saratoga. We must not forget, mournful though the thought be, that hereabouts beneath us, perhaps under our keel, lies the United States war steamer *Oneida*, which was run into and sunk by the British mail steamer *Bombay*, January 23d, 1870. This is sad; but the sequel is disgraceful. Down under the fathoms the *Oneida* has lain, thus far undisturbed, a rich and grateful Government having failed to trouble itself to raise the ship or do honor to the dead. The hulk was put up at auction and sold (in 1874), with certain conditions, to a Japanese, for fifteen hundred dollars. This is the one sad thought that casts its shadow over the otherwise profound memories of which the Gulf of Yedo is so suggestive to Americans. The prominent geographical points in the bay echo familiar American names, which later geographers and a cosmopolitan community have ratified, and which commemorate American genius, skill, and bloodless victory.

The ship moves on, and the panoramic landscape unfolds before us. In the background of undulating plains, under high and close cultivation, and spotted with villages, rise the crumpled backs of many ranges of mountains; while afar off, yet brought delusively near by the clear air, sits the queenly mountain in her robes of snow, already wearing the morning's crown of light, and her forehead gilded by the first ray of the yet unrisen sun. Beyond her, in the purple air, still glitter the jewel stars, while her own bosom trembles through many changes of color. Far out at sea, long before land is descried, and from a land area of thirteen provinces, the peerless cone is seen and loved. Perhaps no view is so perfect, so impressive for a life-time, so well fitted to inspire that intense appreciation of nature's masterpieces, whose glory and freshness we can feel intensely but once, as is the view of Fuji from an incoming steamer. From vast outspread base, through mighty curves, sweeping past snow, and up to her summit, the mountain is visible in queenly solitude and fullness of beauty. Gradually the vast form is bathed in light, and the Land of the Rising Sun stands revealed in golden glory. It is a joy to have seen it thus at first vision.

From serene and ancient Fuji, we turn to behold the bustling upstart metropolis of the foreigners in Japan, as it appears in full daylight. Passing Mississippi Bay and Treaty Point, we arrive in front of what was once a little fishing village, but which is now the stately city of Yokohama. We count the craft that lie anchored in the harbor. From thirty to fifty are usually in port. Steamers from Hakodaté, Shanghae, and Hong-Kong, and the regular mail steamers from Marseilles and Southampton, lie at their buoys. Here are wooden warships and iron-clads, from which fly the British, French, Japanese, German, or American flags. A tremendous amount of useless and costly saluting is done by these men-of-war, whom the country folks call "*boom-boom funé.*" Coal-hulks, store-ships, and all the usual evidences of an old harbor, are discovered all around us. The town itself seems compactly built of low houses, with tiled roofs. They are usually two-storied, though many are, in the language of the East, "bungalows," or one-storied dwellings. The foreign settlement seems to be arranged on a plain about a mile square. The Japanese town spreads out another mile or more to the right. Beyond the plains is a sort of semicircle of hills, called "The Bluff." It is covered with scores of handsome villas and dwelling-houses, of all sizes and varieties of architecture. To the left the Bluff runs abruptly into the sea. To the right it sweeps away to the south-west. In local parlance, the various parts of Yokohama are distinguished as "The Bluff," "The Settlement," and the "Native" or "Japanese" town. Along the water-front of the settlement runs a fine, wide, well-paved street, called "The Bund," with a stout wall of stone masonry on the water-side. Private dwellings, gardens, and hotels adorn it, facing the water. There are as yet no docks for the shipping, but there is the English and the French "hatoba." The former consists of a stone breakwater, or piers, rising twelve feet or so out of the water, inclosing a large irregular quadrangle, with a narrow entrance at one corner. The land-side of the English hatoba is furnished with steps, and a score or more of boats can discharge their passengers at once. The French hatoba consists of two parallel piers of stone projecting out into the bay. The building of most imposing ugliness from the sea-view is the British Consulate, and near by it is the American. The Japanese Sai Ban Shō, or Courthouse, is larger than either of the consulate buildings, and much handsomer. At the other extremity of the settlement, toward the Bluff, was the French camp, and near by it the English. Three hundred French soldiers guarded as many French civilians resident in Japan, and three hundred English marines, who relieved the Tenth British foot—the same that served their king on Bunker Hill—were in camp in Yokohama in 1870, and remained until 1875.

The engines stop, and the great ship lies motionless at her buoy. Instantly the crowd of boats which have waited, like hounds in the leash, shoot toward the stern ports and gangway, and the steamer becomes walled in. First of all, the United States mail-boat, propelled by six native scullers, is flying swiftly shoreward, to satisfy the eager souls of the elect with its precious freight. Friends throng on board to meet friends. Englishmen ask the news—whether there is to be war with Russia? French and Germans eagerly inquire for the latest news from the seat of war. From one, I learn that the Japanese Government has already issued a proclamation of neutrality, for French marines and German sailors have already come to blows in Yokohama. Fancy creatures in velvet and diamonds, with gold on their fingers and brass in their faces, hasten to see whether any of their guild have arrived from San Francisco.

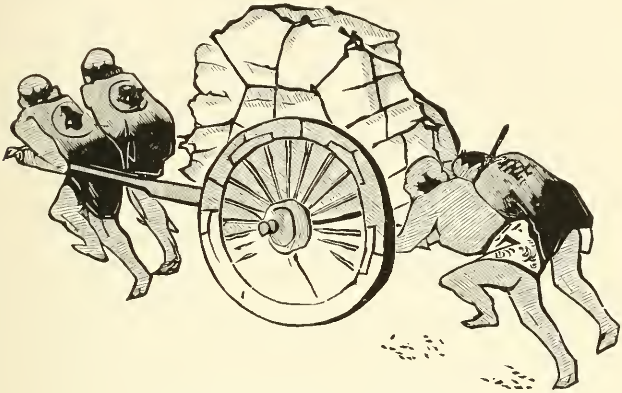
Leaving deck and cabin, we visit the steerage. The coal-lighters are crowded with dirty coolies. They impress us as being the lowest of their class. Their clothing is exceedingly scanty. An American lady with good eyesight supposed them to be clad in very tight leather-colored garments. On second sight, wondering at the perfect fit of the dress, she found it to be the only clothing which mother Nature provides for her children. The proprietors of the native boats have entered the ports, and are driving a brisk trade in oranges and various articles of diet, precious only to Asiatics. Huge dried persimmons, which, though shrunken, are four or five inches long, and saké, are very salable. A squad of the Chinese, so numerous in Yokohama, are busy in furnishing small change to those who wish to go ashore. Japanese tempōs, and iron and copper cash, are exchanged for American dimes, greenbacks, and Mexicans.

With the kindly aid of a friend, we prepare to go ashore. Safely seated in one of the clean unpainted boats, in which we detect no iron, but only here and there a cleet of copper, we enjoy the glorious beauty of the situation. In the stern stand the two sendōs, who make their keel glide over the waves as swiftly as a Venetian gondola shoots under and out from the Rialto. Already the Japanese boatmen have beaten in a race with the American tars. Yonder whizzes a butcher's boat, freshly laden from the abattoir below the city. Six naked athletes of magnificent physique, chanting in wild chorus, urge on their craft.

Sculling is the method invariably in use among the Japanese. The long scull consists of two pieces tied together. On the handle is a pin, on which a rope is slipped, so that the scull is held down to a uniform height while being worked. The blade rests near where it joins the stock, on an outrigger pivot. The sweep of the stock, at the hand end, is nearly two feet. The sendō, planting his left foot on an inclined board, sways his arms and body at right angles to the boat, singing meanwhile one of his own songs, in his own way. We soon skim over a half-mile of the blue water, pass the United States steamer *Idaho* and the Prussian war-ship *Hermann*, and, darting within the stone piers, land on the hatoba, and are in the mikado's empire.

The custom-house and the native officials detain us but a few moments. Passing out the gate, we receive our first invitation to part with some small change from three fat little urchins in curious dress, with lion's head and feathers for a cap, and with red streamers hanging down their backs. They run before us and perform all kinds of astonishing tricks, such as carrying their heads beneath their feet, making a ball of themselves, and trundling along, etc. By our financial dealings with these little street-tumblers, we learn that "shinjō" means "gift," and "arigatō" means "thank you," which is the beginning of our vocabulary in Japanese.

The fine wide streets of Yokohama are well paved and curbed. The hard white-stone and concrete pavements are able to resist for years the rutting action of the sharp-edged wheels of the native carts. These wheels are ingeniously constructed, and their felloes are mortised in segments. They need no tires, and have none. They are propelled by four powerful fellows, who work in pairs, and have scarcely more clothing than there is harness on a horse. The foremost pair push with hands and thighs the front cross-bar, behind which they stand. The other pair supply the *vis à tergo*, applying their shoulders to a beam which juts out obliquely from beneath and behind the cart. The street cries in every country attract first the new-comer's ears; and the cry of these cart coolies in Yokohama is one of the most peculiar sounds in or out of Japan. I never afterward heard these cries, except in Yokohama and Tōkiō. While the two men in the rear save their wind and vocal force, the two foremost coolies utter alternately and incessantly a coarse, deep, guttural cry, which, if spelling were possible, would be written, "Hai! huida! ho! ho! hai! huida! wa! ho! ho! huidah!" etc. I was, at first hearing, under the impression that the poor wretches were suffering a grievous colic, and a benevolent inclination seized me to buy a few bottles of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and distribute them on the spot. On being told, however, that nothing was the matter with the men, it being their custom to yell in this manner, I abandoned my intention.

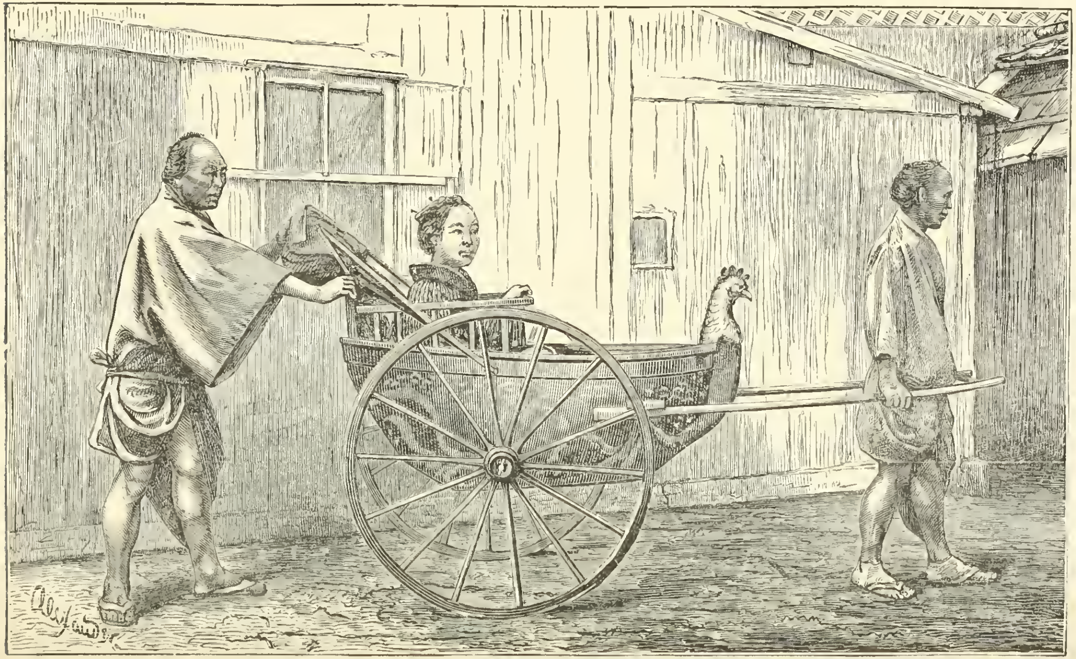

Push-cart in Yokohama. Hokusai.

Rows of iron lamp-posts, with lanterns and burners trimmed and in cleanly readiness, tell of streets well lighted with gas at night. Along the avenue, on which stand the British and American consulates on one side, and the Japanese court-house, bonded warehouses, and police station on the other, are sidewalks, which, along several blocks, are thickly planted, in a breadth of ten feet or more, with evergreens and flowers. Among these we see the camellias in full bloom. The main street crosses this avenue at right angles, extending from the Japanese town to the canal at the foot of The Bluff. The sidewalks on it are narrow; but the street pavements are so hard, and are kept so clean, that it is not unpleasant to walk in the street, even in wet weather. The streets in the foreign settlement are paved, curbed, and drained. Since 1874 they have been lighted with gas, from the gas-works of the rich merchant, Takashimaya.

Here, for the first time, I behold that native Japanese invention, the product of a Tōkiō genius, the *jin-riki-sha* (man-power carriage). It has often been described. It is a baby carriage on adult wheels. It holds one or two persons. A man in the shafts pulls it; sometimes he is assisted by another from behind. When you wish to go fast, you employ two men, or you may drive tandem with three. Many of these *sha* are highly ornamented; for art is appreciated even by the lowest classes in Japan, as a residence of five minutes, and afterward four years, concur in assuring me. Some are made into the form of a boat, with a chanticleer for a figure-head. Foreigners and natives use them, and a wag from Yankee-land has dubbed them "Pull-man cars."

Main Street is the showiest of all—the Broadway of the "New York of Japan." Here we pass fine stone-fronted stores, banks, hotels, and restaurants. The magnificent show-windows and abundance of plate-glass suggest handsome variety and solid wealth within. These outside displays are, in most cases, but true indices of the varied articles of merchandise within, which are obtainable at very fair prices. Nothing eatable, drinkable, or wearable seems to be lacking to suit the tastes or wishes of an ordinary man, beast, or angel; though we have heard that the entire bevy of Miss Flora M'Flimsey's cousins in Yokohama assert most strenuously that there is "nothing to wear" at any time. Nevertheless, to man or beast, the abundance and variety of feminine paraphernalia visible in one of the shops in which angelic robes are sold is simply wonderful; and one notices that the visits of the angels to this place are neither few nor far between. Craftsmen in the finer arts also get their wealth in Yokohama. Several jewelers display tempting wares, and ply a brisk trade. Young Japan wears a watch nowadays, and thousands are sold yearly in Yokohama. Barber's poles salute us on several streets, and one may be shaved in French, English, or Japanese fashion.

Photographic establishments tempt our eyes and purse with tasteful albums of Japanese costume and scenery. First-class eating-saloons await their crowds at the hungry hour. The several auction-rooms seem to be well filled with native and foreign purchasers. Confection-



The Jin-riki-sha, or "Pull-man Car" of Japan. (From a photograph.)

ers display their bait for the palate. Newspaper offices greet us; lawyers' and doctors' and dentists' signs seem to be sufficiently plentiful. Carriages and "traps" add to the bustle, and several knots of Japanese farmers, pilgrims, and new-comers from the provinces, staring surprisingly at the sights they have long heard of, but which they now for the first time behold, are met as we pass up the street. French Catholic or Russian Greek priests in their cassocks, nuns in their black robes, well-dressed Chinese, Jews from every nation under heaven, French soldiers in blue, British soldiers in red coats, and the talkers in a score of different languages, are met with, and help to give the town its cosmopolitan character. Main Street, however, is only the street of shops, shop-keepers, and the usual vulgar herd.

Let us turn into the street of "hongs" and "merchants." Be it known that in Yokohama, and the Eastern ports generally, the distinction between a merchant and a shop-keeper is dire and radical. With us lay folk outside of the trading world the difference is small, and not always perceptible—a mole-hill, at the least; but in these Eastern ports a great gulf is fixed, socially and commercially, between the two castes, and the difference is mountainous. With us, a shop-keeper is a man and a brother; in Yokohama, in the eye of the clubs, and with the elect of wealth, fashion, and the professions, he is but a heathen and a publican. Advertising, the use of a sign-board, and such-like improprieties, are evidences of low caste, and consign the offender to the outer darkness, far away from happy club men and select visitors. This relic of English caste traditions, rank, and class worship is not so strong now as formerly, but is sufficiently potent to cause many a bitter pang and many heart-burnings to those who first experience it in their new residence in the East.

The street in which the "hongs," or large business establishments, are situated is rather gloomy, when compared with the lively Main Street. Most of the buildings are of stone, and many of them are fire-proof "godowns," or store-houses. From the windows of the "tea-firing godowns" issues the fragrant aroma of the new crop of tea, which is being "fired" or dried in deep tin basins, over charcoal fires, by native girls and women, preparatory to packing and export. Most of the largest and wealthiest business houses are owned and managed by those who were among the first-comers to Japan. Many of the "hongs" are branches of houses in China, or they themselves have agencies at Nagasaki, Hiogo, and ports in China. From five to twenty young men form their clerical staff, backed by a small army of native porters, coolies, packers, boatmen, etc. These large firms control nearly all the export trade of Yokohama, and, indeed, of Japan. The tea, silk, copper, rice, etc., is brought from all parts of the country, though chiefly from the West and North, and is disposed of by the native merchants through brokers and "compradores." In most cases the native producer, or even the broker, never sees the foreigner with whom he deals. The most important man in many foreign firms, the power behind and before the throne, is the "compradore." This superior being is a Chinaman, who understands enough Japanese, especially with the help of the written Chinese character, to deal with the Japanese merchant, producer, or broker. He is the provider and paymaster of the firm in its dealings with the natives. He arranges, by and with the advice of the merchant, the purchase, sale, and delivery of merchandise. He hires and pays the Japanese *employés*, and, being the trusted man, is a creature of imposing pretensions, and a quasi-partner of the firm. His facilities, opportunities, and never-cloyed desire for "squeezes" from his Japanese clients are equally abundant, and he lives up to his privileges. Various shifts have been made use of by the Japanese merchants to depose this obnoxious middle-man from his position, and even to eliminate him entirely from mercantile transactions. A bold attempt of this kind was lately made by the plucky Governor of Yokohama, Ōyé Takŭ; but, as the manner of the attempt was technically illegal, it failed, and matters still remain as they were before.

This aristocratic and highly antiquated form of doing business, in which the merchant practically holds himself aloof from his customers, is an inheritance from the foreign merchants in the ports of China. Ignorant of the language of that country, trusting their affairs to a "compradore" who spoke pigeon-English, they lived and grew rich, without troubling themselves to learn the language of the pig-tails around them. Few of the merchants in Japan, to their discredit let it be said, have seriously endeavored to master the speech of their producers, and, being ignorant of it, the "compradore" is, in such a state of things, a necessary evil. This old-fogy method of doing business must in time give way before the enterprise and energy of the younger firms, who refuse to employ "compradores," and the members of which are beginning to acquire the language of the people with whom they deal. There might have been excuses to the first-comers for not learning a language for the acquisition of which no teachers or apparatus at that time existed; but at the present, thanks to American missionaries and the gentlemen of the English civil service, an excellent apparatus of grammars, dictionaries, and phrase-books exists.

The four great steamship agencies at present in Yokohama are the American Pacific Mail; the Oriental and Occidental; the English Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company; and the French Messagéries Maritime Paquet Postes Français. The Ocean Steamship Company has also an agency here. The native lines of mail steamers *Mitsui Bishi* (Three Diamonds) also make Yokohama their terminus. The coming orthodox bridal tour and round-the-world trip will soon be made *viâ* Japan first, then Asia, Europe, and America. Already the circum-mundane tourists have become so frequent and temporarily numerous in Yokohama as to be recognized as a distinct class. In the easy language of the port, they are called "globe-trotters."

The most interesting portion of Yokohama, alike to the new-comer and the old resident, is the Bluff. Coming to a port opened primarily for trading purposes only, one expects to find shops and store-houses, but few anticipate seeing such dwellings and homes as are to be found on the Bluff. In the afternoon, when the business of the day is over, and the high, grand, and mighty event of the day, the dinner, has not yet been consummated, the visitor on the Bluff sees very fine specimens of horseflesh, good turn-outs, and plenty of pedestrian and equestrian humanity out for fresh air. The trim door-yards, lawns, gardens, fences, and hedges help to make a picture of unexpected beauty. The villas and dwellings are not high, being bungalows of one story, or houses of two stories. Though not remarkable as architectural triumphs, they are picturesque without, and full of comfort within. Added to home attractions, is the ever-present lovely scenery of the bay, the distant mountains, the peerless Fuji, and the smiling valleys. Nearly all the professional and many of the business men live on the Bluff, and, whether from the natural altitude, the inspiring freshness of the scenery, or otherwise, the Bluff dwellers are apt to consider themselves of a slightly higher social order than the inhabitants of the plain. The Bluff spreads over an irregular triangle, and its surface is rather undulating. Many of the dwellings are snugly embosomed amidst groves, or on the slopes and in the hollows, but most of them crown its spurs and ridges in commanding positions. The legations of the treaty powers were, until 1874, situated in especially choice spots. Strange to say, the foreign diplomatic representatives, instead of residing in Tōkiō, lived at Yokohama, preferring society to the doubtful charms of the Japanese capital.

My opportune arrival so near New Year's, and the custom of visiting being enthusiastically observed, enabled me to see into the homes of many old residents, and to meet most of the social magnates and men prominent in the diplomatic, literary, commercial, and missionary world. Among others, I saw our hospitable American minister, Hon. Charles E. De Long, the Dutch, French, and Danish ministers, and several consuls and attachés. Mr. Portman, formerly secretary and interpreter to the American Legation, one of the valuable and unrewarded servants of our Government, was then hale and gray, living alone, not knowing that his grave was to be in the *Ville du Havre*.

Beside the legations are the fine American hospital, the General and British hospitals, and the public gardens. On summer evenings one of the bands from the flag-ships stationed in the harbor plays in these gardens; while flower, beast, and bird shows, and various sports and amusements, fire-works, etc., are furnished by the most indefatigable proprietor that ever catered to public taste. Beyond the "foreign concession" of land—that is, outside the limits of foreign dwellings—is the race-course, an ample space of ground, leveled, fenced, and furnished with buildings and spectators' stands. The races are held during three days in spring and autumn, followed invariably by a "Black Monday," when bets are paid. An incredible amount of excitement, truly British, is got up over Oriental horseflesh. The term for an untried horse is "griffin."

A fine new road has been built by the Japanese Government, which passes by the race-course, and winds over the hills and down along the shores of Mississippi Bay, which is described as "the most beautiful for varied scenery in the world." Of course, I am quoting from those who speak in the same sense in which a mother speaks when she asserts, and really believes, that her babe is the last crowning wonder of the universe. Nevertheless, Yokohama numbers among its residents many tourists and sometime residents in the Old and New Worlds in many habitable latitudes. Their almost unanimous verdict is, that Mississippi Bay, especially at the sunset and twilight hours, is matchlessly lovely. The New Road, after passing along the beach and through several Japanese villages, past rice and wheat fields, and through a beautiful valley, rejoins Yokohama at "Legation Bluff."

Returning from walk or drive, the event of the day, the grand culminating act of diurnal existence, to which every thing else is but a prelude, the *dinner*, claims the solemn thought and most vigorous faculties of mind and body. Whatever else fails, the dinner *must* be a success. "Life without letters is death," was said by the Romans; but that life without dinners is no life at all, is the solemn conviction of most residents in the East. It is further said that a Frenchman can cook a dinner as a dinner deserves to be cooked, but only an Englishman can eat it as it ought to be eaten. In Yokohama, dinner is the test of success in life. If that momentous feed is successfully achieved, sorrow and care are forgotten, the future is hopeful, eternity radiant, and the chief end of man is attained. No bolting, no haste, no slovenliness in dress, no wishing it over. A dinner to be given must be studied and exquisitely planned, as a general plans a battle, or a diplomat a treaty. A dinner to be attended must be dressed for, anticipated, and rehearsed as a joyful hour on a higher plane of existence, or—as an ordeal for which one must be steeled and clad in resignation. To appreciate the esoteric æsthetics of dinner, and to comprehend the higher law that governs these august events, apart from the mere vulgar idea of satisfying hunger, one must be educated by a long course of observation and experience. Real enjoyment is doubtless to be obtained at these dinner parties; but such an idea is not necessarily included within the objects sought by an orthodox giver of a dinner. There are a great many "brilliant flashes of silence" at these dinners, and meditations on crockery are common. Nevertheless, it is really believed that a good dinner is the correct method of securing the highest earthly happiness, and is the most common means of social enjoyment in Yokohama.

Being such a cosmopolitan place, the dweller in Yokohama must be always vigilant to offend none, and in all the windings of conversation must pick his steps, lest he tread on the national, religious, or æsthetic corns of his neighbors. What is complimentary to one man may be insult to some one else present, and so one becomes schooled to make only the correct remark. Though this state of armed neutrality may sometimes tend to make conversation excessively stupid, and a mere round of dessicated commonplaces, it trains one to be, outwardly at least, charitable to all, malicious to none. It keeps one circumspect and cosmopolitan, whether in opinions or moral practice; and to be cosmopolitan is to be, in Anglo-Oriental eyes, virtuous beyond vulgar conception.

The predominating culture, thought, manners, dress, and household economy in Yokohama, as in all the Eastern ports, is English. Outnumbering all the other nationalities, with the Press, the Church, the Bar, and the Banks in their own hands; with their ever-present soldiers and navy; with their unrivaled civil service, which furnishes so many gentlemanly officials; and with most of the business under their control, the prevalence of English thought and methods is very easily accounted for. Because of the very merits and excellences of the genuine Englishman, the American in the East can easily forgive the intense narrowness, the arrogant conceit, and, as relates to American affairs, the ludicrous ignorance and fondly believed perfection of knowledge of so many who arrogate to themselves all the insular perfections. Perhaps most of the Englishmen at the East are fair representatives of England's best fruits; but a grievously large number, removed from the higher social pressure which was above them, and which kept them at their true level in England, find themselves without that social pressure in the East; and obeying the "law of pressures," they are apt to become offensively vaporous in their pretensions. These persons are surprised to find even American enterprise in the East. They are the most radical and finical concerning every idea, custom, ceremony, or social despotism of any kind supposed to be English. These men help to form the army of hard-heads and civilized boors in Japan, to which our own country furnishes recruits, who do so much toward helping the Japanese to carry out in Japan their favorite amusement in American hotels, *i. e.*, to descend on an elevator; that is, to lay aside their own dignified politeness, and to adopt the rough manners of those who fondly imagine themselves the embodiment of the elevating influences of civilization. They are the foreigners who believe it their solemn duty, and who make it their regular practice, to train up their native servant "boys" in the way they should go by systematic whippings, beatings, and applications of the boot. Fearful of spoiling cook, boy, or "bettō" (hostler), they spare neither fist, boot, nor cane. In this species of brutality we believe the vulgar John Bulls to be sinners above all the foreigners in the East. I saw enough in one day to explain why so many of their nationality have felt the vengeful swords of Japanese samurai. Although Americans sometimes are swift-footed to follow the example of Englishmen, yet it is usually acknowledged by the Japanese themselves that the Americans, as a class of that heterogeneous collection of men, who are all alike to them in being foreigners, are more inclined to give them their rights, and to treat them as equals.

Be it remembered that in these remarks we do not refer to that large body of educated, refined, and true-hearted Englishmen who have been such a potent influence in the civilization of Japan. It must be confessed, and we cheerfully bear witness to what is a fact, that the predominating good influence in Japan is English. Some of the most prominent and most highly trusted foreign officials of the Japanese Government are English. The navy, the railways, the telegraphs, public works, and light-houses are managed by them almost exclusively, and a large part, if not most, of the business of the country is in their hands. Some of the very best, and perhaps the majority, of lay students of, and scholars in, the Japanese language are Englishmen. For all that goes to refine, elevate, and purify society among foreigners we are largely indebted to the English. In my strictures, I refer to that numerous class in Japan who, with pecuniary power and social influence far above that they could gain at home, ape the manners and succeed in copying the worst faults of the better class of their countrymen. Living among a people capable of teaching them good manners, and yet ignorant alike of their history, language, institutions, and codes of honor and morals, they regard them as so many chattering silk-worms, tea-plants, and tokens of copper. They are densely ignorant of every thing outside of England, and with unruffled stupidity they fail to conceive how *any* good thing can come out of a place not included within the little island from which they came. I should feel very glad if none of my countrymen answered to this description.

It is to be regretted that the British and American should be so often pitted together; but so long as fair play, chivalric honor, cosmopolitan breadth of mind, and Christian courtesy are left us, we think the rivalry must be productive of immense good. Like flint and steel, before the dead cold mass of Asiatic despotism, superstition, and narrowness, it must result in kindling many a good spark into flames of progress and knowledge. Whatever be their petty differences, the English and American ever strike hands for good purposes more quickly than any other two nationalities in Japan; and before the men of every other nation the American finds more to love, to honor, and to admire in the Englishman. It is the two nations cemented inseparably together by the blood, religion, language, history, inheritance, and the love of liberty and law, that are to impress their character and civilization on the millions of Asia, and to do most toward its regeneration. Let every pen and tongue forbear to needlessly irritate, or do aught to sunder the ties that bind together the two great civilizing powers of the world; but as for the social bigot, the Philistine, the bully, let not his disgraced nationality shield him from the social exile and public contempt which he deserves.

Yokohama is fervently believed by many new-comers, especially those who are soon discovered to be either verdant or genuine fools, to be the very worst place in the world for iniquity, gossip, and all manner of rascality. In this they most clearly mistake. Since the same reputation attaches to at least a thousand places, I think the error lies in a defect in the mental vision of the new-comer. Some temporary attack of moral color-blindness, strabismus, or disarrangement of the moral lenses, must be the cause of such an erroneous opinion. Long residents and traveled men agree in the belief that the moral status of Yokohama is fully equal to most other ports in the East, if not in the world. Some optimists even hold the opinion that it is better than many other places that boast loudly of their morals. Certain it is that gambling hells have been purged away. Rum "mills" and lewd houses, though numerous enough, are not more common than in other ports. The white woman in scarlet drives her carriage on the Bluff and in the town, but her sisters are not abnormally numerous. Where heathen women are cheap, and wives from home are costly, chastity is not a characteristic trait of the single men; but the same evil and the same resultant curse rests on all such places where "Christians" live side by side with "pagans." Given a superior race with superior resources, and poor natives who love money more than virtue, and the same state of things results.

Missionaries abound in Yokohama, engaged in the work of teaching, and converting the natives to the various forms of the Christian religion. It is a little curious to note the difference in the sentiment concerning missionaries on different sides of the ocean. Coming from the atmosphere and influences of the Sunday-school, the church, and the various religious activities, the missionary seems to most of us an exalted being, who deserves all honor, respect, and sympathy. Arrived among the people in Asiatic ports, one learns, to his surprise, that the missionaries, as a class, are "wife-beaters," "swearers," "liars," "cheats," "hypocrites," "defrauders," "speculators," etc., etc. He is told that they occupy an abnormally low social plane, that they are held in contempt and open scorn by the "merchants," and by society generally. Certain newspapers even yet love nothing better than to catch any stray slander or gossip concerning a man from whom there is no danger of gunpowder or cowhide. Old files of some of the newspapers remind one of an entomological collection, in which the specimens are impaled on pins, or the store-house of that celebrated New Zealand merchant who sold "canned missionaries." Some of the most lovely and lofty curves ever achieved by the nasal ornaments of pretty women are seen when the threadbare topic of missionary scandal is introduced. The only act approaching to cannibalism is when the missionary is served up whole at the dinner-table, and his reputation devoured. The new-comer, thus suddenly brought in contact with such new and startling opinions, usually either falls in with the fashion, and adopts the opinions, the foundation for which he has never examined, or else sets to work to find out how much truth there is in the scandals. A fair and impartial investigation of facts usually results in the conviction that some people are very credulous and excessively gullible in believing falsehoods.

Scarcely one person in a hundred of those who so freely indulge in, and so keenly enjoy, the gossip and scandal about missionaries, realizes their need of human sympathy, or shows that fair play which teaches us that they are but human beings like ourselves. The men of business and leisure for every thing except their tongues are utterly unable to understand the missionary's life, work, or purpose. Apart from the fact that a man who strives to obey the final and perhaps most positive command of the Great Founder of Christianity, to preach the Gospel to every creature, should win respect so far as he obeys that command, it is also most happily true that some of the very best, most conscientious, though quiet, work in the civilization of Japan has been done by missionaries. They were the first teachers; and the first counselors whose advice was sought and acted upon by the Japanese were missionaries, and the first and ripest fruits of scholarship—the aids to the mastery of the Japanese language—were and are the work of missionaries. The lustre shed upon American scholarship by missionaries in China and Japan casts no shadow, even in the light of the splendid literary achievements of the English civil service. Besides this, a community in which the lives of the majority are secretly or openly at variance with the plainest precepts of the Great Master can not, even on general principles, be expected to sympathize very deeply with, or even comprehend, the efforts of men who are social heretics. It is hard to find an average "man of the world" in Japan who has any clear idea of what the missionaries are doing or have done. Their dense ignorance borders on the ridiculous.

On the other hand, a few, very few, who call themselves missionaries are incompetent, indiscreet, fanatical, and the terror even of their good and earnest brethren.

At present, in Yokohama, there are the edifices of the Established

English Episcopal, the French Catholic, the Union Protestant, and native Christian churches. There is also a Jewish congregation. Besides the Governmental, the private Japanese, and the General Hospital of the foreigners, there is a Ladies' Benevolent Society. A well-kept and neatly laid out and ornamented cemetery, beautifully situated on the slope of the Bluff, in which sleep the men of many creeds and nations, tells many a sad tale of assassination, of murder, and of battle, which took place before the present peaceful residence of the Western strangers in Japan was won. The Russians, the Dutch, the English, and the French compelled the Japanese Government to build the tombs of the slain. Many a mother's darling, many a gallant soldier and sailor, who met his death from disease, accident, drowning, or excess, and many a broken-hearted exile lies here; and more than one visit to this sad city of the dead has impressed me with the truth that most of the epitaphs are plain historical facts, free from sham and fulsome falsehood; as though being free from the meretricious ornament that so often miserably accords with the blunt fact of death, the tombs had won the rare adornment of simple truth.

From the Yokohama of to-day, with its bustling energies, and old enough in its new life to have its cemetery, we shall glance at Yokohama as it was from its forgotten beginning, centuries ago, until A.D. 1854, when a fleet of American steamers began the first epoch in the new life of Japan.

On a small arm of the Gulf of Yedo, midway between its mouth and the capital of the empire, stood an insignificant little fishing village. Evidently it never possessed sufficient importance to be mentioned, except casually, by Japanese historians or travelers. In its best days prior to 1854, it might have numbered a thousand inhabitants. Nearly all the men were fishers, or worked with the women in the rice swamps surrounding the village on all sides, and stretching toward the base of the Bluff. The great highway to Yedo passed through the town of Kanagawa, which lies on the opposite shore of the bay. Most probably from this fact, the village which supplied the travelers on the great road with fish was called Yokohama (*Yoko*, across; *hama*, strand). For centuries the simple inhabitants swept the sea with their nets, dug their mud swamps, planted their rice, eat their rude fare, lived their monotonous life, and died in the faith of Buddha and the hope of Nirvana. No seer ever prophesied greatness of Yokohama, but some places, like men, have greatness thrust upon them. When, on the evening of the 7th of July, 1853, the fleet of huge American steamers lay at anchor abreast of Uraga, a few miles distant, and the people of Yokohama saw the blazing beacon-fires and heard the breathless messengers tell the tale of the wondrous apparition of mighty ships moving swiftly without wind, tide, or oars, the first pulses of a new life stirred within them as they talked that night before their huts in the sultry evening. Their idea of a steamer, as I have heard it from their own lips, was, that these Western foreigners, who were not men, but half beasts, half sorcerers, had power to tame a volcano, condense its power in their ships, and control it at will. That night, as the spark-spangled clouds of smoke pulsed out of the fire-breathing smoke-stacks of the steamers, which were kept under steam in readiness for attack, many an eager prayer, prompted by terror at the awful apparition, went up from the hearts of the simple people, who anxiously awaited the issue of the strange visit.

During all the eight days during which Commodore Perry's fleet lay at anchor, or steamed at will over their sacred waters, the surveying boats were busy extorting the secrets of the water, its danger and its depth. No drunken sailor roamed on the land, none of the quiet natives were beaten, robbed, or molested. The mighty mind of the gentle commodore extended to the humblest minutiæ of discipline, and his all-comprehending genius won victory without blood. The natives had opportunity of gaining clearer ideas as to what sort of beings the strange visitors were. In those eight days even the proudest samurai were convinced of the power of the Western nations. Familiarity bred no contempt of American prowess, while for the first time they saw their own utterly defenseless condition. After delivering the letter with the proper pomp and ceremony to the high Japanese commissioner at Uraga, and having for the first time in history gained several important points of etiquette in a country where etiquette is more than law or morals, the consummate diplomat and warrior, Perry, sailed away with his fleet July 17th, 1853.

Commodore M. C. Perry inaugurated a policy in his dealings with the Japanese which all thoroughly successful foreigners in Japan have found the safest, quickest, and most certain means of success, in dealing with them, in order to win new concessions, or to lead them to higher reforms. Instead of demanding an immediate answer, he allowed them seven months to consider the matter, promising them at the end of that time to come again. During that period the authorities had time to consult, reflect, and to smoke an unlimited number of pipes, and all of these they did.

When Perry, with an augmented fleet of nine steamers, returned again in February, the Japanese found him as punctilious, polite, persevering, considerate, and as inflexibly firm as ever. Instead of making the treaty at Uraga, he must make it nearer Yedo. Yokohama was the chosen spot, and there, on the 8th of March, 1854, were exchanged the formal articles of convention between the United States and Japan. Then followed the interchange of presents. The miniature telegraph was set up on shore over a space of one mile, and was worked for several days to the delight and wonder of admiring Japanese officials. The Lilliputian locomotive and train of cars caused unbounded interest. American implements and mechanism of all descriptions were presented as evidences of American peace and good-will. Matthew Calbraith Perry achieved a triumph grander in results than his brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, on Lake Erie. He had met the enemy, and they were his friends. The Japanese returned the gifts with their best native productions, and amused their guests with wrestling matches.

By the treaty of Yokohama, Hakodaté in Yezo, and Shimoda in Idzu, were opened as ports of supply to the Americans. Shimoda, before it fairly began to be of much service, was visited by a terrific earthquake and tidal wave, that hurled a Russian frigate to destruction, overwhelmed the town, sweeping back by its recession into the boiling ocean scores of houses, and about one hundred human beings. The effluent wave plowed the harbor with such force that all the mud was scoured from the rocky bed. The anchors of ships could obtain no grip on the bare, slippery rock bottom, and Shimoda, being useless as a harbor, was abandoned. The ruin of Shimoda was the rise of Yokohama. By a new treaty, and concessions gained from the Japanese by Hon. Townsend Harris, Kanagawa (three miles across the bay from Yokohama) and Nagasaki were made open ports, not only of entry, but of trade and commerce. By the terms of the treaty, Kanagawa was opened July 1st, 1859.

Kanagawa is situated on the western side of the Bay of Yedo, about sixteen miles from the capital. Through it passes the great highway of the empire, along which the proud daimiōs and their trains of retainers were continually passing on their way to and from the capital. These belligerent young bloods were spoiling for war, and a trial of their blades on the hated hairy foreigners! Had Kanagawa been made a foreign settlement, its history would doubtless have had many more bloody pages of incendiaries and assassination than did Yokohama. Foreseeing this, even though considered by the foreign ministers a violation of treaty agreements, the Japanese Government chose Yokohama as the future port, and immediately set to work to render it as convenient as possible for trade, residence, and espionage. They built a causeway, nearly two miles long, across the lagoon and marshes from Kanagawa, so as to make it of easy access. They built the solid granite piers or "hatobas," which we have described, erected a custom-house and officers' quarters, and prepared small dwellings and storehouses for the foreign merchants.

Before the opening of the harbor, several ships, with the pioneers of trade on board, lay in the harbor from Nagasaki and China, "eager to try the new port, and, of course, clamorous for instant accommodation and facilities." The merchants insisted on Yokohama, the ministers and consuls were determined on Kanagawa. The strife between the two parties lasted long, and left many roots of bitterness that are not yet entirely grubbed up; but the merchants carried their point—as is believed by all to-day—to the advantage of foreign influence in Japan. The red tape which helps to weave a net of misleading and inaccurate statements in regard to Japan is not yet cut, as regards Kanagawa. We frequently read of the United States Consul and Consulate at Kanagawa. There has been neither there since 1861. Both are in Yokohama. Baron Hübner's statement that Sir R. Alcock was "the official founder of Yokohama" is a ramble round the truth. Yokohama was settled in a squatter-like and irregular manner, and the ill effects of it are seen to this day. When compared with Shanghae, the foreign metropolis of China, it is vastly inferior to that "model settlement." To abridge a tedious story, the straggling colony of diplomats, missionaries, and merchants at Kanagawa finally pulled up their stakes and joined the settlement at Yokohama. The town grew slowly at first. Murders and assassinations of foreigners by the ruffian patriots who bravely attacked unarmed foreigners, usually from behind, were frequent during the first few years. The intermeddling of Japanese officials threatened to paralyze trade. The lion of civilization was threatened with death in a gigantic net-work of red-tape, in the length, redness, strength, and quantity of which the bakufu excelled the world. The first foreigners were not specially noted for good morals, sensitive consciences, sweetness of temper, nor for a hatred of filthy lucre, and the underhand cunning and disregard for truth which seems a part of official human nature in Japan (only?) were matched by the cold-blooded villainy and trickery of the unprincipled foreigners of all creeds and nationalities. A favorite threat of atrabilious Frenchmen, blustering Russians, and petty epaulet-wearers of all sorts, when their demands were refused, was to strike their flag, go on board a man-of-war, and blow up the native town. Yokohama still stands, having survived bombardments in five languages. The Japanese officials became so accustomed to this polyglot snobbery, that they ceased to regard its monotonous recurrence with feelings different from those evoked on beholding snuff-boxes drawn, or on hearing the terrific crash that followed.

A less congenial and more expensive employment, at which native officials were kept busy, was the payment of outrageously unjust "indemnities"—a euphemism for civilized theft. A conflagration caused by a kitchen fire, a drunken squabble, an insult resulting in the death of a white-faced villain, terminated in the inevitable and exorbitant mulct. A sailor found dead drunk in the streets was the signal for sending up the price of revolvers one hundred per cent. Every foreign suicide was heralded as an "assassination."

A fire (November 22d, 1866), which laid nearly the whole foreign town in ashes, seemed to purify the place municipally, commercially, and morally. The settlement was rebuilt in a more substantial and regular manner. Banks, newspaper offices, hospitals, post-offices, and consulate buildings re-appeared as with new life. The streets were graded, paved, and curbed. The swamp was filled up. The Japanese village of Homura was removed across the creek. Fire companies were organized. A native police force was formed. The European steamships began to come to Yokohama, and the establishment of the Pacific Mail line of steamers, running monthly between San Francisco and Yokohama, was the final master-stroke that removed the future prosperity of Yokohama from the region of surmise to that of certainty. Other steamers plied to Japanese and Chinese ports. Trade became firmly established. Missionaries unlocked the language, and made it acquirable. The settlement was purged of roughs and gamblers. The amenities of social life began to appear, as ladies and children came in scores. Houses became homes. The solitary were set in families. Churches appeared with their beneficent influence. Theatres, concerts, and operettas gave recreation to the mind; while rowing, racing, athletic, cricket, and racket clubs, and clubs gastronomic and sociable, made the life of the bachelors less monotonous. Rifle companies kept the eye and hand in practice for the occasional hunts when game was plenty. The telegraph to Tōkiō and thence around the globe was opened and used. The railway to the capital, with its ten trains daily, became a familiar fact. Schools for children were established. The Eurasian children were gathered up by American ladies and French nuns, to be reared in purity. Christian hymns were translated into Japanese, and sung to the tunes of Lowell and Bradbury by native children. Teachers of music and languages sent out their circulars. The Sunday-school opened its doors. The family physician took the place of the navy surgeon. Yokohama now boasts of the season, like London. The last slow growth of such a colony—the Asiatic Society, established for the encouragement of original research, and for the collection of information concerning the history, language, geography, and antiquity of Japan and parts adjacent—has been established. It has already done much excellent work, and, though in a trading community, hopes to live.

I have neither time nor space to speak of the wonders wrought in the Japanese town; nor can I tell the story of how a fishing village of a thousand souls has become a city of fifty thousand people, with its streets lighted with gas; rich stores, piled with silk, tea, bronzes, and curios of all kinds—whither tourists flock, and naval officers mortgage their pay for months to come: Japanese curios are as powerful as mercury to attract gold. The railway and station, the many promising industries of all kinds, the native hospital, printing-offices, etc., etc., deserve description, but I must close this already tedious chapter by a summary of a few items of interest not referred to before.

At present (1876) the foreign population of Yokohama is reckoned to be about twelve hundred residents, of both sexes and all ages. The men of the merchant marine, sailors, officers, on shore and ship duty, and temporary dwellers, make up a fluctuating population, which is seldom less than three and sometimes as many as six thousand. The Chinese population may number one thousand in Yokohama, and twenty five hundred in Japan. In their hands are the deep things of finance. All the money-changers and brokers are Chinese, and any unexpected fluctuations in the money market are laid to their charge. Those who are not brokers are "compradores," clerks, or useful artisans. As a class, they form the most industrious nationality in Japan. They have their temple, cemetery, guilds, and benevolent association, but no consul or mandarin to protect or to grind them. The sight of the fat, well-dressed, cleanly Chinese, so well-oiled in his disposition and *physique*, so defiantly comfortable in his dress, forces a contrast between him and the Japanese. Some people consider the Chinaman as the man of superior race. In Yokohama's heterogeneous collection of humanity are several score of children in whose veins flows the blood of two continents. The Eurasian children, when illegitimate, are still citizens of Japan, in the eye of Japanese law; but when born in wedlock, are citizens of the same country with their father. By the laws of Japan, marriage between Japanese and foreigners is perfectly legal, and several such marriages have been regularly contracted and solemnized.

The Fourth Estate in Yokohama is a vast one. The English papers are, *The Japan Herald; The Japan Mail*, daily and weekly; *The Japan Gazette*, daily. All these papers issue also a fortnightly or monthly mail summary. The French paper, *L'Echo du Japon*, is a daily. *The Far East* is a semi-monthly large pamphlet, of twelve pages, photographically illustrated, with letter-press descriptive of scenes and incidents in Japan. *The Japan Punch*, which hits the folly and furnishes the fun for the Yokohama public, is printed by lithography, and is a clever monthly production.

Toward the future Yokohama may look cheerfully and with hope. So near the great capital, practically on the high-road of the empire, with a magnificent harbor, capable of unlimited improvements, with railroad and telegraphic facilities already in use, Yokohama's future must be one of steady prosperity. When Kobé was opened, bold prophets predicted the waning of Yokohama; but their prophecies have long since been forgotten. New land is being reclaimed from the lagoons toward Kanagawa, and in time Kanagawa and Yokohama will be one city. The foreign population may not increase according to the New World ratio, but from all parts of the Sea Empire shall come the wealth and the sinew, the brain and the heart of New Japan, to learn the sources of the power and superiority of the Westerns; and, returning, the fathers shall teach their children to be wiser than they. Whatever be the changes of the future, Yokohama must continue to be the master-teacher and exemplar for good and evil of the civilization of Christendom in New Japan.

[The tourist in port who desires to enjoy the scenery and people, and visit some of the places and monuments of historic interest around Yokohama and Tōkiō, will be greatly aided by three little manuals published by the author, and to be found in Yokohama. They are "The Yokohama Guide," p. 39, with map; "The Tōkiō Guide," p. 35; and "Map of Tōkiō, with Notes Historical and Explanatory." These little pamphlets contain skeleton trips, hints to travelers, notes of information, and a short vocabulary, with pronunciation of the Japanese words most needed by a tourist. On Japanese "Pigeon-English," see a pamphlet entitled "Exercises in the Yokohama Dialect."]

II.

A RIDE ON THE TŌKAIDŌ.

January 2d, 1871.—A frosty morning. Air keen, bracing, razor-like. Sky stainlessly clear. The Bay of Yedo glinting with unnumbered sunbeams. Blue sky, blue water, blue mountains, white Fuji.

The Yankee has invaded the Land of the Gods. He jostles the processions of the lords of the land. He runs a coach on the great highway, so sacred to daimiōs and two-sworded samurai. Here on the Bund stands the stage that will carry a man to the capital for two Mexican dollars. Of the regulation Yankee pattern, it is yet small, and, though seating three persons besides the driver, can crowd in five when comfort is not the object in view. A pair of native ponies on which oats are never wasted make the team. A *bettō* (running footman and hostler), whose business is to harness the animals, yell at the people on the road, and be sworn at, perches, like a meditative chicken, by one foot on the iron step. As for the driver, an Australian, who is recommended as "a very devil of a whip," he impresses me at once as being thoroughly qualified to find the bottom of a tumblerful of brandy without breathing.

He is not only an expert at driving and drinking, but such an adept in the theology of the bar-room is he, and so well versed in orthodox profanity, that the heathen bettō regards his master as a safe guide, and imitates him with conscientious accuracy. The driver converts the pagan better than he knows. Indeed, it is astonishing what progress his pupil has made in both theology and the English language. He has already at his tongue's end the names and attributes of the entire Trinity.

Crack goes the whip, and we rattle along the Bund, past the Club-house, around the English consulate, past the Perry treaty grounds, and down Benten dōri, through the native town. The shops are just opening, and the shop-boys are looping up the short curtains that hang before each front. The bath-houses begin business early. The door of one is shunted aside, spite of the lowness of the thermometer and decency. Out steps a man into the street as naked as when he stepped out into the world. His native copper hue, like a lobster's, is intensified by the boiling he has just undergone. He walks in a self exhaling cloud of auroral vapors, like a god in ambrosia. He deigns not to make his toilet while in sight, but proceeds homeward, clothes in hand. My pocket Fahrenheit marks four degrees below the freezing-point.

Our driver whips up the horses for sheer warmth, and we dash over the "iron bridge." A trifling bit of iron to our foreign eyes, but a triumph of engineering to the natives, who build of wood. We pass it, and then we are on the causeway that connects Yokohama with the great main road of the empire, the Tōkaidō. The causeway passed, and with foreign sights behind, real Japan appears. I am in a new world, not the Old. Every thing is novel. I should like to be Argus: not less than a hundred eyes can take in all the sight. I should like to be a poet to express, and an artist to paint all I see. I wish I knew the language, to ask questions.

What a wonderful picture-book! A line of villages are strung along the road, like a great illuminated scroll full of gay, brilliant, merry, sad, disgusting, horrible, curious, funny, delightful pictures.

Young Girl carrying her Baby Brother.

What pretty children! Chubby, rosy, sparkling-eyed. The cold only made their feet pink, and their cheeks red. How curiously dressed, with coats like long wrappers, and long, wide, square sleeves, which I know serve for pockets, for I just saw a boy buy some rice cracknels, hot from the toasting coals, and put them in his sleeves. A girdle three inches wide binds the coat tight to the waist. The children's heads are shaved in all curious fashions. The way the babies are carried is an improvement upon the Indian fashion. The Japanese *ko* is the papoose reversed. He rides eyes front, and sees the world over his mother's shoulder. Japanese babies are lugged pickapack. Baby Gohachi is laid on mamma's back and strapped on, or else he is inclosed in her gar ment, and only his little shaven noddle protrudes behind his mother's neck. His own neck never gets wrenched off, and often neither head nor tiny toes are covered, though water is freezing. In the picture on the preceding page, the fat-checked baby is carried by a young, unmarried girl, as I can tell by the way her hair is dressed. It is probably an elder sister or hired servant. Her bare feet are on wooden clogs.

Here are adults and children running around barefoot. Nobody wears any hats. As for bonnets, a Japanese woman might study a life-time, and go crazy in trying to find out its use. Every one wears cotten clothes, and these of only one or two thicknesses. None of the front doors are shut. All the shops are open. We can see some of the people eating their breakfast—beefsteaks, hot coffee, and hot rolls for warmth? No: cold rice, pickled radishes, and vegetable messes of all unknown sorts. These we see. They make their rice hot by pouring tea almost boiling over it. A few can afford only hot water. Some eat millet instead of rice. Do they not understand dietetics or hygiene better? Or is it poverty? Strange people, these Japanese! Here are large round ovens full of sweet-potatoes being steamed or roasted. A group of urchins are waiting around one shop, grown men around another, for the luxury. Twenty cash, one-fifth of a cent, in iron or copper coin, is the price of a good one. Many of the children, just more than able to walk themselves, are saddled with babies. They look like two-headed children. The fathers of these youngsters are coolies or burden-bearers, who wear a cotten coat of a special pattern, and knot their kerchiefs over their foreheads. These heads of families receive wages of ten cents a day when work is steady. Here stands one with his shoulder-stick (*tembimbō*) with pendant baskets of plaited rope, like a scale-beam and pans. His shoulder is to be the fulcrum. On his daily string of copper cash he supports a family. The poor man's blessings and the rich man's grief

Coolie waiting for a Job.

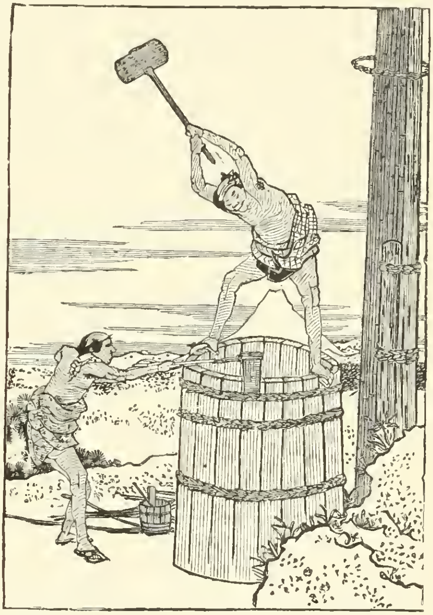
are the same in every clime. In Japan the quiver of poverty is full, while the man of wealth mourns for an heir. The mother bears the bairns, but the children carry them. Each preceding child, as it grows older, must lug the succeeding baby on its back till able to stand. The rearing of a Japanese poor family is a perpetual game of leap-frog.

The houses are small, mostly one story, all of them of wood, except the fire-proof mud-walled store-houses of the merchant. Most are clean inside. The floors are raised a foot above the ground, covered with mats. The wood-work is clean, as if often scrubbed. Yet the Japanese have no word for soap, and have never until these late days used it. Nevertheless, they lead all Asiatics in cleanliness of persons and dwellings. Does not an ancient stanza of theirs declare that "when the houses of a people are kept clean, be certain that the government is respected and will endure?" Hot water is the detergent, and the normal Japanese gets under it at least once a day. For scrubbing the floor or clothes, alkali, obtained by leeching ashes, is put in the water.

The shop-keeper sits on his hams and heels, and hugs his *hibachi* (fire-bowl). What shivering memories I have of it! Every Japanese house has one or more. It is a box of brass, wood, or delf. In a bed of ashes are a handful of coals. Ordinarily it holds the ghost of a fire, and radiates heat for a distance of six inches. A thermo-multiplier might detect its influence further on a cold day. With this the Japanese warm their houses, toast their fingers for incredibly long spaces of time, and even have the hardihood to ask you to sit down by it and *warm* yourself! Nevertheless, when the coals are piled up regardless of expense, a genial warmth may be obtained. The shop-keepers seem to pay much more attention to their braziers than to their customers. What strikes one with the greatest surprise is the baby-house style and dimensions of every thing. The rice-bowls are tea-cups, the tea-cups are thimbles, the tea-pot is a joke. The family sit in a circle at meals. The daughter or house-maid presides at the rice-bucket, and paddles out cupfuls of rice.

We pass through Kanagawa, a flourishing town, and the real treaty port, from which Yokohama has usurped foreign fame and future history. We pass many shops, and learn in a half-hour the staple articles of sale, which we afterward find repeated with little variation in the shops all over the country. They are not groceries, or boots, or jewelry, nor lacquer, bronze, or silk. They are straw-sandals, paper umbrellas, rush hats, bamboo-work of all kinds, matting for coats, flint, steel and tinder, sulphur splints for matches, oiled paper coats, and grass cloaks, paper for all purposes, wooden clogs for shoes: fish and radish knives, grass-hooks, hoes, scissors with two blades but only one handle, and axes, all of a strange pattern, compose the stock of cutlery. Vegetable and fish shops are plentiful, but there is neither butcher nor baker. Copper and brass articles are numerous in the braziers' shops.

In the cooper shops, the dazzling array of wood-work, so neat, fresh, clean, and fragrant, carries temptation into housekeepers' pockets. I know an American lady who never can pass one without buying some useful utensil. There are two coopers pounding lustily away at a great rain-tank, or saké-vat, or soy-tub. They are more intent on their bamboo hoops, beetles, and wedges than on their clothing, which they have half thrown off. One has his kerchief over his shoulder.


Coopers hooping a Vat. (By a pupil of Hokusai.)

In Japan the carpenter is the shoe-maker, for the foot-gear is of wood. The basket-maker weaves the head-dress. Hats and boots are not. The head-covering is called a "roof" or "shed." I remember how in America I read of gaudily advertised "Japanese boot-blacking," and "Japanese corn-files." I now see that the Japanese wear no boots or shoes, hence blacking is not in demand; and as such plagues as corns are next to unknown, there is no need of files for such a purpose. The total value of the stock in many of the shops appears to be about five dollars. Many look as if one "clean Mexican" would buy their stock, good-will, and fixtures. I thought, in my innocence, that I should find more splendid stores elsewhere. I kept on for a year or more thinking so, but was finally satisfied of the truth that, if the Japanese are wealthy, they do not show it in their shops. The prosaic truth is that the people are very poor. Of course, being fresh from the splendor of the fine young fellows, the "princes" of the newspapers, in America, who were noted for their impressive wardrobe, dazzling jewelry, hotel-bills, and carriages, I could not believe the truth about Japan then. My glamoured eyes refused to see it. "I shall see the wealth, but not now," was my thought.

Tugging up the steep hill and past Kanagawa, we dash over the splendid road beneath an arch of pines, some grandly venerable, some augustly tall, some like a tottering empire, glorious in decay, but many more scraggy and crooked. We pass all kinds of dress and characters on the road. Now, our bettō yells out to a merchant, who ambles along with a pack on his back tied over his neck. Our driver prays his God to damn some poor old priest who was not as nimble as he might have been forty years ago. Anon, the exponent of Christian civilization informs a farm laborer, trudging along, hoe on shoulder, that he will "cut the d—d face off him" if he isn't spry. A gawky heathen, leading a pack-horse loaded with an unmentionable article, is made to know, by a cut of the whip over his neck, that he must move faster next time. The priest in his robes, brocade collar, and shaven head; the merchant, in his tight breeches; the laborer, with his bare legs; the samurai, with his two swords and loose trousers; the pilgrim, in his white dress, are all easily recognized.

As for the beggars, we can not understand their "*Chabu chabu komarimasŭ tempō danna san, dōzo* (Please, master, a penny; we are in great trouble for our *grub*); but we comprehend the object of their importunity. They are loathsome, dirty, ragged, sore. Now I wish I were a physician, to heal such vileness and suffering. Who would care to do an artist's or a poet's work when the noblest art of healing needs to be practiced? The children run after us. The old beggars live in straw kennels by the roadside. Some are naked, except dirty mats bound round them. The law of Japan does not recognize them as human: they are beasts. The man who kills them will be neither prosecuted nor punished. There lies one dead in the road. No! Can it be? Yes, there is a dead beggar, and he will lie unburied, perhaps for days, if the dogs don't save the work from the coroner. "And the beggar died!" Will he be carried by angels to Abraham's bosom?

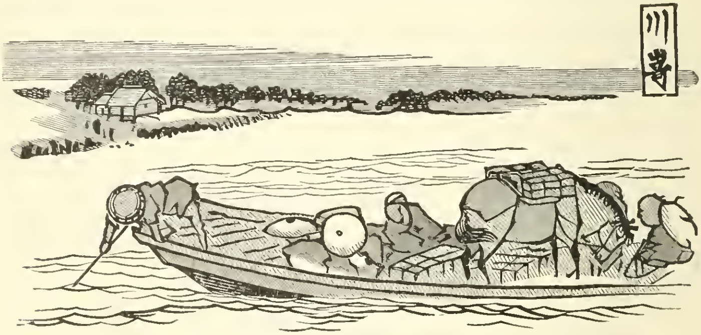
The driver reins up, and the horses come to a halt. We have stopped before a tea-house of whose fame we have heard, and man and beast are refreshed. The driver takes brandy, the bettō tea, and the horses water. The first drinks from a tumbler, the second from a cup; the four-footed drinkers must wait. Pretty girls come out to wish us good-morning. One, with a pair of eyes not to be forgotten, brings a tray of tiny cups full of green tea, and a plate of red sweetmeats, begging us to partake. I want neither, though a bit of paper-money is placed on the tray for beauty's sake. The maid is about seventeen, graceful in figure, and her neat dress is bound round with a wide girdle tied into a huge bow behind. Her neck is powdered. Her laugh displays a row of superb white teeth, and her jet-black hair is rolled in a maidenly style. The fairest sights in Japan are Japan's fair daughters.

This tea-house has a history. Its proprietress is familiarly known among all foreigners who ride on the Tōkaidō, and sit on her mats inside, or her benches in front beneath the trees, as "Black-eyed Susan." Her eyes deserve their renown, and her face its fame. Her beauty is known throughout the land. Many a story is told about princes and noblemen who have tried to lure her to gem their harem. She refuses all offers, and remains the keeper of herself and her fortune. Near by Black-eyed Susan's stands a clump of trees. It was near this place that, in 1863, poor Richardson lost his life (see Appendix). He sleeps now in Yokohama cemetery. It saddens us to think of it.

Our solemn thoughts are dissipated in a moment, for the bettō is watering the horses. He gives them drink out of a dipper! A cupful of water at a time to a thirsty horse! The animal himself would surely laugh, if he were not a Japanese horse, and used to it.

"Sayonara!" (farewell) cry the pretty girls, as they bow profoundly and gracefully, and the stage rolls on. We pass through villages of thatched houses, on which, along the ridge, grow beds of the iris. Between them appear landscapes new to eyes accustomed to grass meadows and corn-fields and winter wheat of Pennsylvania. Far and wide are the fallow fields covered with shallow water, and studded with rice-stubble. All the flat land is one universal rice-ditch. The low hills are timbered with evergreen. The brighter tints of the feathery bamboo temper the intensity of the sombre glory. Bamboo thickets, pine groves, and rice-fields—these are the ever-present sights in Japan. A half-hour through such scenery, and the stage stops at Kawasaki (river-point) to change horses. We are to cross the Rokugo River in boats. The road bends at a right angle toward the water, and at each corner is a large tea-house, full of noisy, fat girls, anxious to display a vulgar familiarity with the stranger. Too close contact with hostlers, drivers, and the common sort of residents in Japan has made these, doubtless once modest and polite females, a pack of impudent wantons.

I am not charmed by the too-willing charmers, and, declining the ever-proffered cup of tea, make my way down to the river, passing four toll-men, who squat on their knees at the receipt of custom, piling on upright skewers the square-holed oval and round coins which the travelers deposit. At the river's edge, a flat-bottomed boat, crowded with people of every class, with a horse or two on board, is coming hitherward, and one is just ready to push off. A few strokes of the pole, and we are over. The Japanese have used this river for centuries, and have never yet built a bridge.* The company in the boat is sometimes rather mixed. It has not escaped Hokusai's pencil, who made an album of Tōkaidō sketches. He has jotted down at the side of his sketch the two characters signifying Kawasaki (river-point), which all travelers to Tōkiō know full well. Strange to say, the same river in Japan often has many local names. A Japanese geography rarely thinks it necessary to describe a river from source to mouth. The people hereabouts call this river the Rokugô, and the foreigners, who are quite sure to get Japanese names upside down, have corrupted it into Logo, or, with apparent impiety, Logos.



Crossing the Rokugo River at Kawasaki. (Hokusai.)

The stage not being over yet, I go into a straw hut, in which a fire warms twenty-four feet shod with rice-straw sandals, and the smoke of which inflames twenty-four eyes belonging to half that number of such specimens of humanity as constitute the bulk of Japan's population, and whom foreigners called "coolies." Two arms, two legs, a head, and trunk, when added together in an Asiatic country, do not produce the same sum that such factors would yield in America. With us a man is a man. In Asiatic countries he is a wheelbarrow, a beast of burden, a political cipher, a being who exists for the sake of his masters or the government. The men before me wear old, unlined cotton coats and straw sandals as their winter dress. In summer their wardrobe consists of straw sandals and a rag around their loins, in all about thirty-six linear inches of decency. Yet the tax-gatherer visits them, and even the priests glean in this stubble of humanity. Schools, law, thought, freedom, votes! These are unheard of, unimagined. Yet they were polite and kind. They offer the foreigner room by the fire, until the smoke drives him outside, where the loathsome beggars swarm and importune in the language of the houseless. The stage is ready, and, taking one good look at the bright new railway bridge by which hired English energy and loaned capital have spanned the river, I fold myself beneath the buffalo-robe, and the driver proceeds to tell me of the treat soon in store.

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* An iron bridge now (1877) spans the stream.

The ghastly entertainment was at hand. Just before Shinagawa, the suburb of great Tōkiō, by the side of the road, is a small patch of grassy soil only slightly raised above the rice-ditches. Here, on a pillory about six feet high, two human heads were exposed, propped, and made hideously upright by lumps of clay under each ear. The oozing blood had stained the timber, and hung in coagulated drops and icicles of gore beneath. A dissevered head absent from its body is horrible enough, but a head shaven in mid-scalp with a top-knot on it has a hitherto unimagined horror, especially Japanese.

How pleasant it would be to mention in this book nothing but the beautiful! How easy to let our glamoured eyes see naught but beauty and novelty! Why not paint Japan as a land of peerless natural beauty, of polite people, of good and brave men, of pretty maidens, and gentle women? Why bring in beggars, bloody heads, loathsome sores, scenes of murder, assassins' bravery, and humanity with all nobility stamped out by centuries of despotism? Why not? Simply because homely truth is better than gilded falsehood. Only because it is sin to conceal the truth when my countrymen, generous to believe too well, and led astray by rhetorical deceivers and truth-smotherers, have the falsest ideas of Japan, that only a pen like a probe can set right. No pen sooner than mine shall record reforms when made. I give the true picture of Japan in 1871.

So we pass these bloody symbols of Japan's bloody code of edicts, misnamed laws, by which she terrifies her people into obedience, and drive on through the narrow road past fine, large houses, clean, shining, and pretty. What business is carried on in those edifices, splendid in Japanese eyes, charming to a foreigner, and appearing, beside the ordinary citizen's dwelling, as palaces beside cottages? Scores of them are ranged along the road. Shinagawa is the home of harlots, and here is the resort, not only of the ruffian, the rake, and the robber, but of the young men of the land. The finest houses in Japan belong to the woman in scarlet. The licensed government brothel, covering acres of land, is the most beautiful part of the capital. Oriental splendor—a myth in the streets—becomes reality when the portals of the Yoshiwara are crossed.

Out in the blue bay stands the chain of forts built by the shōgun's government after the arrival of Commodore Perry. Behind them rides at anchor the national navy of Japan, all floating the national flag—a red sun on a white field. I easily recognize the old iron-clad *Stonewall*, now the *Adzuma kuan.*

Half-past ten, and we sweep past the entrance to the British legation. The red flag and crosses of England wave aloft, and the red-coated sentinel paces his round. Britons will long remember the legation at Takanawa. Incendiarism and gunpowder plots, murderous attacks by night, and three assassinations by daylight, have made this ground historic. "Killed from behind" are the words that have blotted the Japanese escutcheon with scores of stains as indelible as those on Bluebeard's key. Repeated washing in the fountain of indemnity and blood-money can never cleanse it. Not far from the British legation are the tombs of the Forty-seven rōnins of immortal fame. We have passed the black gate at Shinagawa, and are in the city. I see to the left the Kosatsŭ—a roofed frame of wood, on which hang boards inscribed in Japanese with edicts centuries old, yet renewed by the present government. I can not read the Chinese ideographs, but I know the meaning of one of them—the slanderous and insulting edict that denounces the Christian religion as a hateful and devilish sect, and hounds on every bigot and informer to ferret out the Christians. This is the foreigner's welcome to Tōkiō in 1871. Does the Japanese capital answer to the description in the old geographies—"a large, park-like city, with a population of 2,500,000?" I shall see. Suburbs are usually unprepossessing, and I reserve my judgment. At eleven o'clock we drive past the splendid Monzéki temple of the Shin sect of Buddhists and into the yard of the Great Hotel at Tsŭkiji.

III.

IN TŌKIŌ, THE EASTERN CAPITAL.

I WAS a stranger in a wilderness of a million souls. In half an hour I had left the yard of the huge caravansary, which the Japanese who had built it fondly believed to be a comfortable hotel, and was on my way to the distant quarter of the city in which was situated the Imperial College. I walked by preference, as I had studied the map of Tōkiō, and some rude native pictures of certain landmarks while in America, and I now determined to test the soundness of my knowledge. I had that proficiency in speaking the language which five words badly pronounced could give. Every foreigner who sojourns in Japan for a week learns "Sŭkoshi matté" (wait a little), "Ikura?" (how much?), "Doko?" (where?), "Yoroshiu" (all right), and "Hayakŭ" (hurry). With these on my tongue, and my map in my hand, I started. I passed through the foreign quarter, which is part of the old district called Tsŭkiji (filled-up land). It faces the river, and is moated in on all sides by canals. It is well paved, cleaned, and lighted, contrasting favorably with the streets of the native city. The opening of Yedo as a foreign port cost a great outlay of money, but as a settlement was a failure, partly on account of high ground-rent, but mainly because the harbor is too shallow. Almost the only persons who live in Tsŭkiji are the foreign officials at the consulates, missionaries, and a few merchants. I walked on, interested at seeing novel sights at every step, and at the limits passed a guard-house full of soldiers of Maëda, the daimiō of Kaga. These kept watch and ward at a black gate, flanked by a high black paling fence. For years it was absolutely necessary to guard all the approaches to the foreign quarter, and keep out all suspicious two-sworded men. Incendiarism and the murder of the hated foreigners were favorite amusements of the young blades of Japan, who wished both to get the shōgun in trouble and to rid their beautiful land of the devilish foreigners. Every approach to Yokohama was thus guarded at this time. From the foreign quarter into the Yoshiwara is but a step. Handsome two-storied wooden buildings, open to the street, were filled with pretty young girls, playing upon the *samisen* (banjō), having their hair dressed, sitting idle, or engaged at their toilet mirrors. Japanese male cynics say that a looking-glass is the mind of a woman. Handsome streets of neat houses extended to a distance of half a mile on each side, from which the same sounds proceeded. Why were these houses so fine? Why so many young girls gathered? Here were beauty, tender years, soft smiles, and luxurious houses. Here were little girls trained to do, when grown, as the older girls. For what purpose?

In every port open to foreigners in Japan, in a few of the other large cities, but not in daimiōs' capitals, there is the same institution. It is Japan's own. Before they opened any port to foreign trade, the Japanese built two places for the foreigners — a custom-house and a brothel. The Yoshiwara is such a place. For the foreigners they supposed it to be a necessary good; for themselves, a protection to their people against ships' crews suddenly set free on land: they counted it a necessary evil. They believed the foreigners to be far worse than themselves. How far were they wrong?

We proceed through the quarter into streets lined with open shops. Privacy is not at a premium in Japan. One might live at home for years without understanding the mysteries of a lady's toilet. In Japan one learns it in a few days. Here is the human form divine bare to the waist, while its possessor laves her long black hair in warm water. She is about eighteen years old, evidently. Her mirror, powder-box, etc., lie about her. There is a mother shaving her baby's head. The chief occupation of the shop-keepers seems to be that of toasting their digits. I halt at a shop full of ivory carvings. Some of them are elegant works of art. Some are puns in ivory. Some are historical tableaux, which I recognize at once. These trophies of the geological cemeteries, or refrigerators, of Siberia are metamorphosed into whatever form of beauty and grotesque humor the lively fancy of the carver has elected. The ivory in Japan was anciently brought from India, but in later times, through Corea, from the shores of the Arctic Ocean, where it is said modern dogs feed on the prehistoric meat of mammoths and mastodons frozen hard ages ago. Nearly all the ivory thus imported is put to a single use. It is carved into *nétsŭkés*, or large buttons perforated with two holes, in which a silken cord is riven, and which holds the smoking apparatus, the *vade mecum*, of the native. Flint, tinder, and steel in one bag; tobacco in another; tiny-bowled, brass-tipped bamboo pipe, in a case, are all suspended by the *nétsŭké* thrust up through the girdle. The one represented in the accompanying cut shows how a Japanese rider, evidently somebody, from his hempen toque, mounts a horse, *i. e.*, on the right (or wrong) side, while his bettō holds the steed.

Nétsŭké, or Ivory Button, for holding a Gentleman's Pipe and Pouch in his Girdle.

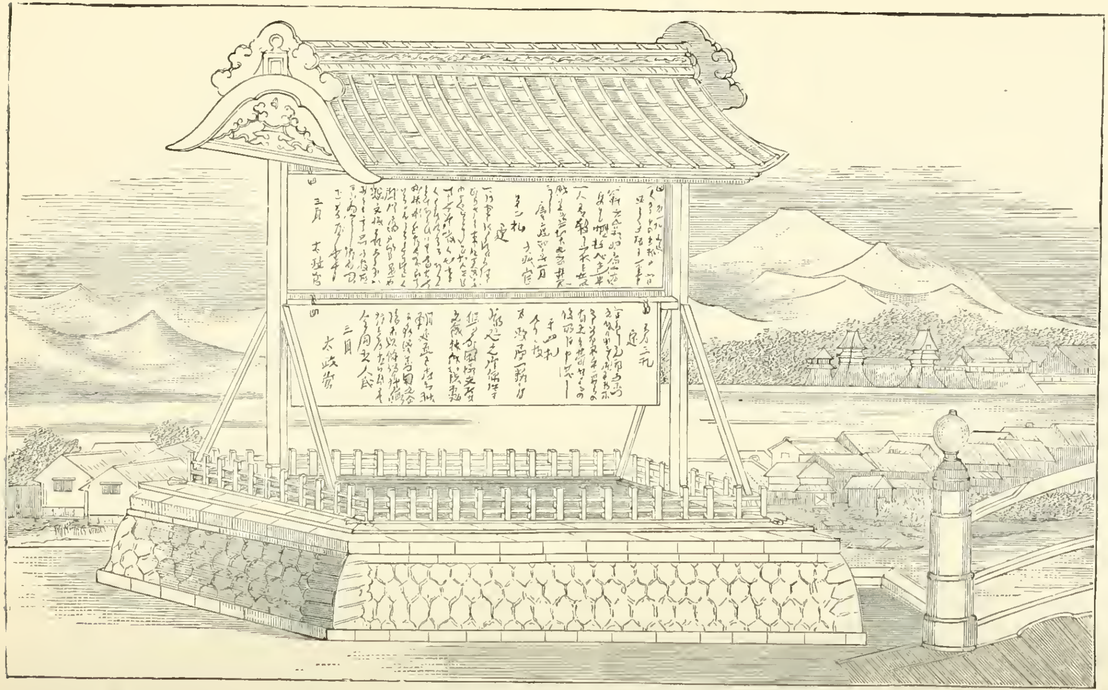
I pass through one street devoted to bureaus and cabinets, through another full of folding screens, through another full of dyers' shops, with their odors and vats. In one small but neat shop sits an old man, with horn-rimmed spectacles, with the mordant liquid beside him, preparing a roll of material for its next bath. In another street there is nothing on sale but bamboo-poles, but enough of these to make a forest. A man is sawing one, and I notice he pulls the saw with his two hands toward him. Its teeth are set contrary to ours. Another man is planing. He pulls the plane toward him. I notice a blacksmith at work: he pulls the bellows with his foot, while he is holding and hammering with both hands. He has several irons in the fire, and keeps his dinner-pot boiling with the waste flame. His whole family, like the generations before him, seem to "all get their living in the hardware line." The cooper holds his tub with his toes. All of them sit down while they work. How strange! Perhaps that is an important difference between a European and an Asiatic. One sits down to his work, the other stands up to it.

Pattern Designer preparing a Roll of Silk for the Dye-vat.

Why is it that we do things contrariwise to the Japanese? Are we upside down, or they? The Japanese say that *we* are reversed. They call our penmanship "crab-writing," because, say they, "it goes backward." The lines in our books cross the page like a craw-fish, instead of going downward "properly." In a Japanese stable we find the horse's flank where we look for his head. Japanese screws screw the other way. Their locks thrust to the left, ours to the right. The baby-toys of the Aryan race squeak when squeezed; the Turanian gimcracks emit noise when pulled apart. A Caucasian, to injure his enemy, kills him; a Japanese kills himself to spite his foe. Which race is left-handed? Which has the negative, which the positive of truth? What is truth? What is down, what is up?

I emerge from the bamboo street to the Tŏri, the main street, the Broadway of the Japanese capital. I recognize it. The shops are gayer and richer; the street is wider; it is crowded with people. Now, for the first time, comes the intense and vivid realization that this is Japan. Here is a kagō, with a woman and baby inside. Two half-naked coolies bear the pole on their shoulders, and hurry along, grunting in Japanese. They bear sticks in their hands, and stop at every few yards, rest the beam on their sticks, and change shoulders. Here comes an officer on horseback, with a lacquered helmet on his head, and bound with white pads over his chin. His two swords protrude from his girdle, his feet rest flat in wide iron stirrups, curved up like a skate-runner, and have room to spare. His saddle has enormous flaps of gilt leather. He grasps the reins, one in each hand, at about six inches from the bit, holding his horse's head so that his lower lip is higher than the space between his ears. This is torture and grace combined. It is the stylish thing in Japan. The horse's mane is tied up in a row of stiff pompoons; his tail is incased in a long bag of silk. Enormous tassels hang from the horse's shoulders. "There is a method in riding," is a Japanese saying. I believe it.

Here are soldiers, so I judge. They are dressed in every style of hybrid costume. One, in a broadcloth suit, finishes with bare head and clogs on the feet. Another has a foreign cap, but a Japanese suit. This man has on a pair of cowhide boots, against which his kilt flaps ungracefully, reminding one of an American tycoon going to the well to draw water. This one has a zouave jacket and native kilt. The soldiers look as if they had just sacked New York, and begun on Chatham Street. The braves have a brace of stabbing tools stuck in their belt. They are the two-sworded men, and insolent, swaggering bullies many of them are. As they pass the foreigner, they give him black scowls for a welcome. They are chiefly the retainers of the daimiōs of Tosa, Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Hizen, and are pride-swollen with victory over the rebels at Wakamatsu and Hakodaté. It is ticklish to walk among so many armed fellows who seem to be spoiling for foreign blood. Japanese swords are quickly drawn, and are sharp. No



Nihon Bashi in Tōkiō. The Kosatsŭ. The Castle and Mount Fuji in the Distance. (From a drawing by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

true man is really afraid when his enemy attacks in front; but to be cut down by a coward from behind! The thought makes my marrow curdle. With these foolish thoughts, I pass along for about a mile unscathed, for I have not yet learned the Japanese, and have read Alcock. I arrive at the place renowned in all Japan. The Romans had their golden mile-stone, whence all distances throughout the empire were measured. Here, in the heart of Tōkiō, is Nihon Bashi (Bridge of Japan), whence, so it is said, all the great roads of the empire are measured. I had heard of it in America. All rural Japanese know of it. All expect, without warrant, to see a splendid bridge, and all are disappointed. It is a hump-backed wooden structure, a crazy mass of old fire-wood. It is lined on either side with loathsome beggars, asleep, gambling, playing, or begging. Mendicant priests in rags chant doleful prayers, pound stiff drums shaped like battledores. The venders of all kinds of trash cluster around it. On the left, as we approach from the south, stands the great Kosatsŭ.* On the bridge, glorious Fuji is seen in the distance, and near by the towers, moats, and walls of the castle. Up and down the canal cluster hundreds of boats, and a range of fire-proof store-houses line the banks. To the east is seen Yedo Bashi, or Bridge of Yedo. Turning up Suruga Chō, with Fuji's glorious form before me, I pass the great silk shop and fire-proof ware-houses of Mitsui, the millionaire; I reach the castle moat and wall, and pass by the former mansion of Kéiki, the last shōgun. At noon, precisely, I arrive at the house of the American Superintendent of the Imperial College, to whom I bear letters and credentials.

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* Three of these edicts, and a repetition of the fourth, are given, with dates:

"*Board No. I.—Law.*

"The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given.

"Dai Jō Kuan.

"Fourth year Kei-ō, Third month (March 24th-April 22d, 1868).

"*Board No. II.—Law.*

"Persons uniting together in numbers for any object soever are called leaguers; persons leaguing together for the purpose of petitioning in a forcible manner are called insurrectionists; persons who conspire to leave the ward or village in which they live are called runaways. All these acts are strictly prohibited.

"Should any persons commit these offenses, information must at once be given to the proper officers, and suitable rewards will be given. Dai Jō Kuan.

"Fourth year Kei-ō, Third month (March 24th-April 22d, 1868).

"*Board No. III.—Law.*

"Human beings must carefully practice the principles of the five social relations. Charity must be shown to widowers, widows, orphans, the childless, and sick. There must be no such crimes as murder, arson, or robbery.

"Dai Jō Kuan.

"Fourth year Kei-ō, Third month (March 24th-April 22d, 1868).

"*Law.*

"With respect to the Christian sect, the existing prohibition must be strictly observed.

"Evil sects are strictly prohibited.

"Fourth month of the First year of Meiji (November, 1868)."

Behind black fences, high and hideous, I found the bungalows of the dozen foreign teachers of the college. At the table of the superintendent I sat down to take "tiffin," as the noon meal in the East is called. Congratulations and the news were exchanged. At one o'clock the superintendent returned promptly to his work, and the new-comer remained to revel among the books, curiosities, and pictures of his genial host. When school is over, we are to walk out to Uyéno, to see the ruins of the battle of July 4th, 1868. Two hours of waiting pass quickly, and at a little after three o'clock, hearing a strange, noisy clatter, I run out by the gate to see what is going on. The school is being dismissed. What a sight for a school-master! Hundreds of boys, young men, and men of older growth, all on high wooden clogs, are shuffling and scraping homeward. The noise of their clogs on the rough pebbles of the street makes a strange clatter. They are all dressed in the native costume of loose coats, with long and bag-like sleeves; kilts, like petticoats, open at the upper side; with shaven mid-scalps, and top-knots like gun-hammers. Men and boys carry slates and copy-books in their hands, and common cheap glass ink-bottles slung by pieces of twine to their girdles. Hands and faces are smeared with the black fluid; but, strangest of all, each has two of the murderous-looking swords, one long and the other short, stuck in his belt. Symbols of the soldier rather than the scholar are these; but the samurai are both. They compose the "military-literary" class of Japan. A "scholar and a gentleman" is our pet compliment; but in Japan, to be "a scholar, a soldier, and a gentleman," is the aspiration of every samurai. A wild-looking set they seem, but the heart kindles to think of the young life of this Asiatic empire being fed at the streams of the science and languages of Christian nations. In spite of the smeared clothes and faces, the topsy-turvy top-knots, and average slovenliness, quite natural after six hours' school-boy's work, and quite different from the morning's spruceness, there were so many earnest faces that the school-master abroad was delighted, and felt eager to join in the work of helping on the rising generation and grand purpose of New Japan.

"Education is the basis of all progress." The Japanese found it out. The Home Department of the new imperial government in 1870 reorganized the school, originally founded by the bakufu, and engaged an English and a French teacher to give instruction. Years before, at Nagasaki, an American missionary, whose name I omit only in deference to his sensitive modesty, had taught Japanese young men, sending forth scores who afterward held high place in government counsels. They called him to take charge of their chief school in Tōkiō. In January, 1869, there were three French, three German, and five English teachers, and about eight or nine hundred scholars. It was called a "university;" its proper name was a school of languages.

The Japanese had very primitive ideas concerning the fitness of men to teach. The seclusion of Japan for nearly three hundred years had its effect in producing generations of male adults who, compared to men trained in the life of modern civilization, were children. Any one who could speak English could evidently teach it. The idea of a trained professional foreign teacher was never entertained by them. They picked up men from Tōkiō and Yokohama. The "professors" at first obtained were often ex-bar-tenders, soldiers, sailors, clerks, etc. When teaching, with pipe in mouth, and punctuating their instructions with oaths, or appearing in the class-room top-heavy, the Japanese concluded that such eccentricities were merely national peculiarities. As for "Japanese wives," they were in many houses, and this the native authorities never suspected was wrong, or different from the foreign custom. In America there was read to me a paper on the subject, and I innocently marveled at the high tone of Japanese morality. I found out afterward that the clause meant that the foreign teachers must not change mistresses too often. One American in Tōkiō enjoyed a harem of ten native beauties. Yet there were some faithful found among the faithless, and real, earnest teachers. Yet even these were not altogether comprehensible to their employers. One man, a Christian gentleman, but not painfully neat, especially in his foot-gear, having the habit peculiar to a certain great man of never lacing up his shoes, the Japanese director of the school solemnly inquired whether the gentleman was angry at the officers. They supposed that he had some cause of complaint against them, and was showing it professionally by not lacing up his shoes. They were quite relieved on being informed that the unlaced boots neither foreboded nor expressed dissatisfaction.

It was a Herculean, nay, rather a seemingly impracticable, task to reduce that wild chaos of humanity to order and system. Here were gathered together a thousand male Japanese, of every age, and from every quarter of the empire. The middle-aged and old men, who wished to learn merely to read and translate, and not to speak, a foreign language, were mostly in the "meaning-school." The younger, though some were over thirty, learned the alphabet, spelling, conversations, writing, and, in the higher classes, geography, arithmetic, and simple history. The buildings were rows of sheds with glass windows, deal desks and seats, and unpainted wood partitions.

A thousand top-knots, two thousand swords; as many clogs, as many suits of cotton dress; a thousand pairs of oblique eyes that saw not as the eyes of the Teuton, the Frank, the Briton, or the American saw; a thousand rice-filled stomachs; a thousand brains filled with the ideas instilled by the old education of Japan; a thousand pairs of arms trained to the sword, spear, and bow; a thousand restless bodies that chafed under foreign school discipline—all these together made what seemed chaos to the teacher fresh from the order and neatness of an American school. In the rickety rooms were fire-pots and bamboo tubes doing duty as ash-boxes; for at each recess, even during recitation, native scholar and teacher were wont to pull out their pipes and fill the tiny bowls to smoke.

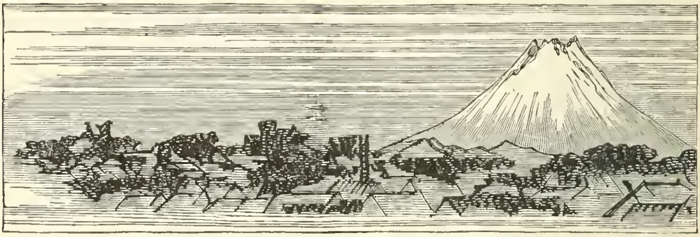
An old daimiō's *yashiki* had been transformed by rows of sheds into the "University." According to Japanese etiquette, the officers entered at one door, the teachers at another, the scholars at a third. As the school began somewhere about 9 A.M., the scholars thronged along the stone walk. The scraping clatter of their wooden clogs and pattens was deafening. Each came to school wearing his two swords. Entering a large square room, each delivered his clogs to one of the half-dozen attendant servants, who, hanging them up, gave the owner a wooden check branded with a number. In another room, which looked like an arsenal, he took out his long sword, which was laid on one of the hundred or more racks, and checked as before. Hats they never wore, and so were never troubled to hang them up. There was not a hat in Japan a decade ago, at least in the cylindrical sense of the term. When the Westernized native does begin to wear one, he never knows at first where to put it when off his head, or remembers it when he goes away from where he laid it.

In rainy weather, their paper umbrellas were stowed away and ticketed in the same manner as their clogs. Thus despoiled, in bare feet, or in mitten-stockings, with short sword in belt, from which wooden checks depended, the scholars entered their rooms. The teacher, not always early, began with his top-knots, and right grandly did the young eyes snap and the young ideas shoot. With such material the superintendent went on. With officers utterly unacquainted with their duties; teachers of all sorts, and no sort at all; undisciplined pupils, having to combat suspicion, ignorance, and, worse than all, Japanese vanity and conceit, he toiled on for years, the final result being morally magnificent. In this school the scholars attended but one session, being divided into morning and afternoon scholars. Half of them messed or boarded in barracks built by the school; but where they went at night, or how they spent their spare time, was no one's business.

The mikado's government had been in operation in Tōkiō two years, but it was on any thing but a stable foundation. Conspiracies and rumors we had for breakfast, dinner, and supper. To-day, Satsuma was going to carry off the mikado. To-morrow, the "tycoon" was to be restored. The next day, the foreigners were to be driven out of Tōkiō, and then out of Japan. The city was not only full of the turbulent troops of the jealous daimiōs, but of hundreds of the *Jo-i* (or foreigner-haters), the patriot assassins, who thought they were doing the gods service, and their country a good, in cleaving a foreigner in the street.

Before I left America, my students had told me by all means to take a revolver with me, as I might very likely meet rōnins. I had one of Smith & Wesson's best. Few foreign residents ever went far from their houses without one, and many wisely kept indoors at night, except upon urgent duty. About fifty foreigners had been killed in Japan since 1859. For the safety of the teachers, about fifty armed men, called *betté*, were kept in pay. These knights were dubbed "Brown Betties"—a vile pun, evidently by an American, through whose sad memory visions of that appetizing pudding flittered, as he mourned its absence, with that of buckwheat-cakes, pumpkin-pies, turkeys, and other home delicacies. Horses were kept ready saddled, and the betté were always ready to accompany man or horse. It was impossible to slip out without them. By a curious system of Japanese arithmetical progression, one betté accompanied one foreigner, four of them went with two, and eight with three. One would suppose that a single foreigner was in greater danger than when with a companion. The first afternoon I walked to see the ruins of Uyéno, once the glory of the city, with my host. I noticed one guard kept always with us. Not being counted a *protégé*, I often went on my rambles alone. I was never harmed, though I got an occasional scowl, and was often obliged to pass along narrow and lonely streets, in which villainous-looking men, with two murderous-looking swords in their belts, were numerous.

Among the many sites in the city from which one can get a view of Fuji from base to summit, are Atago yama, the top of Kudan zaka, and Suruga Dai, or elevation, so named from the fact that you behold the lordly mountain as though you were in Suruga itself.



View of Fuji, from Suruga Dai, in Tōkiō.

One afternoon I had been out walking to Asakusa and Uyéno with the only American teacher in the school at that time, and, after a long tramp, returned to recount what I had seen, and to consult my host. We agreed, the morrow being a holiday, to make an excursion to the lovely suburban retreat Ōji, just outside, to the north of Tōkiō. After an evening among maps, note-books, and letters, as usual, I retired to rest. I was a sound sleeper, and noticed nothing during the night. About 4 A.M. my host appeared at my door, and, in a rather sepulchral tone, informed me that we could not go to Ōji that day. There had been great changes during the night, and two teachers of the school had been cut down in the streets.

I dressed hurriedly, and at our hasty breakfast by the lamp I learned the story of the night. It was a simple one, but bloody enough. The two men had gone to Tsŭkiji, and there *dismissed their guards.* Presuming upon their supposed safety, and being wholly unarmed, they started to another part of the city, not far from the school. *From their own story*, they were quietly walking along one of the streets. The tallest of them suddenly received such a blow from behind that he fell, supposing that some one had knocked him down with a bamboo or club. Almost before he fell, his companion received a frightful cut on the opposite shoulder. Both then knew they had received sword-wounds, and they both started to run. The first one attacked ran up the street into an open paper-shop, begging the people to bind up his wounds, and send word to the college. The second, being the last on his feet, was overtaken by his pursuer, who dealt him a second sweeping two-handed blow, which cut a canal across his back from right shoulder to left hip, nearly eleven inches long. He gained the paper-shop, however, and begged the people to stanch his wounds with the thick, soft Japanese paper. After giving their address, and bidding the people send for a doctor and a school officer, they fainted away from loss of blood. They were, when I saw them, lying asleep at the paper-shop, native doctors having reached them and skillfully bound up their wounds.

We left the college at half-past four, well armed, and accompanied by a servant carrying a lantern. We passed down the street skirting the castle moat to the Tōri. It was very dark, and the city was in unbroken slumber. The only sight was the night roundsman pacing his beat, lantern in his left hand, and jingling an iron staff, surmounted by bunches of rings on the top, which he thumped on the ground at every few steps, crying out, "*Hi no yojin*" (look out for fire). Here and there, in nooks and corners, we saw a beggar curled up under his mats. We finally reached the house in Nabé Chō (Rice-pot Street). We entered by a side door, and found in the back-room, sitting and smoking round the *hibachi*, six or eight interpreters and Japanese teachers from the college. Sliding aside the paper partitions, we looked into the front room, and, by the light of our lanterns, saw the two wounded men, one with head bandaged and face upward, the other lying prone, with back tightly swathed, asleep, and breathing heavily. We waited till daylight, when they woke up and told us their story. The skillful surgeon of the English legation arrived shortly after, commending highly the skill displayed by the native surgeons in binding up the wounds.

I spent several days and nights in the house, attending the patients. The wounds of one were of a frightful character; that of the other was upon the head and shoulder-blade. The blow had grazed the skull, and cut deeply into the fleshy part of the back. It was not dangerous: in a few days he sat up, and the wound rapidly healed. For several days the weakness arising from the loss of blood and the wound-fever threatened to end the life of his companion. One of his ribs was nearly severed, and both gashes were long and deep. He had to be handled very tenderly. After seven days, however, they were able to be removed to their own house, and, as they had provided other nurses, my services were no longer required.

I took the early stage on the morning of the attack, and carried the news to Yokohama. The mikado's Government, with astonishing energy, immediately took steps to discover the assassins, using the most strenuous exertions. Every one leaving the city or passing the gates was searched. Every samurai in Tōkiō was obliged to give an account of his whereabouts from sunset to sunrise of that evening. Every sword worn in Tōkiō was examined to discover blood-stains, which can not be removed except by grinding. Every sword-maker and grinder was questioned. I know of several small boys who felt highly elated at the great and rare honor of having a posse of pompous government officials gravely examine their swords, according to orders. Nothing gave one so real an idea of the sincerity and ability of the Government, and its determination to reform barbarous customs, as their energy on this occasion. The stage which carried me to Yokohama was stopped at the Shinagawa guard-house by a man armed with a barbed hook, to examine any Japanese that might be within.

The excitement among the foreigners in Tōkiō next morning was intense. Prophets went round prophesying that in a week Tōkiō would be deserted of foreigners. A certain consul posted up a notice in a public place—in a bar-room, I believe—authorizing any citizen of his nationality, should any Japanese be seen laying his hand on his sword, "to shoot him on the spot." The most violent and inflammatory language appeared in the newspapers. Some hot-headed folks at Yokohama held a meeting, and resolved that the Japanese Government should disarm the samurai, by ordering the immediate abolition of the custom of wearing swords. Yokohama residents whose business brought them to Tōkiō, though belted and with two revolvers, saw in every Japanese boy or coolie an assassin. A nightmare of samurai, swords, blood, bleeding heads and arms, grave-stones, and grim death brooded over the foreigners. "The beaten soldier fears the tops of the tall grass."

Amidst this panic of fear, two mild and gentle countrymen of mine—one a missionary who had lived in Japan and among the people seven years, and another who for months had gone among them day and night unarmed—opened my eyes. Even the sworded samurai became in my vision as harmless as trees walking. I saw that the affair, which had frightened some men out of their wits, concerned a gentleman about as much as a murder in Water Street, or the Five Points, concerns a law-loving citizen of New York, who attends quietly to his business. I soon put away my revolver, and began the study of facts relating to the many cases of "assassination" of foreigners in Japan. In every instance, since the restoration of peace after the troubles of the civil war, it was a story of overbearing insolence, cruelty, insult, the jealousy of paramours, native women, or avarice, or the effect of causes which neither fair play nor honor could justify.

During my stay of nearly four years in Japan, several Europeans were attacked or killed; but in no case was there a genuine assassination, or unprovoked assault. I was led to see the horrible injustice of the so-called indemnities, the bombardments of cities, the slaughter of Japanese people, and the savage vengeance wreaked for fancied injuries against foreigners. There is no blacker page in history than the exactions and cruelties practiced against Japan by the diplomatic representatives of the nations called Christian—in the sense of having the heaviest artillery. In their financial and warlike operations in Japan, the foreign ministers seem to have acted as though there was no day of judgment. Of the Japanese servants kicked and beaten, or frightened to death, by foreign masters; of peaceable citizens knocked down by foreign fists, or ridden over by horses; of Japanese homes desolated, and innocent men and women, as well as soldiers, torn by shells, and murdered by unjust bombardments, what reparation has been made? What indemnity paid? What measures of amelioration taken for terrible excess of bloody revenge at Kagoshima and Shimonoséki? What apology rendered? For a land impoverished and torn, for the miseries of a people compelled by foreigners, for the sake of their cursed dollars, to open their country, what sympathy? For their cholera and vile diseases, their defiling immorality, their brutal violence, their rum, what benefits in return? Of real encouragement, of cheer to Japan in her mighty struggle to regenerate her national life, what word? Only the answer of the horse-leech—for blood, blood; and at all times, gold, gold, gold. They ask all, and give next to nothing. For *their* murders and oppressions they make no reparation. Is Heaven always on the side of the heaviest artillery?

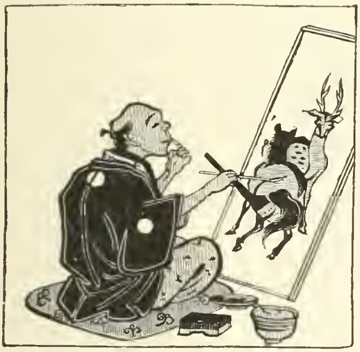
IV.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN A PAGAN TEMPLE.

The temple of Kuanon at Asakŭsa is to Tōkiō what St. Paul's is to London, or Nôtre Dame to Paris. The chief temple of the city, the most popular religious resort, one never sees the Japanese capital till he sees Asakŭsa. Like Nôtre Dame, it is ancient, holy, dirty, and grand, with pigeons and priests, and bazaars and book-stalls near by to match.

Asakŭsa is now the name of a district of the city, which anciently was a village. The temple is about three miles from the centre of the castle, and two from Nihon Bashi, and at the time of its erection was a remote suburb. It is but a short distance from the river, and Asakŭsa bridge and Asakŭsa ferry have been made chiefly for the convenience of the pious, gay, and curious, to cross the Sumida River to visit the great temple, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, many acres in extent. These latter a Japanese temple must always have, whether Buddhist or Shintō. In them are fairs, refreshments, booths, eating, smoking, dancing, and every gay sport and pleasure known. To the Japanese mind there is no incongruity in this placing a temple cheek by jowl with a theatre. To cast his cash in the box of offerings, to pray, are but preludes to uproarious mirth or sedate enjoyments. Religion and innocent pleasure join hands in Japan. Are the Japanese wrong in this?

Two grand entrances invite the visitor. One opens to the river. The main approach forms the terminus of an avenue that traverses the city, and joins the broad street fronting Asakŭsa at right angles. Up and down this street, on either side, for rods, are restaurants and houses where the famed singing-girls of Tōkiō make music, song, and dance. The path to the temple is of stone, twelve feet wide, with side pavements, upon which are ranged hundreds of booths having on sale a gorgeous abundance of toys, dolls, and every thing to delight the eyes of babydom. Perpetual Christmas reigns here. "Every street in Paris is like Broadway," said a French mademoiselle to a New York lady. Every day at Asakŭsa is a festival; but on the great matsuris, or religious holidays, the throng of gayly dressed humanity, of all ages, is astonishing. Every one in Japan has heard of Asakŭsa. One never fairly sees open-air Japanese life, except at a matsuri. There is nothing strange, however, to the Japanese mind in this association of temples and toy-shops. The good bonzes in their sermons declare, as the result of their exegesis and meditations, that husbands are bound to love their wives, and show it by allowing them plenty of pin-money and hair-pins, and to be not bitter against them by denying them neat dresses and handsome girdles. The farmer who comes to town with his daughter, turns from prayer to the purchase of pomatum or a mirror. Every sort of toy, game, hair-ornaments in illimitable variety; combs, rare and beautiful, and cheap and plain; crapes for the neck and bosom; all kinds of knickknacks, notions, and varieties are here; besides crying babies; strings of beads for prayer; gods of lead, brass, and wood; shrines and family altars, sanctums, prayer-books, sacred bells, and candles.



Artist at Work.

Chapels and special shrines, many of them the expiatory gifts of rich sinners, lie back of the booths on each side of the roadway. On their walls hang votive tablets and pictures of various sorts. In one of the booths, an old artist, with his two brushes in one hand, is painting one. His cheap productions will sell for five or ten cents. He looks as though he were laughing at his own joke, for his subject is a pictorial pun on the word "fool" (*baka: ba*, a horse; *ka*, a stag).*

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* The allusion is to the act of the Chinese prime minister at the court of the Chinese emperor, who was the son of the illustrious builder of the Great Wall. He declared that a stag could be called a horse, and a horse a stag. The courtiers were compelled to obey him. This is the origin of the Japanese word *baka*, which the Japanese urchins sometimes cry at foreigners, and one of the first words the latter learn to throw at the natives. The particular digital gesture of sticking the left forefinger in the left side of the mouth is the Japanese equivalent of the soliloquy, "What a fool I am!" or the interrogation, "You think I'm a fool, don't

The incense of smoldering "joss-sticks"* is wafted outward, and blends with the savory odors of baking-sponge and griddle-cakes, roasting nuts, and the disgusting smell of cuttle-fish fried in oil, made from sesamé (*Sesamum Orientalis*). I never knew till I arrived in the Land of the Gods why the door of the cave of the Forty Thieves opened so easily when Ali Baba uttered the potent words, "Open sesamé." I know now. Let any one get ten feet to windward of a frying-pan full of sesamé oil, and he will find it strong enough to open twenty doors. There, two lusty fellows are pulling away at a colossal rope of barley-sugar candy, now stretching, now twisting, now doubling, until the proper consistence and fibre are obtained. Down on the ground, at intervals, we find an old woman, or a young girl, selling what seem to be little slips of frayed wood, which, dropped on water, open into surprising forms of beauty. The uniform trifles unfold into variety, displaying a flower, a boat, a tree, a bird, a rat, a fisherman, a man, Fuji, a bottle, a cup, a bug, an animal. Some are jokes and comic pictures.

Before the temple proper stands a colossal structure, serving merely as a gate-way, of red painted wood, almost seventy feet high. Facing us on either side as we enter are the high colored demons *Ni-ō* (two kings), whom we must propitiate. Each is higher than Goliath of Gath: one is green, and the other red. "As ugly as sin," is faint praise of their hideousness. Their faces and muscles are contorted into fanciful corrugations, and their attitude is as though they were going to transfix us heretics. Fastened to the grating in front of them are straw sandals, such as laborers and rustics wear. Some of these are big enough to shoe a megatherium. They are hung up by people with sore feet, to propitiate the demons and to seek recovery. In front of the gate and under it, in two rows, sit pious beggars, mostly women, who beat on hollow shells of wood, like enormous stale clams or gaping sleigh-bells, and say prayers for their donors at a low price. The faithful drop a few iron cash, or a single copper, to one or more of these hags as they pass on.

Passing within the gate, we are in the temple yard. To the right is a huge lavatory, the people washing their hands, and rinsing their

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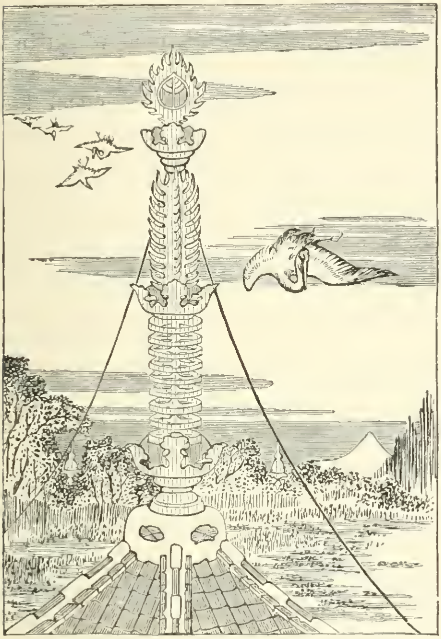
you?" The artist is thinking how foolish he is thus to spend his days in painting cheap pictures for a precarious means of subsistence. He is thus caricaturing himself.

* Joss is the Chinaman's pronunciation of the Portuguese word *Deos*—Latin, *Deus*.

mouths, preparatory to worship. A pagoda rises to the right with its seven stories, its heavy eaves fringed with wind-bells, its beams tipped with carvings, and its roof terminating into a projection called the *kiu-do* (nine rings), resembling an enormous copper turning just rolled from the lathe, or a corkscrew such as might be used to uncork a columbiad. To climb to the top is to run the risk of dislocating the neck, and the view does not repay. In time of severe earthquake, this pagoda spire will vibrate like a plume on a helmet. Of course, in the picture, the artist must bring in the snow-white cranes, and Fuji. On the top is the jewel, or sacred pearl, so conspicuous in Japanese art and symbolism, and which, on the coins and paper money, the dragon ever clutches in his talons.



Pagoda Spire, or Kiu-do. (Nishiki-yé.)

On my left stands a large plain frame of wood, on which hang tallies, or tablets, inscribed with names and sums of money. They are those of subscribers to the temple, and the amount of their contributions. One, five, and ten dollars are common gifts, and the one hundred-dollar donor is honored with a larger amount of shingle to advertise his religion. Several old women have stands, at which they sell holy beans, pious pease, and sanctified rice. These are kept ready in tiny earthen saucers. The orthodox buy these, and fling them to the cloud of pigeons that are waiting on the temple eaves, and fly, whirring down, to feed. Ten thousand sunbeams flash from their opaline necks as their pink feet move coquettishly over the ground. Two enormous upright bronze lanterns on stone pedestals flank the path, and on these flocks of pigeons quickly rise and settle again. These pigeons have their home, not only without but within the tem ple, over the very altars of Great Shaka. Even the pigeon hath found a rest where she may lay her young, even thine altars, Great Shaka. Their cooing blends with the murmurs of prayer, and the whirring of their wings with the chant of the bonzes.

Besides the pigeons, there are two sacred Albino ponies kept in a stable to the left. They are consecrated to the presiding deity, Kuanon, Goddess of Mercy. A young girl has the care of them, and they are fed by the pious, who, as a religious and meritorious act, buy the beans and pease with which the animals are fed.

The most imposing feature of a Japanese temple is the roof of massive black tiles, sweeping up in a parabolic curve of the immense surface, which make enormous gables at the side. One is impressed with the solidity of the timbers and supports, which are set firmly but loosely in stone sockets, and defy the earthquake in a manner that recalls Æsop's fable of the oak and the reed. We ascend the broad copper-edged steps to the broader porch, and are on the threshold of the great pagan temple, so holy, so noisy, so dirty. Within its penetralium, we try to feel reverent. How can we, with a crowd of eager, curious, dirty faces, with dirty babies behind them, with unclean pigeons whirring above us to the threatened detriment of our hats? Within is a chaos of votive tablets, huge lanterns, shrines, idols, spit-balls, smells, dust, dirt, nastiness, and holiness. Immediately within the door stands a huge bronze censer, with a hideous beast rampant upon it. He seems maddened by the ascending clouds of irritating incense that puff out of numerous holes around the edge. The worshipers, as they enter, drop an iron or copper cash in the lap of the black-toothed crone who keeps the sacred fuel, put a pinch in one of the holes, and pass in front of the altar to pray. Around the top of the censer are the twelve signs of the Japanese zodiac, in high relief. These are the rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, serpent, horse, goat, monkey, cock, dog, hog.

The great main altar is protected in front by an iron wire screen. Each worshiper, before praying, makes a "heave-offering" of a handful of cash into the huge coffer before the altar. Occasionally one, with pious intent, throws what we would call a spit-ball at the screen. What an idea! The worshiper writes out his petition, chews it to a pulp in his mouth, and throws it at the idol. If it sticks, the omen is good, the prayer is heard. Hearing, then, depends on the softness of the mass, or the salival ability and dexterity of the thrower. Some of the images in the outer shrines are speckled all over with these outspittings of pious mouths. The coins and balls might injure the altar furniture and golden idols, if not protected.

The space opposite the altar is filled by praying people of every sort. Mothers, maidens, and children, old men and boys, samurai and merchant and farmer, country boors, city swells, soldiers in French uniform with sword-bayonets at their side, *à la* Paris, all fling the coin, bow the head, rub the hands above the head. Many use strings of beads, like the Roman Catholics. Prayers at the main altar over, the devotee may visit one or more of the many side shrines within the building. To the right sits the ugly and worn-out god Binzuru (one of Buddha's original sixteen disciples), reputed to cure diseases. There is a mother with two children rubbing the dirty old wooden head and limbs, and then applying the supposed virtue to their own bodies by rubbing them. The old idol is polished greasy and black by the attrition of many thousand palms. His nose, ears, eyes, and mouth have long since disappeared. We warrant that more people are infected than cured by their efforts.

To the left is a shrine, covered in front by a lattice, to the bars of which are tied thousands of slips of paper containing written prayers. Flanking the coffer on either side are old men who sell charms, printed prayers, beads, prayer-books, and ecclesiastical wares of all sorts. Votive tablets are hung on the walls and huge round pillars. Here is one, on which is the character, cut from paper, for "man" and "woman," joined by a padlock, from a pair of lovers, who hope and pray that the course of true love may run smooth, and finally flow like a river. Here is one from a merchant who promises a gift to the temple if his venture succeeds. Scores are memorials of gratitude to Kuanon for hearing prayer and restoring the suppliant to health. The subject of one picture is the boiler explosion on the steamboat *City of Yedo*, which took place in front of the foreign hotel in Tsŭkiji, August 12th, 1870, in which one hundred lives were lost. Only a few days ago, in Yokohama, I saw the infant son of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cornes, my fellow-country people, who, with a little English girl, were the only foreigners killed. The devotee was saved by the great mercy of Kuanon, and hangs up the tablet, as a witness of his gratitude, and Kuanon's surpassing favor. Many are from sailors who have survived a storm. On the wire screen hang scores of men's greasy top-knots, and a few braids of women's hair, cut off on account of vows, and offered to the honor of Kuanon. Perhaps the deity sees the heart that made the offering, and not the rancid and mildewed grease. Above are splendid carvings and paintings of angels. The Buddhist angels are always feminine. Among the crowd of religious emblems, there stares at you a framed picture of the Pacific Mail Steamship *China* as an advertisement, and near the door of exit, at the left, stands an immense mirror in a dazzling gilt frame. It is one of the sensational attractions to the vulgar, and helps to make up the catchpenny collection of miscellanies in this rich temple, whose real estate covers many acres of valuable ground.

Beyond the great space devoted to the public are the various altars and gilt images of the deities, sages, and saints of the Buddhist pantheon and calendar. Candles burn, incense floats, and the sacred books repose here. The privileged faithful can, for a fee to the fat priests who sit behind their account-books, come within the iron wire screen, and, kneeling on the clean matting in front of the great altar, may pray, or read or chant sacred books, canonical or liturgical; or, having a vow to a particular deity, or wishing to invoke the intercession of a special saint, may enter, to kneel remote from the crowd.

It seems curious, even in Japan, to see men dressed in foreign clothes, praying before the gilded and hideous idols, bowing down to foxes and demons, and going through all the forms of paganism. Clothes do not make a Christian, and yet to our narrow vision there seems no agreement between a high hat and a Buddhist temple, no concord between a black-cloth coat and an idol in ancient robes.

We leave the temple and descend the steps, glad to get out into the only true God's fresh air. From the unnature of superstition to the purity of nature, from the pent-up closeness of the priests' temple into the boundless freedom of God's glorious creation, how welcome the change! It stirs the pulses of the divine life within us to behold how priestcraft and sanctified avarice and blind superstition of ages have united, and then to remember how One said, "Have faith in God."

To the left of the temple are gardens famed for their displays of flowers in season—the plum-blossoms in February, cherry blooms in April, the lotus in July, azaleas in summer, chrysanthemums in October, camellias in December, and evergreens always. Here are dwarfed trees in every shape. Fuji appears over and over again in miniature. Tortoises, cats, male foreigners with hats, and females in crinoline, houses, wagons, and what not, appear in living forms of green. Tiny trees, an inch or two high, balmy pines, oaks and bamboo, cacti, striped-grass, rare plants of all varieties known in Japan, are here.

A Flower Fair at Night in Tōkiō. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

An open chrysanthemum, the crest of the emperor, is emblazoned on all the barracks of the soldiers, on their caps, buttons, and banners, and on all buildings devoted to governmental purposes.

In the cultivation of these flowers the native gardeners excel. In their limited specialties, the Japanese florists distance those of any other country. The borders of the Asakŭsa gardens are made of clipped tea-plants. Dwarfing, unnatural local enlargement, variegation of leaf and petal, the encouragement of freaks of nature by careful artificial selection—these are the specialties of the natives of Nippon, which have been perfected by the hereditary patience, tact, and labor of a thousand years. The guild of florists in Tōkiō is large and wealthy. As the florist father, so is the son. Some of the streets of the city are noted for their floral displays and fairs. These are often given at night, the street being lighted by candles, as in the picture.

The temple and the gardens are not the only sights at Asakŭsa. The antiquary may revel in deciphering the scores of inscriptions in Sanskrit, Japanese, and Chinese. Most of these are commemorative of religious events; some are prayers, some are quotations from canonical books, some are sacred hymns. The stones are of granite, of slate, and of gray-stone. Bronze and stone images of Buddha are numerous; some with aureole, and finger lifted; some with hands or legs crossed, and thumbs joined meditatively. All wear the serene countenance of the sage in Nirvana. Around the base of nearly all are heaps of pebbles, placed there as evidence of prayers offered. In one shrine little earthen pots of salt are placed as offerings. A "praying machine"—a stone wheel in a stone post—stands near. In one octagon temple are ranged the stone effigies of the five hundred original disciples of Buddha. Again we light on a crowd of stone idols, on which are pasted bits of paper, containing a picture or a prayer. Some of them are as full of labels as an apothecary's shop. Many have smoking incense-sticks before them, stuck in a bed of ashes accumulated from former offerings. In one building to the south-east of the main temple is a curious collection of idols, which attract attention from the fact of their being clean.

Three idols, representing assistant torturers to Ema, the Lord of Hell, painted in all colors and gilded as gorgeously as cheap gingerbread, stand in theatrical attitudes. One wields a sword, one a pen, and one a priest's staff. All have their heads in an aureole of red flames. The feet of the first, a green monster like a deified caterpillar, rests his foot on an imp of the same color, having two clawed toes on his feet, and two fangs in his mouth. Under the second writhes a flesh-colored devil, holding up an ink-stone, ready for the use of the idol, who may be a Japanese Saturday Reviewer. The third, with an indigo face, having a priest's staff, treads on a sky-blue devil. In the middle of the stone-floored room is a revolving shrine, having many closed doors, and containing sacred treasures of some sort. All over the crowded grounds are tea-booths with the usual charcoal fire, copper boiler, kettle, cup-rack, sweetmeats, and smiling, powdered, well-dressed damsel, who invites the passer-by to rest, drink a cup of tea, and part with a trifle as gift.

At the north end are ranged the archery galleries, also presided over by pretty black-eyed Dianas, in paint, powder, and shining coiffure. They bring you tea, smile, talk nonsense, and giggle; smoke their long pipes with tiny bowls full of mild, fine-cut tobacco; puff out the long white whiffs from their flat-bridged noses; wipe the brass mouth-piece, and offer it to you; and then ask you leading and very personal questions without blushing. The bows are of slender bamboo strips, two feet long, with rests for the shaft. The arrows are of cherry-wood, six inches long, bone-tipped, and feathered red, blue, or white. Two or three targets hang in front of a square drum, flanked by red cushions. A sharp click on the hard target, the boom of the drum, or the deadened sound of the struck cushion, tell the grades of success. Full-grown, able-bodied men are the chief patrons of these places of pleasure, and many can find amusement for hours at such play.

Let no one visit Asakŭsa without seeing the so-called "wax-works," though there is very little wax in the show. In one of the buildings, to the rear and left of the main temple, are thirty-five tableaux, in life-size figures, of the miracles wrought by Kuanon, or wondrous events in the lives of her pious devotees. There are thirty-three great temples in Japan, dedicated to Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy. Pious pilgrims often make the pilgrimage, visiting each of these shrines. The tableaux at Asakŭsa are thought by many foreign critics to excel in expression the famous collection of Madame Tussaud in London, an opinion which the writer shares. They are all the handiwork of one artist, who visited the most celebrated shrines of Kuanon, and, struck with the marvelous power and mercy of the god, wished to show to the youth of his country the benefit of trusting in and praying to him or her. The figure of Kuanon is, in some representations, like that of a gentle and lovely lady. In the outside tableau, the image of

Kuanon is drawn out in public to stay a plague, which is accomplished by the mercy and favor of the god. In the first tableau inside, a learned lady prays to Kuanon, and is heard. The second tableau represents Kuanon appearing in the form of a beautiful woman to reward a diligent priest; the third, a young girl suddenly restored to health by the favor of Kuanon; the fourth, Kuanon appearing in the form of a little peasant girl to a noble of the mikado's court; the fifth, a hungry robber desecrating the temple; and a certain suggestive painting to the left, in which demons and a red-hot cart, with wheels and axles of fire, are pictured above the robber, tells what is to become of him. In the sixth, a noble of the mikado's court overcomes and binds the thunder-god, or demon, through the power of Kuanon. In the seventh, a woman is saved from shipwreck because she sung a hymn to Kuanon during the tempest. In the eighth, a devout priest, fearing yet bold, goes to talk to Ema, the Lord of Hell. The ninth represents an old man, one of the Hōjō family, writing a prayer-poem. The tenth represents a pious damsel, who worshiped Kuanon, never killed any animals, and saved the life of a crab which a man was going to kill: afterward, a snake, transforming itself into human shape, came to seize her, but a multitude of grateful crabs appeared and rescued her, biting the reptile to death: this was by the order of Kuanon. In the eleventh, a devout worshiper, by prayer, overcomes and kills a huge serpent that troubled the neighborhood. In the twelfth, a diligent copyist of the sacred books beguiles his time by rewarding little children with cakes for bringing him pebbles, for every one of which he transcribes a character. The baby on the back of the little girl is asleep; and the imitation of baby-life is wonderful, and in respect to one or two details more truthful than elegant. In the thirteenth, Kuanon, having appeared on earth in female form, goes to heaven, taking the picture of a boy, who afterward grows up to be a celebrated priest. In the fourteenth, a pious woman falls from a ladder, but is unhurt. In the fifteenth, a man suffering grievously from headache is directed to the spot where the skull which belonged to his body in a previous state of existence is being split open by the root of a tree growing through the eye-socket. On removing it, he is relieved of his headache. In the nineteenth, a good man vanquishes a robber. In the twentieth, the babe of a holy farmer's wife, who is out at work, is saved from a wolf by miraculous rays defending the child. In the twenty-first, Kuanon appears to heal a sick girl with a wand and drops of water. In the twenty-second, a holy man buys and sets free a tortoise about to be killed for food. Three days afterward his child falls overboard, and is apparently lost, but after a while returns safely on the back of the grateful reptile. In the twenty-fourth, a retainer of a noble is ordered to kill his master's son for disobedience to him. The servant, unable, through love of his master's son, to do it, kills his own son instead. The tableau represents him mourning over his son's gory head. His master's son, in remorse, became a priest. In the twenty-fifth, a good man is saved from robbers by his dog. In the twenty-sixth, a man who had his cargo of rice confiscated for his refusal to give the priest his share, repented of his obduracy, and received heavenly evidence of his pardon in a new cargo of rice sent by Kuanon. In the twenty-seventh, the son of a court noble breaks a precious ink-stone. His father, in a fit of anger, kills him. The horrified attendant becomes a priest. In the twenty-eighth, a pious recluse is saved from starvation by a miraculous leg of venison. In the twenty-ninth, a mountain demon pursues an evil-doer. In the thirtieth, a pious wood-cutter hears heavenly music, and Kuanon appears to him. In the thirty-first, a worshiper of Kuanon is wounded by robbers, thrown into the river, and is accidentally brought up in a fisherman's net. Having an image of Kuanon in his bosom, he is resuscitated, and lives to bless his preserver. In the thirty-third, a mermaid appears to a passer-by, and prays him to erect a temple to Kuanon. This having been done, the mermaid is reborn into a higher state of existence. In the thirty-fourth, Kuanon appears to a traveler. The last is a moving tableau, representing a court noble and lady.

Extreme kindness to animals is characteristic of the Japanese. It is the result of the gentle doctrines of Buddha. Several of the miracle-figures teach the law of kindness to brutes. It is sometimes carried into a sentimentalism almost maudlin. My jin-riki-sha puller makes a détour, out of his way, round a sleeping dog or bantam, when the lazy animal might fairly take its chances. When a man believes that the soul of his grandfather may be transmigrating through a cur, however mangy, or a chick, however skinny, he is not going to cause another metempsychosis by murdering the brute, if he can help it. Killing a wounded horse to put him out of misery, or in useless old age, is never practiced, the idea being too cruel to be entertained.

V.

STUDIES IN THE CAPITAL.

The foreigner who traces upon his globe or map the outlines of the island empire of Japan, conceives of it as a long, narrow, insular strip of land, stretching from north to south. Seeing that Yezo is in such high, and Kiushiu in such low latitude, he thinks of Yedo and Nagasaki as lying at the two ends of the magnetic needle. To the native, they lie in the line of the sun, the one at its rising, the other at its setting. The reason for this conception of the native, which is thus in rectilinear opposition to that of the foreigner, lies, not in the supposed fact that the Japanese do every thing in a contrary manner from ourselves, or because the images on his retina are not reversed as on ours, but because he has a truer knowledge of his country's topography than the alien. The latter knows of Japan only as a strip of land described in his dogmatic text-books, a fraction in his artificial system; the former knows it as he actually walks, by dwelling on its soil and looking at the sun, the lay of the land, and the pole star. To him, Tōkiō lies in the east, Chōshiu in the west, Hakodaté in the north, and Satsuma in the south.

The native conception of locality in the mikado's empire is the true one. A glance at the map will show that Yezo and a portion of Hondo lie, indeed, inclosed in a narrow line drawn north and south. Japan may be divided into inhabited and uninhabited land, and Yezo must fall within the latter division. Hence, only that part above the thirty-sixth parallel may be called Northern Japan. From Yedo to Nagasaki is the main portion of the empire, in point of historical importance, wealth, and population. Between the thirty-third and thirty-sixth, or within three parallels of latitude, on a belt a little over two hundred miles wide, stretches from east to west, for six hundred miles, the best part of Japan.

Within this belt lies more than a majority of the largest cities, best ports, richest mines, densest centres of population, classic localities, magnificent temples, holy places, tea-plantations, silk districts, rice-fields, and manufactures. Here, also, have been developed, in times past, the nation's greatest treasures—the best blood, the commanding minds, and the men that have ruled Japan.

It is interesting to note the shifting of the scenes in the drama of Japanese history. In the most ancient times, the ablest men of action and intellect were produced in Yamato, or in the Kinai. In the Middle Ages, they arose in the Kuantō. At the opening of modern history, they sprung from the Tōkaidō (Mino, Owari, Mikawa). In the latest decades, they came from Kiushiu and the south (Chōshiu, Satsuma, Tosa, and Hizen).

An inspection of the map will show a striking configuration of the land, on the southern coast of Hondo, adapting and ordaining it as the site for the great bulk of the nation's intellect, intelligence, population, and wealth. From Kadzusa on the extreme east, to Chōshiu on the extreme west, are found in succession a series of bays, at the head of each of which stands a large city. On the first is the city of Tōkiō (population, 925,000); on the second, Odawara (20,000); on the third, Hamamatsŭ (50,000); on the fourth, Nagoya (400,000); on the fifth, Ōzaka (600,000); on the sixth, Hiōgo (60,000); on the seventh, Hiroshima (100,000); on the eighth, Shimonoséki (10,000). These lie east and west of each other. These are and were all flourishing cities, but until Iyéyasŭ's time Yedo was but a village.

It was a bold stroke of policy to make the obscure place the seat of government. It seemed very much to the people of that day and country as it would to us were our capital removed from Washington to Duluth.

The general shape of Tōkiō is that of an egg, with the point to the south, the butt to the north. The yolk of this egg is the castle, or Ō Shiro, a work of vast proportions.

The traveler in our land of steam, in which men are too few and too valuable to be machines, sees heavy work done by the derrick and the engine, and can reckon to a fraction the equivalent for human muscle stored up in a pound of coal. Before the labor of the mediæval masons, he wonders how the pygmies of those days could build such stupendous works as astonish the tourist in Egypt, India, Assyria, China, and Japan, or raise colossal stones, or transport them in positions hundreds of miles from their home in the quarry.

Of architectural works in Japan, the torii, the yashiki, and the shiro, or castle, may be said to be original products. The pagoda is from China. Though far beyond the structures of Egypt or India in æsthetic merit, the Japanese castles challenge wonder at their vast extent, and the immense size of the stones in their walls. In the castle of Ōzaka, built by Hidéyoshi, some of the stones are forty feet long, ten feet high, and several feet thick. In the castle of Tōkiō, in the citadel or highest point, the walls have many stones sixteen feet long, six wide, and three thick. These were brought from near Hiōgo, over two hundred miles distant.

In Asiatic countries labor is cheap and abundant. What the American accomplishes by an engine and a ton of coal, the exponent of so many foot-pounds, or horse-power, the Asiatic accomplishes by thousands of human arms. A signal instance of the quick triumph of muscle came under my own observation while in Tōkiō.

A foreigner in the employ of the Japanese Government was consulted in relation to the choice of a site for a model farm, and was shown several eligible places, one of which was included within the grounds of an ex-daimiō, which had been left for years to the rank overgrowth, which, together with the larger trees and bushes, made the soil so rooty, and the whole place so unpromising to the foreigner, that he declared the site was utterly unfit; that several years would be required to bring it into any thing like proper condition for tillage. He then drove off to examine another proposed site. But American ways of thinking were, in this case, at fault.

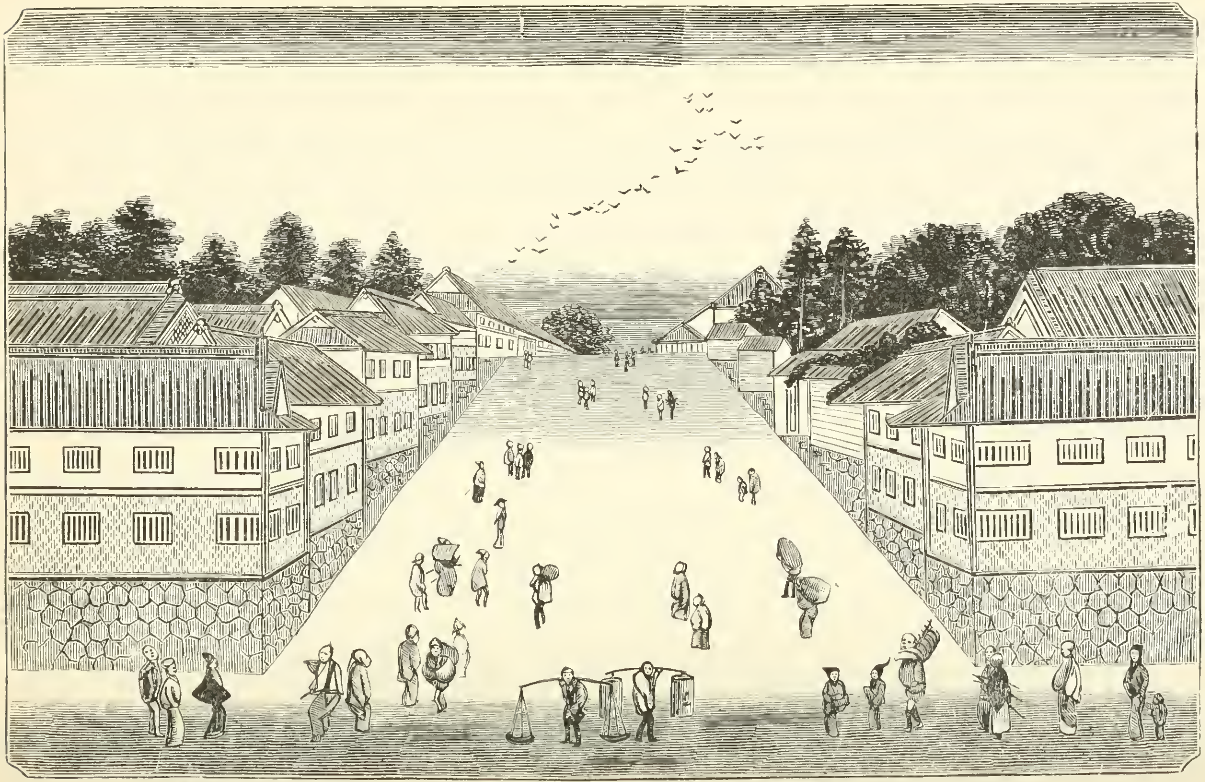
The Japanese officer in charge immediately and quietly hired eight hundred laborers to clear and smooth the land. They worked in relays, night and day. In one week's time he showed the American "a new site," with which he was delighted. It was chosen for the model farm. It was the same site he had first glanced at. The potential energy lay in the fact that the land, worthless as real estate, being the property of the official, could be sold to the Government for a model farm at the highest of fancy prices, paid out of the national treasury. The actual energy of eight hundred pairs of arms developed a wilderness into leveled farm-fields within a week.

The yashiki is a product of architecture distinctively Japanese. Its meaning is "spread-out house." It is such a homogeneous structure that it strikes the eye as having been cut out of a solid block. It is usually in the form of a hollow square, inclosing from ten thousand to one hundred and sixty thousand square feet of ground. The four sides of the square within are made up of four rows, or four unbroken lines of houses. In the centre are the mansions of the daimiō and his ministers. The lesser retainers occupy the long houses which form the sides of the square. The space is filled up within with gardens, both for use and pleasure, recreation-grounds, target walks, and *kura*, or fire-proof warehouses. Mito's grounds were of marvelous beauty. The yashiki, on the street front, presents the appearance of a continuous house on stone foundations, with rows of wooden barred or grated windows.

The cut represents an "evening view" of Kasumiya Street, a slope between the yashiki of the Daimiō of Ōgaki, in Mino, on the left, and that of Hiroshima, in Aki, on the right; and of Sakurada Avenue. Each of these proud lords, in erecting his mansion, found that his rival was building as high and fine a stone foundation as he was. Aki was determined to get higher than Ōgaki, lest a *fudai's* windows should look down on a *kokushiu's* lattice; while Ōgaki was bound to "get even" with Aki. The rival masonry might have grown higher, had not the shōgun ordered them to desist.

All around the yashikis ran a ditch, or moat, from four to twelve feet wide, usually of running water. Most of the walls were faced with square tiles, fastened diagonally, presenting the appearance of thousands of black lozenges, with rounded ridges of white plaster about three inches high. To break the monotony of the street front, there was one great roofed gate, for the lord and master, flanked with porters' lodges, and a smaller one, or postern, on another side, for servants and retainers. It was a very important point of etiquette as to who should or should not enter through the main gate. On no account would any one, unless of very high rank, be admitted in a vehicle of any sort. At a certain gate, called *Géjo*, leading to the *hon maru*, or citadel of the Yedo castle, all daimiōs were obliged to dismount from their palanquins and walk. The abbot of the temple of Zōzōji, at Shiba, as a mark of high rank, could enter in a palanquin. Such a privilege was equal to a patent of nobility.

The castle-moats, on varying levels, to make a current and prevent stagnation, were supplied with water brought in stone-lined aqueducts from the Tonégawa, nine miles distant. In the moats it varied from four to twelve feet in depth. The scarp and counter-scarp were faced with stone, and where the castle was on high ground the sloping embankments were sodded, the water flowing scores of feet below. In the shallow parts, lotus-flowers grew luxuriantly in summer, and in winter thousands of water-fowl, ducks, geese, storks, and herons made it their secure home, the people never harming them—a statement almost incredible to a foreign sportsman. A number of the shōgun's



Sakurada Avenue in Tōkiō. Yashikis of daimiōs, now occupied by the Foreign Office and War Department.

swans added grace and beauty to the peaceful scene. It was forbidden to fire a gun within five *ri* of the castle. I wondered how foreign sportsmen could resist the temptation.

Let the reader imagine a space of several miles square covered with yashikis. To walk through the streets inside the castle enceinte was a monotonous and gloomy task. There was nothing to break the dull uniformity of black or white tiles and windows, except here and there a sworded samurai or a procession. Occasional variety was obtained in a very large yashiki by erecting a wall around the entire inclosure, and building the houses inside. This made the monotony worse, since the eye had no relief in looking at windows, in which, perchance, might be a pot of flowers, or peeping eyes. It scarcely added to the cheerfulness to meet no common folk, but only proud and pompous men with two swords, the mark of the Japanese gentleman of feudal days.

The winter head-dress of the Japanese of both sexes is a black cloth cap, fitting close to the skull, with long flaps, which were tied around over the neck, mouth, and nose, exposing only the eyes. The wearing of this cap made a most remarkable difference, according to sex. The male looked fiendishly malignant, like a Spanish brigand, the effect of two scowling eyes being increased by the two swords at his belt. The phrase "he looked daggers at me" had a new significance. With the women, however, the effect was the reverse. A plump, well-wrapped form lost no comeliness; and when one saw two sparkling eyes and a suggestion of rosy cheeks, the imagination was willing to body forth the full oval of the Japanese beauty.

A dinner given in my honor by the ex-prince of Echizen, in his own yashiki, enabled me to see in detail one of the best specimens of this style of mansion. Like all the large clans and kokushiu daimiōs, Echizen had three yashikis—the Superior, Middle, and Inferior. In the second lived the ordinary clansmen, while to the third the servants and lower grade of samurai are assigned. Some of these yashikis covered many acres of ground; and the mansions of the Go Sanké families and the great clans of Satsuma, Kaga, Chōshiu, and Chikuzen are known at once upon the map by their immense size and commanding positions. Within their grounds are groves, shrines, cultivated gardens, fish-ponds, hillocks, and artificial landscapes of unique and surpassing beauty. The lord of the mansion dwelt in a central building, approached from the great gate by a wide stone path and grand portico of kéyaki-wood. Long, wide corridors, laid with soft mats, led to the master's chamber. All the wood-work, except certain portions, stood in virgin grain like watered silk, except where relieved here and there by a hard gleam of black lacquer-like enamel. The walls, gorgeously papered with gold, silver, or fanciful and colored designs, characteristic of Japanese art—among which the pine, plum, and cherry tree, the bamboo, lily, the stork, tortoise, and lion, or fans, were the favorites. The sliding doors, or partitions, of which three sides of a Japanese room is composed, were decorated with paintings. Some of the finest specimens of Japanese art I ever saw were in the yashikis of Tōkiō.

The plan of the city of Yedo, conceived by Iyéyasŭ, was simply that of a great camp. This one idea explains its centre, divisions, and relations. In the heart of this vast encampment was the general's head-quarters—a well-nigh impregnable castle. On the most eligible and commanding sites were the tents of his chief satraps. These tents were yashikis. The architectural prototype of a yashiki is a Japanese tent. In time of war, the general's head-quarters are surrounded by a roofless curtain of wide breadths of canvas stretched perpendicularly on posts, presenting a square front like a wall outside, and a roomy area within, having in its centre the general's tent. In place of this tent put a house; instead of the canvas stretch continuous long houses, forming a hollow square inclosing the mansion, and you have the yashiki. Shallow observers—foreigners, of course—on first seeing these stretched canvas screens, supposed they were "forts," and the crests (*mon*) of the general, "port-holes" for cannon! Yedo, the camp city of the East, was full of these tents, amplified and made permanent in wood and stone.

These edifices made the glory of old Yedo, but Tōkiō sees fewer year by year and fire by fire. They were the growth of the necessities of feudalism. The new age of Japan does not need them, and the next decade, that shall see thousands swept away, will see none rebuilt; and the traveler will look upon a yashiki as one of the many curiosities of Old Japan. Yedo was the city of the Tokugawas, and the camp of clans. Its architectural products sprang from the soil of feudalism. Tōkiō is the national capital, the city of the mikado, and its edifices are at once the exponents of modern necessities and enlightened nationality.

VI.

AMONG THE MEN OF NEW JAPAN.

I SPENT from January 3d to February 16th, 1871, in the new capital of Japan, visiting the famous places in the city and suburbs, seeing the wonderful sights, and endeavoring by study and questioning to reduce to order the myriad impressions that were made upon all my senses like a mimic cannonade. During two weeks I taught as a volunteer in the Imperial College. At the house of the superintendent I met many of the officials in the educational and other departments, learning their ideas and methods of thinking and seeing. Among my novel employments was, upon one occasion, the searching of Wheaton's and other works on international law for rules and precedents covering an imminent case of hostilities in Yokohama harbor. The captain of a French man-of-war, resurrecting one of the exploded regulations of the republic of 1795, was threatening to seize a German merchant ship, which had been sold to the Japanese, and the officials of the Foreign Office had come to their long-trusted American friend for advice and the law's precedents. It came to nothing, however. No seizure was made, nor hostile gun fired. The furore of traveling abroad was then at fever-heat, and thousands of young men hoped to be sent to study abroad, at government expense, where tens only could be chosen. I made a call on Terashima Munénori, the Vice-minister of Foreign Affairs, then in Tsŭkiji: presenting letters from Mr. Hatakéyama Yoshinari, I was received very kindly. Iwakura (to whom I bore letters from his son) and Mr. Ōkubo at that time were on an important political mission to Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa, sent thither by the mikado. The ex-Prince of Echizen gave an entertainment in my honor at his mansion. The daimiōs of Uwajima and Akadzuki, and several of their *karōs* (ministers), were present at the dinner. He presented me with his photograph, with some verses, of the making of which he was very fond. Mr. Arinori Mōri, a young samurai of the Satsuma clan, and a great friend of Iwakura, called to see me, and received letters of introduction to my friends in America. He was then in native dress, wearing the traditional two swords, the abolition of which he had in vain advocated some months before. He had just received his appointment as chargé d'affaires of Japan in the United States. Messrs. Mōri, and Saméshima — since chargé d'affaires at Paris, now (1876) Vice-minister of Foreign Affairs in Tōkiō—stood so high in the confidence of Iwakura that they were dubbed, in the political slang of the capital, "the legs of Iwakura." Mr. Katsŭ Awa, though absent in Shidzŭōka, sent me a very pleasant letter of welcome to Japan. I enjoyed a delightful call on Mr. Kanda, the ex-President or Speaker of the House of Assembly, in which Mr. Mōri had argued reforms, the second deliberative body that had been called into existence, according to the oath of the mikado in Kiōto, in 1868, that representative institutions should be formed. I found Mr. Kanda a student of English and American literature, and an earnest thinker. His son, a bright lad, was to accompany Mr. Mōri to America. I also met a number of the prominent and rising men of the country, especially those who had been active in the late revolution. The mikado was beginning to ride out in public; and I saw at various times a number of the kugé, both ladies and gentlemen, in their ancient, gorgeous costumes, with their retainers and insignia. I witnessed, also, a grand review of the imperial army, a wrestling-match, exhibitions of acrobatics and jugglery, theatrical performances, and many things in the political, social, and military world that will never again be seen in Japan. I visited the first hospital opened in Tōkiō, by Matsumoto, and the excellent school of Fukuzawa, rival of the Imperial College. None of the large modern buildings in European style, which now adorn the city, were then built. The city was then more Yedo than Tōkiō.

I repeatedly visited Ōji, so often described by Oliphant and others; Méguro, near which are the graves of the lovers, "Gompachi and Komurasaki;" Takanawa, the Mecca of Japanese loyalty, where are the tombs and statues of the forty-seven rōnins, and of their lord, whom they died to avenge; Kamé Ido, the memorial of the deified martyr, Sugawara Michizané; Shiba, Uyéno, Mukōjima, and the places so well known to residents and tourists, the sight of which but added zest to an appetite for seeing all that is dear to a Japanese, which a residence of years failed to cloy. I was several times at Zempukuji (Temple of Peace and Happiness), one of the oldest shrines of the Shin sect of Buddhists, founded by Shinran himself, who with his own hands planted the wonderful old jinko-tree, which still flourishes. Within the temple grounds were the buildings of the legation of the

United States of America. Here had dwelt successively Ministers Townsend Harris, Robert H. Pruyn, and General Van Valkenbergh. United States Vice-consul C. O. Shepherd was then occupying the premises. I noticed a somewhat dusty portrait of Franklin Pierce hung on the walls of one of the inner empty rooms. The one bright oasis spot during his barren administration was the success of Perry's mission, and the opening of Japan to the world. The glory of the great United States had been here maintained, by its Government never paying any rent for its tenantry of buildings, and by extorting "indemnities" for every accidental fire, for every provoked injury, and even for every man killed in the open and active hostilities of war, and in joining the governments of Europe in keeping the feeble empire crushed under diplomacy, backed by ships and cannon.

One of the most important persons for me was a good interpreter. A tongue was more than a right arm. To procure one of first-rate abilities was difficult. When the embassy, sent out by the ill-starred Ii Kamon no kami, visited Philadelphia, I had frequently seen a lively young man whom every one called "Tommy," who had made a decidedly pleasant impression upon the ladies and the Americans generally. "Tommy" was at this time in Tōkiō. The Echizen officers went to him and asked him to accept the position of interpreter, at a salary of one thousand dollars, gold, per annum. This was tempting pay to a Japanese; but the foreignized Tommy preferred metropolitan life, and the prospect of official promotion, to regular duties in an interior province. They then sought among the corps of interpreters in the Imperial College. The choice fell upon Iwabuchi (rock-edge), who, fortunately for me, accepted, and we were introduced. This gentleman was about twenty years old, with broad, high forehead, luxuriant hair cut in foreign style, keen, dancing black eyes, and blushing face. He was a rōnin samurai of secondary rank, and rather well educated. His father had been a writing-master in Sakura, Shimōsa, and Iwabuchi was an elegant writer. He wore but one sword. He was of delicate frame, his face lighted by intellect, softened by his habitual meekness, but prevented by a trace of slyness from being noble. He seemed the very type of a Japanese gentleman of letters. He was as gentle as a lady. In his checkered experience at Hakodaté and other cities, he had brushed against the Briton, the Yankee, the Frenchman, and the Russian. At first shy and retiring, he warmed into friendship. In his merry moods he would astonish me by humming familiar tunes, and recall a whole chapter of home memories by singing snatches of American college and street songs. In his angry moods, when American steel struck Japanese flint, his eyes would snap fire and his frame quiver. For over a year Iwabuchi was invaluable to me, until my own articulation became bi-lingual; but from first to last, notwithstanding occasional friction, arising from the difference in American and Japanese psychology, we continued, and remain, fast friends.

My business with the officers of the Echizen clan was finished. I was engaged to teach the physical sciences in the city of Fukui, the capital of the province, two hundred miles west of Tōkiō, and twelve miles from the Sea of Japan. In accordance with custom observed between foreigners and Japanese, we made a contract, which, after passing the inspection and receiving the approval of the Guai Mu Shō (Office of Foreign Affairs), was written out in duplicate in imposing Chinese characters, and in plain English. I agreed to teach chemistry and physics for the space of three years, and "not to enter into any trading operations with native merchants." The insertion of a comic clause, very funny indeed to the American, but quite justifiable by the bitter experience of the Japanese, was, that the teacher must not get drunk.

They, on their side, agreed to pay my salary; to build me a house after the European style; and after three years to return me safely to Yokohama; to hand my corpse over to the United States Consul if I should die, or carry me to him should I be disabled through sickness. Nothing was said concerning religion in any reference whatever, but perfect freedom from all duties whatsoever was guaranteed me on Sundays; and I had absolute liberty to speak, teach, or do as I pleased in my own house.

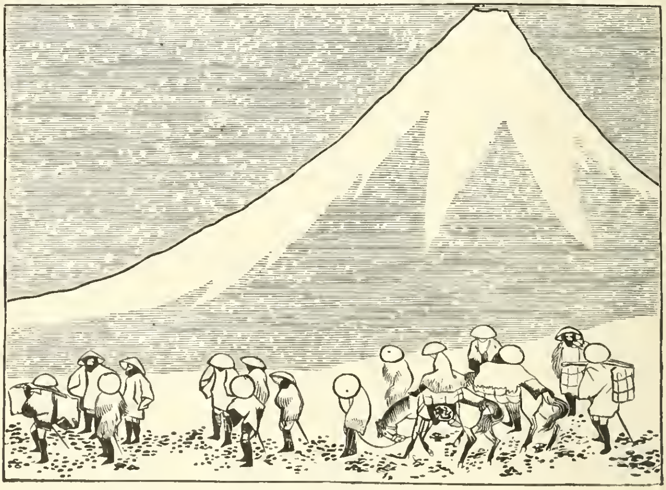
As an illustration of the extreme jealousy with which the mikado's ministers guarded the supremacy of the national government, the first draft of the contract, made by myself, was rejected by the Foreign Office because I had written "the government of Fukui," instead of the "local authorities," a correction which appeared in the final documents.

I made the acquaintance of several of the daimiōs, and many retainers of various clans. A Fukui samurai, whom I shall call Darémo, and who knew to a rung the exact status of every one on the social ladder, always informed me as to the rank of the various personages whom I met as host or guest. I bought the latest copy of the *Bu Kuan* (Mirror of the Military Families), which he explained and translated for me. In discussing each one, his nose rose and fell with the figures before him. "That gentleman is only a *karō* of a 10,000 koku daimiō." "This is himself, a fudai daimiō of 15,000 koku.' With profound indifference, I would be informed that the person who called on me to inquire after his brother in New York was "merely a samurai of a 30,000 koku clan." That gentleman whose politeness so impressed me was "a hatamoto of 800 koku; but he was very poor since the restoration." Darémo's congratulations were showered thick and fast when I dined with the *kokushiu* Echizen (360,000 koku), and Uwajima (100,000 koku), with five or six *karōs.* He also translated for me the letters I received from distinguished Japanese officers. With the aid of the *Bu Kuan* and Darémo, I was soon able to distinguish many of the rising and falling men of Japan.

I had seen the great objects of interest to a tourist. I had feasted my eyes on novelty and a new life, yet the freshness of continual glad surprise was not yet lost. I had seen the old glory of Yedo in ruins, and the new national life of Japan emerging from Tōkiō in chaos. I had stood face to face with paganism for the first time. I had felt the heart of Japan pulsing with new life, and had seen her youth drinking at the fountains of Western science. I had tasted the hospitality of one of the "beginners of a better time." I had learned the power of the keen sword. For the first time I had experience of paganism, feudalism, earthquakes, Asiatic life and morality. I had seen how long contact with heathen life and circumstances slowly disintegrates the granite principles of eternal right, once held by men reared in a more bracing moral atmosphere. I met scores of white men, from Old and New England, who had long since forgotten the difference between right and wrong. I had seen also the surface of Japan. I was glad to go into the interior. I bid good-bye to Tōkiō, and went to Yokohama to take the steamer to Kobé, whence I should go, *viâ* Lake Biwa, and over the mountains to the city of the Well of Blessing, Fukui.

Our party made rendezvous at a native hotel. It was to be both my escort and following. The former consisted of my interpreter, Iwabuchi, one of the teachers of English in the university; Nakamura, the soldier-guard, who had fought in the late civil war; and the treasurer, Emori, a polished gentleman, and shrewd man of the Japanese world. There were two servants, and, with my own cook and his wife, we made up a party of eight persons, with as many characters and dispositions as faces. The ship to take us to Kobé was one of the fine steamers of the Pacific Mail Company's fleet, the *Oregonian.* As several days would elapse before her departure, I made a visit to Kanazawa, Kamakura, Enoshima, and Fujisawa, with Nakamura, and an American friend who spoke Japanese fluently. That visit was afterward repeated many times. Every spot made famous by Yoritomo, Yoshitsuné, Semman and Kugiō, the Hōjō, Nitta Yoshisada, Nichiren, and the Ashikaga, was seen over and over again, until the life of old Japan became as vivid to me as the thrilling scenes of our own late war. Besides the architectural remains of these classic places, is a rich museum of armor, weapons, and other mediæval antiquities in the temple on Tsuruga-ōka, in Kamakura.

On our ride back, Fuji, all in white, loomed up grandly. A flurry of snow added to its beauty. In such a snow-shower the artist must have made the spirited sketch here reproduced. Snow rarely falls on the Tōkaidō to a depth greater than two inches, and usually neither hoof nor sandal, as in the cut, sinks beneath its level. The Japanese, however, make a great fuss over a little cold. They go about with their hands in their sleeves, which stick out like the wings of a trussed turkey, repeating "*samui, samui*" (cold, cold), until it loses all originality.



Travelers on the Tōkaidō in a Snow-storm. Fuji san.

VII.

IN THE HEART OF JAPAN.

The weather was rough as we embarked, late in the afternoon of February 22d, on the *Oregonian*, and steamed down the Bay of Yedo. At night, the fixed white light in the stone tower on Cape Idzu, visible twenty miles, reminded us of the new order of things. Of old a wood-fire blazed on the promontory. The *Nil* did not yet know the fate to befall her.*

The next day was foggy, and *mal de mer* held high revel among the passengers. The *Oregonian* was true to the reputation of its namesake given by Bryant—"where *rolls* the mighty Oregon." My own thoughts were less poetic. My feelings are best described by the Japanese proverb, "A sea-voyage is an inch of hell."

About midnight we rounded the promontory of Kii, where Jimmu passed centuries ago. Its splendid light-house, on a promontory one hundred and thirty feet high, on Ō Island, holds a revolving white light, alternately flashing and being eclipsed during every minute. Ō is a good harbor for wind-bound junks, and the fishermen here are noted whalers, hunting whales successfully with nets and spears. The light on Cape Shiwo, one hundred and fifty-five feet above water, may be seen for twenty miles. Ships from China make this point night or day.

The three officers of our party had been empowered to take cabin passage with their foreign charge; but such a foolish waste of money was not to be thought of. To pay forty dollars for forty-eight hours, and three hundred and forty-two geographical miles of nausea in a state-room, was not according to their ideas of happiness. Far better to take the steerage, save the money, and have a feast, dance, and song with the gay and charming singing-girls of Ōzaka. So to the steerage they went, and solaced their transient misery with visions of the Ōzaka paradise and the black-eyed houris. They suffered "an inch of hell" for a yard of heaven.

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* On the night of the 20th of March, 1874, at 10.30 P.M., the French M. M. steamer *Nil*, having on board one hundred and eleven persons, and the Japanese articles on exhibition at Vienna, her engines being out of order, and the currents unusually strong, lost her reckoning, struck a rock near the village of Irima, in Yoshida Bay, ten miles from Cape Idzu, and sunk in twenty-one fathoms. Only four persons were saved. A marble monument was erected, and now commemorates the accident, which was robbed of many of its saddest features by the kindness and energy of the natives.

I woke on the second morning in the harbor of Hiōgo and Kobé (the Gate of God), the former the native city, the latter the foreign town. All around the land-locked water were bold walls of green hills. French, English, and American ships of war lay at anchor, and the clumsy junks, with their great, broad sails, plowed across the path of the dancing sunbeams. Native fishing and carriage boats were leaping over the waters, urged on by the stroke of the naked scullers. On shore, glorified by the mild winter's sun, rose the "model settlement," a fresh proof of Occidental energy on Oriental soil. Until 1868, the site of the pretty town, laid out in chess-board regularity, was a mere strip of sand.*

Under convoy of Iwabuchi and an American friend, to whom I bore letters, I spent a day and a half in Kobé and Hiōgo. The latter city was erected in the days of Taira glory. Its name means "arsenal," but peaceful trade now rules its streets. Near it stands Kiyomori's tomb. On the site of the Taira palace stands a great brothel. At Minato gawa, near Kobé, Kusunoki Masashigé, the mirror of Japanese loyalty, welcomed death. A small temple stands as a historic monument of the act, dedicated to his spirit.

In the cheerful home of an American missionary, to whom I bore letters, I spent a few delightful hours. They seemed to have brought the freshness and fragrance of New England hills, as well as the energy and patience of their ancestors, with them. The time for active Christian labor had not yet come; but the language was being mastered, and his morning hours were golden in the study. In the afternoon, we together visited a famous temple, on the site of one first erected by Jingu Kōgō, on her return from Corea. Crowds of pilgrims, in white robes, with wallet, staff, rosary, bell, and memorial shell sewed to their sleeve, were on the route or return. We spent the evening at the house of one of the merchant princes of Kobé, in whose establishment Oriental luxuriance and American taste, barbaric pomp and cozy comfort, were combined.

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* The figures of the official register of Kobé (May, 1874) are: houses, 3846; population, 8554; foreign residents, 332; in the foreign "concession," 67 houses.

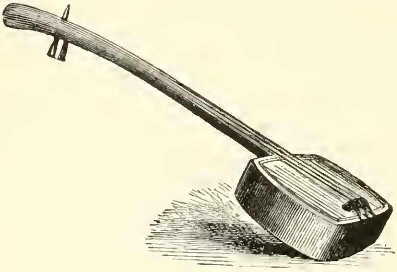
Our party were early on the steamboat, which carried the Stars and Stripes at her stern, and was commanded by a Yankee captain. It was crowded with natives, who rode for *ichi bu* (twenty-five cents). The five or six foreigners in the cabin paid each two "clean Mexicans." These silver eagles are the standard of value in Japan and China, though Uncle Sam's trade-dollars and Japanese gold *yen* are now contesting their supremacy.

We steamed along the coast for three hours; passed the forts built in 1855, and well mounted and manned; passed the light-house of Tempōzan (Hill of Heavenly Peace), and at noon, February 25th, 1871, I stood in the city called, in poetry, Naniwa—in prose, Ōzaka.

Buddhist Pilgrims.

All the large daimiōs formerly had yashikis in Yedo, Ōzaka, and in Kiōto, as well as in their own capitals, for the use of the clan. They served as caravansaries, at which the lord or his retainers might lodge, when on business or travel, and be treated according to their rank. But one or two samurai and their families occupied the Echizen yashiki in Ōzaka, which could lodge a hundred or more men. A suite of rooms was soon swept and dusted out, rugs laid on the matting, and dinner, in mixed Japanese and American style, was served.

Ōzaka is a gay city, with lively people, and plenty of means of amusement, especially theatres and singing-girls. The ladies are handsomer, dress in better taste, tie their girdles in a style nearer perfection, and build coiffures that are at once the envy and despair of Tōkiō damsels. Ōzaka has every sort of gay life. In all the large cities there are *geisha*, noted for their wit, beauty, skill in playing the three-stringed banjo. The daughters of Kiōto and Tōkiō do excellently, but those of Ōzaka excel them all.


The Samisen.

Ōzaka is also the greatest commercial city in Japan. I was interested in the metal refineries and foundries, where the rosy copper ingots were cast, and brass cannon of elegant workmanship turned out. With Iwabuchi as guide, I rambled over the city, and stood on many a spot made classic by Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, and Iyéyasŭ. Iwabuchi's fluent tongue and knowledge of history were as spectacles to me, enabling me to see the past as he summoned it from resurrection.

An officer from Fukui brought us word, February 27th, that we were to leave Ōzaka that night, and that at Fushimi an honorary escort of seven mounted officers of the clan would meet me, they having come down from Fukui, one hundred and thirty miles, to escort me. We were to proceed up the Yodo, the river that drains six provinces, visit the temple of Hachiman or Ōjin Tennō, dine in historic Fushimi, and thence proceed on horseback to Lake Biwa. The morrow was to be a red-letter day.

We left Ōzaka at night, about ten o'clock. It was very cold, and bright moonlight, but the boat was a "house-boat," and the cabin within was neatly matted, and with rugs and *hibachi* we kept up a genial temperature until bed-time. We passed hundreds of boats like our own, and after making our way through the city, that might be a Venice if it were not wooden, passed the long rows of fire-proof storehouses, and gradually emerged into the country, where, except a scattered village here and there, we saw only the grand mountains and pines, and the silent landscape. The boat was provided with four rowers, though after we left the city, the river being shallow, they had to pole along, like Mississippi flat-boat walkers. Throughout the frosty night we slept, waking occasionally to listen to the ripples under the bow. The *sendō* plied their poles, and at day-break we were far from Ōzaka, with the classic ground of Kawachi on our right, and Settsu on our left.

The sun clothed the hills in light, revealing the landscape, and kindled the frost on our cabin-roof into resplendent prismatics. We were in the clear water of the Yodo River, which flowed at a gentle current between banks of undergrowth, with groves of firs and bamboo, and here and there a group of thatched villages, through which the Jesuits and Franciscans preached Mary, St. Peter, and Christ, over two centuries ago. Along the shores stood white herons, tall storks, and, occasionally, huge hawks.

While musing on the past, and imagining the Portuguese missionaries, crucifix in hand, preaching on that open space, or erecting a cross on that knoll, Nakamura came out and pointed out the villages of Hashimoto (foot of the bridge) and Yamazaki (mountain point), where, in 1868, the contest at Fushimi was continued. The Tokugawa army held Hashimoto, while the mikado's troops attacked them by land, and bombarded them from a redoubt in Yamazaki, until they fled, defeated and in disorder, to Ōzaka, when the shōgun notified the foreign ministers that he could no longer protect them. I enjoyed Nakamura's talk richly, and, refreshed by the "sweet mother of fresh thoughts and health," body and mind were ready to drink in the sweet influences of that glorious morning in the heart of Japan. But what of the boatmen?

After a hard night's toil, poling and walking in a nipping frost, I wished to see the breakfast by which they laid the physical basis for another day's work. At the stern of the boat, resting on a little furnace, was the universal rice-pot, and beside it a small covered wooden tub, full of rice. Some pickled or boiled slices of the huge radish called *dai-kon* lay in another receptacle. The drink was the cheapest tea. It may possibly be true, what some foreigners assert, that the lower classes in Japan feast on rats. "The daily ration of a Japanese laborer was one mouse per diem;" so I was once told in America. I never saw or heard of such animals being eaten during all the time I was in Japan; but I now looked for some stimulating food, some piece of flesh diet to be eaten by these men, who had to make muscle and repair the waste of lubricating their joints. But nothing further was forthcoming, and the *sendō* whose turn came first sat down to his breakfast. The first course was a bowlful of rice and a pair of chopsticks. In the second course, history repeated itself. The third course was a dipperful of tea, apparently one-half a solution of tannic acid, in which a raw hide might have been safely left to tan. I wonder whether the disease of ossification of the coats of the stomach, so common in Japan, arises from the constant drinking such astringent liquor. The fourth course was a bowl of rice and two slices of radish; the fifth was the same. A dipperful of tea-liquor finished the meal, and the pole was resumed. I noticed grist-mills on scows or rafts anchored in the river, the current turning the huge wheels slowly to grind or hull rice. They were quite similar to those I had noticed on the Rhine and other European rivers.

At nine o'clock we came in front of the village Yawata, at which there was a guard-house, which we knew, at a distance, by its peculiarly shaped lantern and canvas hangings, like curtains, on which was the huge crest of the mikado—an open chrysanthemum flower. Our boat hove to, and Nakamura, the officer of the party, explained who we were, and what our business was, and we then landed in the village.

While our boat, with the servants, was sent ahead to Fushimi, we four wended our way up the mountain Otoko yama to the part called Pigeon-peak, where stands the great Shintō temple, on a site first built upon in 860 A.D., and dedicated to Ōjin Tennō, the son of Jingu Kōgō, who conquered Corea by the divine spirit bestowed on her then unborn son. It was made further famous by the gift from Hidéyoshi of a golden gutter, to collect the sacred droppings of the sanctuary. Ascending the last of many flights of stone steps, we stood upon a plateau. A long avenue arcade, with overarching pines, and lined with tall stone lanterns, led to the temple façade. Two priests, robed in pure white, with high black lacquered caps on their heads, were bearing offerings of fish, fruit, and other food, to place upon the altar, each article being laid on a sheet of pure white paper, or ceremonial trays. In the perfectly clean and austerely simple nave of the temple stood an altar, having upon it only the *gohei*, or wands, with notched strips of white paper dependent.

There were no idols, images, or pictures, only the *gohei*, the offerings, and the white-robed priests at prayer. The impressive simplicity, the sequestered site on a lofty mountain surrounded with tall trees of majestic growth and of immemorial antiquity, the beauty, the silence, all combined to instill reverence and holy awe alike in the alien spectator as in the native worshiper. The head of the foreigner uncovered, and his feet were unshod simultaneously with the unsandaling of the feet, the bowing of the head, and the reverent meeting of the palms of his companions.

On the porch the priests, having finished their prayer, came out, and politely greeted the American, informing him, through Iwabuchi, that he was the first foreigner who had ever visited the temple. They then showed him the fine carving and ornaments of the eaves and outer walls, and the portion which remained of the large golden gutter, made of beaten gold, over a foot in diameter. Only a few feet of the once extensive gift have survived the ravages of war and the necessities of rulers, who, in Japan or elsewhere, replenish their depleted ex chequers or treasuries from the riches of the temples.

The records of this temple declare that it was erected at the suggestion of the priest Giō Kio, who wished to dedicate a temple to Ōjin Tennō in Bungo; that it was the desire of the spirit of the god to dwell near the capital, so as to watch over the imperial house. Hence it was located here. The Buddhists had already canonized him as Hachiman Dai Bosatsŭ, or the Incarnation of Buddha of the Eight Banners. Hence, among the devotees of the India faith, this god of war, and patron of warriors, is called Hachiman, and by those of the native cult Ōjin Tennō. Hachi-man (*hachi*, eight; *man*, banners) is the Chinese form of Yawata (*ya*, eight; *wata*, banners).

We descended the northern side of the mountain toward Fushimi, and passed through Yodo, an old castle town, to which the defeated Tokugawa army retreated after their rout at Fushimi. Nakamura, who was familiar with every foot of ground, having had a hand in many a fight in and around Kiōto during the civil war, pointed out the site of the battle that opened the war of the Restoration. Forgetting the fact that our dinner hour had come, we went to examine this cock-pit of 1868. There, on the west bank, the Aidzu and Kuwana clans, that formed the van of Tokugawa's army, landed on the 27th of January, 1868, and, attempting to pass the barriers at Toba, received into their bosoms the canister from the Satsuma cannon. The Tokugawa troops marched along a narrow path in the rice-fields only a few feet wide, like a causeway, through a lake of paddy-field ooze. To move from the path was to sink knee-deep in a glutinous quagmire. To advance was to climb over the writhing, wounded, and slippery dead men, only to face cannon aimed point-blank, while the musketry of the sheltered Southerners enfiladed their long, snake-like lines. Numbers only increased the sureness of the immense target at which Remington riflemen were practicing in coolness and earnest. "That field," at which the long and bony finger of our cicerone pointed, "was piled with dead men like bundles of fire-wood."

On the first advance, the Tokugawa men broke and ran; but, on the second, the fighting began on both the two roads, the Fushimi and the Toba, which lead to Kiōto. "Here," said he, "is where the rebels [Tokugawa army] were surprised while eating, at early morning. In that bamboo grove, our men [*kuan gun*, mikado's army] made an ambuscade, and tore up the rebel ranks dreadfully." Then the village of Toba caught fire, and the rebels fled to Yodo, finding, to their chagrin, that the castle was barred against them. Fushimi was also burned during the fight. "There," said our guide, as we neared the town, "is where the fire began."

We walked up the historic streets in which the tramp of armies had so often resounded, through which Nobunaga, Hidéyoshi, Iyéyasŭ, and Xavier, had passed, in which the Jesuits had stood preaching to listening crowds of people like those before me. The town itself disappointed me. The feeling was the same as that experienced in Washington in 1865. I went thither to behold the demi-gods who, through a hundred battles, had borne the old flag to victory. I saw Grant's and Sherman's legions of one hundred and forty thousand men march up Pennsylvania Avenue. There was no halo round their heads. They were not giants. They were plain men in blue blouses. Fushimi, with all its history, was a poverty-stricken Japanese town.

Further recollections of Fushimi are mainly of vulgar and gastronomic interest. I remember that a certain man had climbed up a mountain, and then tramped down again at an appetite-sharpening pace, and that his special objects of interest and desire at that time were something to eat. Subordinate to these were a bath and a lounge. The hungry man had shed his tight-fitting skin of boots, coat, and hat, and was tranquil in looser robes over the soothing warmth of a cone of live coals in a bronze hibachi. The dissolving views of his reveries, compounded of what he had seen and yearnings of what he expected, were suddenly broken by the advent of a steaming and fragrant tray of food cooked by one of the best culinary artists in Japan, a native who had learned the art at the club in Yokohama. It is, of course, too well known to Englishmen and others that the American at his meals is an animal not to be lightly disturbed. After the feed is over, he is placable, and ready for business.

I was scarcely through my dish of lily-bulbs, and had not yet touched my rice and curry, and California canned-meats, when Iwabuchi, my interpreter, announced the arrival of five samurai from Fukui, who had traveled one hundred and thirty miles to meet the American, and wished to see him immediately, to pay their respects, and announce themselves as my escort to Fukui. They would be in the room in a moment.

"Can they not wait a few minutes till I finish my dinner?" I asked.

"I am afraid not," replied he; "they are very eager to see you immediately. Such are their orders from their superior at Fukui."

"Well, but I am in deshabille. I can't be seen in this style."

"Oh! indeed, they won't care for that. Besides, here they are at the door. They merely sent me to announce them."

It was too late to stop the invasion, so the animal must forego his provender for a time. The paper sliding-doors were pulled aside, and five stalwart men entered and stood in line, eyes front, facing me. I mentally waited to see how the ceremonies would proceed. In the twinkling of an eye they all sunk on their knees, spread their hands prone before them, and bowed their heads for full fifteen seconds on the floor. Then, resilient, all sat in a row on their heels, and spread out their robes, with hands in their *hakama*. The leader then handed Iwabuchi an imposing paper to read, which set forth that they had been sent by the daimiō from Fukui, to bear the congratulations of the authorities, and to escort the American teacher to Fukui. This solemnly done, they bowed profoundly again and departed. It was all over within two minutes. The meal was finished in peace and abundance, and then began the preparations for the ride to Ōtsu, eight miles distant. The baggage and servants were dispatched by boat, and at half-past four all were mounted, and we started. Our cavalcade consisted of nine horses and riders.

The air was damp, and the sky was leaden, when we started. The whole household were at the gate of the court-yard, to bow low and cry "*sayonara*," and the whole village was assembled, and stood agape to see the foreigner.

Out past the shanties of the village, our path lay over a wooded mountain, and then the snow fell, turning to slush as it touched coat, horse, or earth. In an hour we were all white with cloggy masses of snow, and in places wet to the skin with the cold soaking of sleet. Twilight succeeded the day, and darkness the twilight, until only the gigantic forms of the firs bearded with snow, and so silent, were outlined through the slow shower of flakes. Far up into vague infinity loomed the mountains, occasionally a beetling rock thrusting out its mighty mass in a form of visible darkness. After five hours of such riding it grew uncomfortable. Every flake, as it fell, seemed to have weight. To cold, wet, chattering travelers, what comforts could a Japanese inn afford?

The same difference exists in Japan as in highly civilized countries in regard to hotels and their keepers, as concerning unexpected or announced guests. To come suddenly to a Japanese inn in winter is to shiver, as in a refrigerator, and wait cheerlessly for an intolerably long time, and understand all about Greenland, before the fire and food are brought, the thaw sets in, and comfort is attained. At Ōtsu (now called Shiga), however, a blazing fire was ready as our party rode into the court-yard. Boots and coat off, I was led into the best room, on which a pile of silken quilts was spread for my bed, and in the middle of the room was that sum of delights, a kotatsŭ. Poor, civilized reader, or Western barbarian, you do not know what a kotatsŭ is? No? Let me tell you. In the very centre of the room lift up that square foot of matting, and you will find a stone-lined bowl, a few inches deep. In this the fat and red-cheeked chamber-maid puts a shovelful of live coals. Over it she sets a wooden frame, a foot high, called a *yagura*, after the castle-tower which it imitates. Over this she spreads a huge quilt. It is an extemporary oven, in which you can bake yourself by drawing the quilt about you, and find a little heaven of heat, exchanging shivers for glow. A kotatsŭ may be safely warranted to change a grumbler, who believes Japan to be a wretched hole of a barbarian country, into a rhapsodist who is ready to swear that the same country is a paradise, within ten minutes.

The next morning we were to take steamer, and cross Lake Biwa to Hanoüra, at the north end of the lake. Kiōto lay but seven miles distant from us, and I could easily have visited the sacred city; but I was eager to get to my work. Besides, I wished to study it when I could best appreciate it, and see it with a knowledge of Japanese history for my spectacles. So I postponed the trip till three years later. I glance round Ōtsu in a short walk. Its name means Great Harbor. I saw some of the very places mentioned by Kaempfer and the Jesuits.

Our hotel was near the steamer's dock. At 9 A.M., our party, twelve in all, were on board, and a lighter, full of our baggage, was in tow. The little steamer screeched once or twice, ending in a prolonged squeal, and we were fairly out on the bosom of Japan's largest lake. It was a strange sight, here in Inland Japan, to see a steamboat pulsing over the water, and stretching its long scarfs of smoke in the pure air against the white snow and the azure of the mountains. The

Golden Age, always alloyed with poverty and ignorance and discomforts, was past for Japan; the Iron Age of smoke, of coal, of comfort, of wealth, was coming.

The Lilliputian steamer, compared with one of our Hudson River ferry-boats, was as a Japanese tea-cup to a soda-water tumbler, or a thimble to a gill. It was only—I am afraid to say how many feet short, and inches narrow. Its engines, like its entire self, were oscillating. Captain, engineer, fireman, and crew were all Japanese. The accommodations of the passengers were strictly graded. The cabin, in the stern, was ten feet by six, and four feet high. At one end, a platform, six inches high, three feet wide, six feet long, and covered with a rug, was the "first-class." At the side was a set of sword-racks. The floor of the rest of the same cabin, six inches lower, was "second-class." The promenade-deck was ten feet by six, two square feet being occupied by the refreshment-vender of the boat, who furnished tea, boiled rice, rice cracknels, pickles, rice rolls wrapped in sea-weed, boiled cuttle-fish, etc., to those who wished refreshment. He seemed to drive a brisk trade; for, besides our party of eight, who occupied the cabin and deck, our servants and about a dozen other natives filled a hole in the bow, which was "third-class."

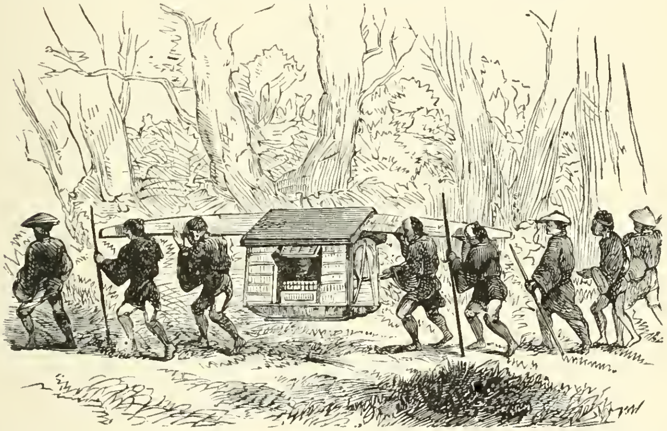
I preferred first-class air. I kept on deck, watching the snow-clad mountains, and the historic towns, castles, and villages, and now and then a boat under sail or oar. Biwa kō, as the natives call it, is as green and almost as beautiful as a Swiss lake. It is named after the musical instrument called a *biwa*, because shaped like it. Tradition says that in one night Fuji san rose out of the earth in Suruga, and in one night the earth sunk in Ōmi, and this lake, sixty miles long, was formed. The monotony of the voyage was broken at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the little boat swung to its moorings at the village of Hanoüra. The place reminded me of Kussnacht, at the end of Lake Lucerne. We stepped out into what seemed a village of surpassing poverty. The houses were more than ordinarily dilapidated. The streets were masses of slush and mud. The people seemed, all of them, dirty, poor, ragged. I had full opportunities of becoming acquainted with all of them, for every one quickly informed his neighbors that a foreigner was among them, and soon the color of his eyes and hair, his clothes and actions, were discussed, and himself made the nine days' wonder of the village.

I began to realize the utter poverty and wretchedness of the people and the country of Japan. It was not an Oriental paradise, such as a reader of some books about it may have supposed. I had only a faint conception of it then. I saw it afterward, until the sight oppressed me like nightmare. At present, novelty lent its chromatic lenses, and tinged all my view. Then, too, I thought that the wretched weather and leaden sky had something to do with my feelings; and when the servant-maids brought water and waited on my companions, as they took off their wet boots, sandals, and socks, with such hearty cheer, merry smiles, and graceful skill, every thing looked as if sunshine had sifted through a cloud-rift.

I was quite restored to myself again by a sight that banished all disgust. A jolly-looking, fat girl was half hobbling, half staggering along on her clogs, her generous physique quivering like heaps of jelly. Her left hand grasped the cross-handle of a bucket of water, which was in a state of general splash, like herself. Her right arm, bared by her bag-like sleeves being bound to her armpits, was extended far over toward the ground to countervail gravity on the other side. I momentarily expected this buxom Gill to stumble and tumble; but not she. She knew her business too well. Her *tout ensemble*, her face reddened by exercise, her vigorous puffing, her belt flying in the wind, like Mr. Gough's coat-tails, were too funny to resist. My risibilities exploded; whereat hers did likewise. I cheerfully sat down, and let her wash my cold feet in warm water, which being over, I got up, entered the best room in the house, and curled up under a kotatsŭ.

Bringing Water to wash Travelers' Feet.
(Hokusai.)

We started off the next morning at eight o'clock. We were to walk eighteen miles before the end of our day's journey to Tsuruga, a sea-port town. Our party prepared for the journey over mountain-paths by taking off their riding sandals or heavy wooden clogs, and girding on the feet a pair of straw sandals, which they bought for eighty-five "cash" (less than one cent) per pair. For myself, a fine, large, and very handsome *norimono*, borne on the shoulders of two men, was provided. It was a fine, large box, like a palanquin, except that the pole by which it rested on the two men's shoulders passed through the top instead of being fastened at the centre, as in India. The one I rode in was gold-lacquered without, and richly upholstered and papered within, with neat curtains of bamboo split into fine threads. Once inside, there was room to sit down. If one does not mind being a little cramped, he can spend a day comfortably inside. For high lords and nobles four men are provided, and the long supporting bar is slightly curved to denote high rank. I entered the norimono in the presence of the entire village, including the small boys. The ride of a few hundred yards sufficed for me. The sights were too novel to miss seeing any thing, and so I got out and walked. I was not sorry for the change. The air was bracing, the scenery inspiring.



A Norimono.

A double pleasure rewards the pioneer who is the first to penetrate into the midst of a new people. Besides the rare exhilaration felt in treading soil virgin to alien feet, it acts like mental oxygen to look upon and breathe in a unique civilization like that of Japan. To feel that for ages millions of one's own race have lived and loved, enjoyed and suffered and died, living the fullness of life, yet without the religion, laws, customs, food, dress, and culture which seem to us to be the vitals of our social existence, is like walking through a living Pompeii.

Our path wound up from the village to a considerable height. On both sides of the mountain path and pass the ground was terraced into rice-fields, which were irrigated by the stream that is usually found flowing between two hills. During the day we went through valleys of ravishing beauty. In them the ground was divided into irrigated rice-fields, which were now bare, and dotted with the clumps of rice-stubble as it was left when cut by the reaper's hook. At intervals were small villages, surrounded by the universal and ever-beautiful bamboo. On both sides of the valley, bold hills, thickly clothed with pine and fir and solemn evergreen, rose to the clouds. And all along, with a frequency like that of mile-stones, stood the kosatsŭ (edict-boards), on which hung the slander and prohibition against Christianity. We were still in the province of Ōmi.

Frequently along the road I observed large, square posts of new wood, plentifully ornamented with Chinese characters, which marked the boundaries of the province, subdivision, or district. At noon we crossed the frontier of Ōmi and entered the province of Echizen, and at two o'clock that division of it which was under the jurisdiction of the Fukui Han. Being now within the dominions of "our prince," we expected evidences of it, in which we were not disappointed. At every village the *nanushi*, or head-men, arrayed in their best dress, came out to meet us, presenting their welcomes and congratulations. Sometimes they would salute us half a mile or more from the village, and after welcoming us, bowing literally to the earth, they would hasten on before and conduct us through the village to the extreme limit, and there take their adieu, with bows, kneelings, and *sayonara*. Toward evening, having lunched and rested two hours at noon, we arrived near Tsuruga, and were met by the officers of the city, and conducted to the best hotel in the place.

My eight companions were unusually merry that night, and, to add to their enjoyment, Melpomene, Terpsichore, and Hebe, or, in other words, two *geishas*, were present to dispense music, dancing, and saké. Several of the samurai danced what might be called stag-dances, from their novelty and vigor. I occupied myself in making notes of the day's trip. Iwabuchi had pointed out many places of historic interest, the lore of which I was not then, but was afterward, fully able to appreciate. I found in the room I occupied a work in Japanese, treating of the Opium War in China, with vivid illustrations of the foreign steamers, artillery, and tactics. It was well thumbed and dog-eared, having evidently been read and reread many times. It had been published in Japan shortly after the war in China, and prepared the Japanese mind for what they had to expect.

Tsuruga expects to become a great city some day.* It is to be the terminus of a railroad from Ōzaka and Kiōto. A canal is to connect its harbor with Lake Biwa—a scheme first proposed by Taira Shigémori, son of Kiyomori, in the twelfth century. It is to become the largest and wealthiest port on the west coast. I think there is good ground for these hopes. Its geographical position is every thing to be desired, and its harbor the best on the west coast.†

We made an early start. We were to reach Takéfu, a town about seventeen miles distant. We first walked down to the sea-shore, where I caught a splendid view of Tsuruga harbor, two-thirds of a circle of blue sea within rocky and timbered headlands. On the sandy strand were a dozen or more junks beached for the winter, propped and covered with straw mats. In one or two tall sheds made of poles and mats were the keels and frames of new junks, with new timber and copper lying near, and one nearly finished. They were all on the ancient model. Emerging into the road to Fukui, we came to the stone portal of a large Shintō temple.‡ Within a grove of grand old giant firs stood the simple shrine, without image, idol, or picture, save only the strips of white paper and the polished mirrors. My guards stopped, clapped their hands three times, placed them reverently together, bowed their heads, and uttered a prayer. The act was as touching as it was simple.

About seven-eighths of Echizen is mountain-land, and to-day was one of climbing. The snow lay eight and ten feet deep on each side the hard line of path. The path itself was only such as is made by the tramping of human feet and by horses. We were now in full force—foreigner, interpreter, guards, servants, and porters, about forty of whom carried our baggage. We were strung out over the white landscape in Indian file, numbering fifty-four persons in all. One coolie, the pioneer, had a can of kerosene on his back; another, my wraps and hand-baggage; another had his head under the seat of a rocking-chair, the space between the rockers being well packed. Others bore miscellaneous packages. When a box was too heavy for one man, it was slung on a pole and carried by two. The valleys were evidently, judging from their tracks, well stocked with rabbits and foxes, and in the rice-fields flocks of fat wild geese and ducks offered tempting marks, on which one of the samurai, who had a revolver, spent much vain powder. The white heron were plentiful, and occasionally we saw the huge storks, six feet high, stalking along the streams. On the hills where the path wound through the woods the snow had been disturbed by the wild boar. We stopped to rest at the house of a noted hunter, on whose floor lay three huge carcasses and tusked heads. He showed us his long, light spear, with which he had transfixed one hundred and thirteen wild hogs that winter. It had a triangular, bayonet-like blade. The village bought the meat of him, and what he had left over he sent to Tsuruga and Fukui. Monkeys were also plentiful in the woods.

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* Tsuruga was made the capital of Tsuruga *ken*, including the province of Echizen, in 1873; thus becoming an official seat, leaving Fukui in the background.

† A Japanese gazetteer or cyclopedia, in describing a city, is especially minute in regard to the history and traditions. It describes fully the temples, shrines, customs, and local peculiarities, and usually winds up by recounting the "famous scenes" or "natural beauties" of the place, whether it be Kiōto or Fukui. Thus the "Echizen Gazetteer" says: "The ten fine scenes ('sceneries,' as the beginners in English put it) of Tsuruga are—1st, the red plum-trees in the temple grounds of Kei; 2d, the full moon at Amatsutsu; 3d, the white sails of the returning junks seen from Kiōmidzŭ; 4th, the evening bells at Kanégasaki; 5th, the tea-houses at Iro; 6th, the dragon's light (phosphorescence) on the sea-shore; 7th, the verdure at Kushikawa; 8th, the evening snow on Nosaka; 9th, the travelers on Michinokuchi; 10th, the evening glow at Yasudama."

‡ The gods worshiped at these shrines are—Jingu Kōgō, mother of Ōjin Tennō; Ukémochi, the goddess of cereals and food; Yamato Daké, conqueror of the Kuantō; Ōjin Tennō, or Hachiman, god of war; Takénouchi, prime minister of Jingu; and Tamahimé, sister of the latter. The large granite *tori-i* was erected by Hidéyasŭ, first of the Tokugawa daimiōs of Echizen. Near the city are the ruins of old fortifications of Nitta Yoshisada, and Asakura Yoshikagi, the foe of Nobunaga.

In all the villages the people were on the lookout for the coming foreigner. The entire population, from wrinkled old men and stout young clowns, to hobbling hags, girls with red cheeks and laughing black eyes, and toddling children, were out. The women, babies, and dogs seemed especially eager to get a sight of the *tō-jin*, and see what sort of an animal he was. The village houses were built of a frame of wood, with wattles of bamboo smeared with mud, and having a thatched roof. Within, the floor was raised a foot or so above the ground, and covered with mats. When the rooms had partitions, they were made of a frame of wood covered with paper, and made to slide in grooves. In the middle of the floor was the fire-place. From the ceiling hung pot-hooks, pots, and kettles—one for tea, one for rice, another for radishes, beans, or bean-cheese. In these villages good-nature and poverty seemed to be the chief characteristics of the people. The old faces were smoke-dried and wrinkled, and the skin seemed to be tanned on the inside by long swilling of strong tea.

Village in Echizen.

Amidst this monotony of ugliness, I was glad to see the merry, twinkling black eyes, and red cheeks of pretty girls, and the sweet faces of children, rosy and chubby, spite of dirt and slush, as they paused in their work of making snow-men, to gaze upon the stranger. Most of the people, in addition to the usual Japanese dress, wore long, high boots of plaited straw, admirable for walking in the snow, called "Echizen boots," the worth of which I proved.

Our route for the next day lay through a lovely valley formed by a river. The rate of traveling had not been severe. The record of each day was very much like a page of the "Anabasis," and from two to four of Xenophon's parasangs were our daily journey. Long before I arrived at my place of destination, I found the way the Japanese have of doing things was not that of America, and that life in Japan would be a vastly different thing from the split-second life in New York. It took us three days and a half to do what I afterward accomplished easily, by the same means, in a day and a quarter. That large bodies move slowly is true, to an exasperating extent, in Japan. A journey of ten Japanese samurai means unlimited sleep, smoking of pipes, drinking of tea, and drowsy lounging. A little more tea, one more smoke, and the folding of the legs to sit, is the cry of the Japanese *yakunin*. Such things at first were torture, and a threat of insanity to me, when I found that time had no value, and was infinitely cheaper than dirt in Japan. Finally, I became, under protest, used to it. On this occasion I rather enjoyed it. My eyes were not full of seeing yet, and, though impatient to reach my field of labor, yet this was the grand manner of traveling, and best for heart and eye and memory. Besides, it would be undignified to make haste in the prince's own dominions, and the porters, under their heavy loads, must not be hurried. It also gave me opportunity to learn from my interpreter every thing of historic, local, and legendary interest, and thus fit myself to appreciate what I afterward had read to me from the "Gazetteer of Echizen."

Twelve miles from Fukui, I found an officer of the daimiō, who had been sent to meet and welcome me. After being introduced, he offered me presents of a duck, and a box, handsomely wrapped in white paper, and tied in cord of red and white, and filled with gorgeously colored red, green, and yellow sweetmeats. We were to rest at Takéfu for the night, and next morning take horses and ride to Fukui. Meanwhile there was to be a grand dinner. Iwabuchi and I sallied out to see the town.

It was a poor place. It had formerly been of more importance, and named Fuchiu,* but had declined. It numbered probably twelve thousand people, having thirty-four streets, and two thousand eight hundred and forty-nine houses, and, being a post-relay town, twenty-five houses were kept for hire to travelers. The streets were broad, and a stream of water flowed between stone banks in the middle of the street. There were many iron-workers; and broad knives, hoes, scissors, the rude plow-coulters, and the most useful articles of Japanese domestic cutlery were special productions. One of Nobunaga's most famous arrow-makers came from Takéfu. Macaroni and vermicelli, hemp and hempen cloth, were also staples. The Government edicts were posted up conspicuously on a stone platform, with imposing roofed frame of substantial timber. Two or three temples, with spacious grounds and lofty trees, the stone path flanked by two immense stone or bronze lanterns, were among the adornments of the place.

Familiarity, like a leaven, was breeding contempt, as I began to see what actual Japanese life was. I thanked God I was not of the race and soil. Was it Pharisaical?

We returned to the hotel—not very inviting without, but attractive within. In two fine large rooms brilliant screens of gold and silver spangled paper, or depicted with battle-scenes, such as the destruction of the Mongol fleet in 1281, and the capture of Kamakura by Nitta in 1333, and of Kiōtō court life, were ranged along the wall, and braziers of figured bronze shed a genial glow through the mellow-lighted room. They had placed a new-made table for the foreigner to eat by himself. The officers, now twelve in number, and the chief men of the town sat round the floor in an oval. Four girls, all of them good-looking, brought in, not the dishes, but each time a tableful of dishes, and set one before each guest. Forthwith the meal began.

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* Fuchiu, was formerly the general name of the capital of a province. The word means "interior of the government." After the Restoration, in 1868, the mikado's government changed the names of the many towns all over the empire, named Fuchin, among which were those in Echizen and Suruga, the latter being called Shidzŭōka (peaceful hill).

On fourteen little tables, each a foot square, four inches high, made of wood lacquered black, and lustrous as jet, were as many pairs of chopsticks made of new, clean wood, ready bifurcated but unsplit, to show they had not been used. The maids attended, with full tubs of steaming rice and pots of tea, to replenish the rapidly emptied bowls. Fish, boiled eggs, lobster, and various made-dishes were served on enormous porcelain plates the size of the full moon. The nimble tapering fingers of the laughing girls handed out their contents. Then came the warm saké. The tiny cups circulated around, the girls acting as Hebes. Smoking and story-telling followed after the candles were brought in. In the evening, after each had enjoyed his hot bath, the quilts were spread, and the top-knotted heads were laid on their wooden pillows and paper pillow-cases, and sleep, dreams, and snores had attained their maximum of perfection before nine o'clock. In my dream, I was at home in America, but failed to catch the train to get back to Japan.

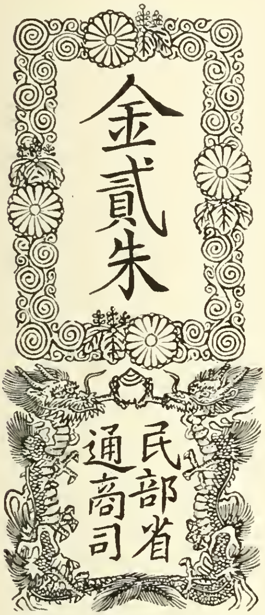
Twelve horses, saddled and bridled, were ready next morning, which was the 4th of March. After the last pipe had been smoked, the last cup of tea drank, and the last joke cracked, with swords thrust in girdle, wooden helmet tied on head under the chin, and straw sandals in stirrup, the cavalcade moved. We started off slowly through the town and crowded streets, and out into the valley toward Fukui. It was a day of wind, light showers, and fitful flakes of snow, alternating with rifts of sunlight that lent unearthly grandeur to the wrinkled hills. A brisk ride of two hours brought us within sight of Fukui. We were in a level plain between two walls of mountains. Just as Nakamura cried out, "Yonder is Fukui," a burst of sunshine threw floods of golden glory over the city.

I shall never forget my emotions, in that sudden first glimpse of the city embowered in trees, looming across the plain, amidst the air laden with snow-flakes, and seen in the light reflected from storm-clouds. There were no spires, golden-vaned; no massive pediments, façades, or grand buildings such as strike the eye on beholding a city in the West ern world. I had formed some conception of Fukui while in America: something vaguely grand, mistily imposing—I knew not what. I now saw simply a dark, vast array of low-roofed houses, colossal temples, gables, castle-towers, tufts of bamboo, and groves of trees. This was Fukui.

As usual, officers came out at the city limits to meet us. We rode through the streets, thronged with eagerly curious people. The thoroughfares were those of an ordinary Japanese town, not of my ideal Fukui. In a few minutes we crossed a bridge over a river, suddenly stopped, entered the gate of a handsome court-yard lined with trees, and before the door of a fine large old house dismounted and entered. I was welcomed by several officers, all in their best silks, swords, sandals, and top-knots, with bows, and such awkward but hearty handshakings as men unused to it might be supposed to achieve.

I then entered my future abode. It was a Japanese house, foreignized by American comforts. All the partitions and windows were of glass. A Peekskill stove, with pipe and fire, was up, and glowing a welcome. I found a handsome bedstead, wash-stand, and good furniture. How did all this come here? I soon understood it, for one merry-eyed officer told me, in broken English, "I been in New York. I understand. You like?" I immediately seized the speaker's hand, and made him my friend. Sasaki (well named Tree of Help) was afterward my right-hand man. Then followed the dinner. This feature of foreign civilization was specially attractive to the Japanese. To sit at a huge table on chairs, with plates, knives, forks, casters, and *épergne;* to experience the pomp and circumstance of soup, fish, vegetables, flesh, and fowl, with the glittering gastronomic tools; to tickle the palate and gorge the stomach with meat and wine and luscious sweets, seemed to them a sure proof of the superiority of foreign civilization. Eight of us sat down to a foreign dinner of manifold courses of fluid and solid fare, my own cook having arrived in Fukui the day before. The officers left me, and I spent the day in unpacking trunks, and adorning my room so as to give an American home-look to my quarters.

In the evening I had a call from an officer who came to pay his respects to the foreign instructor. I invited him to stay to supper. He did so. Fortunately he understood a little English, having spent some time in Yokohama. He gave me much useful information. He invited me to make his home a place of daily resort. He offered to assist me in the choice of a good servant, a good horse, the best flowers, pictures, curiosities, and whatever I might wish to buy. He also taught me the value, symbols, and denominations of the local paper money of Fukui. I was already familiar with the national kinsatsŭ (money cards). A fac-simile of a *nishiu* piece, worth about twelve cents, is given in the cut. The ten and one riō (dollar), and bu (quarter) pieces are much larger. The dragons with horns, hair, scales, claws, and mustaches, jewel and mikado crests, are very conspicuous. The Chinese characters read "Money, nishiu," and "Min Bu Shō, Currency Office."



Fac-simile of Kinsatsŭ. Issue of 1869.

For centuries past, every great daimiō has issued paper money current only in his *han*. There are over one hundred local varieties in the empire, of varied colors, values, and sizes. The Fukui denominations were one-tenth, one-fifth, one-half: one, three, five, ten, and fifty cents. The designs on them are the God of Wealth, the treasure-ship which every Japanese hopes to have "come in," the pile of kobans (oval gold coins) which he expects to "raise," bags of rice—the standard of value—dragons, flowers, birds, and the zoölogy of the zodiac.

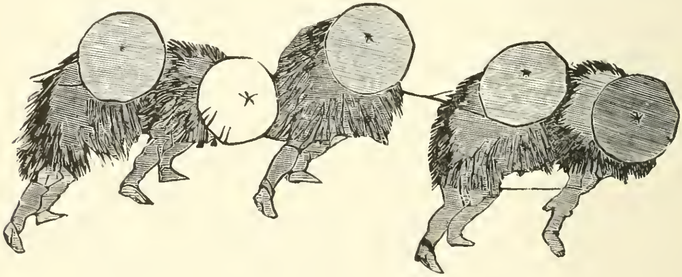
The officer further said I must have relaxation. He offered to show me the fairest and brightest maiden, whom I might bring to my house, and make my playmate. I thanked him, and accepted all his offers but the last.

The night was clear and cold. The same familiar stars glittered overhead as those seen in the home sky. The wild geese sailed in the bright air, the moon bathing their plumage in silver. The temple-bell boomed solemnly as I lay down to rest.

VIII.

RECEPTION BY THE DAIMIŌ.—MY STUDENTS.

The next day was a Sabbath in a Sabbathless land. I awoke to find a perfect day—a heaven of cloudless blue, and every thing quiet and still. How should I spend Sunday here? There were no church-bells pealing, no church, no pews, no pulpit, no street-cars, no pavement, no Sunday-school, no familiar friends. I walked to the gate of the court-yard and looked out upon the street. Business and traffic were going on as usual. The samurai on clogs, in his silk and crested coat, swords in girdle and cue on clean-shorn crown, was walking on, in his dignity, as the lord of society. The priest, in his flowing crape and brocade collar, with shaven head, and rosary on wrist, was on his way to the temple. The merchant, in his plain, wadded cotton clothes, tight breeches, and white-thonged sandals of straw, was thinking of his bargains. The laborer, half naked and half covered in the fabrics of Eden, in sandals of rice-straw, tunic, and hat, making himself a fulcrum for his scale-like method of carrying heavy burdens, passed staggering by. A file of his brethren, with hats in the shape of inverted wash-bowls, engaged on some heavy work at the river-side, were resting on a log, looking, in the distance, like a row of exaggerated toad-stools. The seller of fish, vegetables, oil, and



On the Tow-path. (Hokusai.)

bean-cheese, each uttering his trade-cry, ambled on. On the opposite shore, with ropes over their shoulders, a gang of straw-clad men—not mules—were towing a boat up stream, against the current.

I returned indoors. Breakfast over, I sought the companionship of my dear, silent friends, which I had brought with me, and which had not yet been arranged, though I had already made my plans for a book-case. It was about half-past nine, when the gate at the end of the court-yard opened, and in rode Nakamura, my guard of yesterday. Behind him came three of the daimiō's grooms, one of them leading a gorgeously caparisoned horse. The grooms were dressed in only one garment, a loose blue coat coming to a little below the hips, with socks on his feet, and the usual white loin-cloth around his waist. On the back of his coat was the crest of his prince. The horse was the most richly dressed. It was decked as if for a tournament or ball. Its tail was incased in a long bag of figured blue silk, which was tied at the root with red silk cord and tassels. The hair of the mane and top-knot was collected into a dozen or more tufts bound round with white silk, and resembling so many brushes or pompons. The saddle was an elaborate piece of furniture, lacquered and gilded with the crests of Tokugawa. The saddle-cloths and flaps were of corrugated leather, stamped in gold. The stirrups were as large as shovels, and the rider, removing his sandals when he mounted, rested the entire soles of his feet in them. The material was bronze, ornamented with a mosaic of silver and gold. The bridle was a scarf of silk, and the bit and halter different from any I had seen elsewhere. From the saddle, crupper, and halter depended silken cords and tassels. Altogether, it reminded me of one of the steeds on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. The horse had been sent to convey me to meet the prince and his chief officers, who were to receive me in the main room of the Han Chō, or Government Office. Nakamura was to escort me, and Iwabuchi was to be present, to speak for us.

We mounted and rode along the wide street facing the castle-moat, which was lined on one side by the yashikis of the chief men of the clan, and called Daimiō Avenue. A few minutes' ride brought us to one of the gates called Priests' Gate, and, riding inside of another wall and moat, we reached the main entrance to the Han Chō, and dismounted. The gate was the same as that seen in front of all large yashikis and official places in Japan, like two massive crosses with their arms joined end to end. We passed up the broad stone path through a yard covered with pebbles. Before the door was a large raised portico or vestibule. Kneeling pages waited to receive us, and an officer in rustling silk came out to welcome us.

We removed our shoes and entered. Passing along a corridor of soft and scrupulously clean mats, we reached the hall of audience, into which we were ushered with due ceremony. The pages and attendants kneeled down, while the daimiō and his six ministers rose to receive us. Tables, chairs, and hand-shakings were new things then, yet they were there. I advanced and bowed to the prince, who approached me and extended his hand, uttering what I afterward learned were words of welcome. After shaking hands, he put an autograph letter in my hand. Iwabuchi from the first had fallen down on his hands, knees, and face, and talked with uplifted eyes. I was next introduced to his long-named high retainers, and then we all sat down to the table. It was piled up with tall pyramids of half-peeled oranges and sliced sponge-cake—the usual orthodox Japanese refreshments. In the centre was a huge bouquet, composed entirely of twigs of plum blossoms and the steely, silver-glossy shoots of a wild plant, surrounded at the base with camellias of many tints, both single and double. The little pages—pretty boys of ten or twelve—brought us tiny cups of tea in metal sockets. As we lifted out the cups, they bowed low, and slid away.

The prince and his ministers handed me their cards, imposing slips of white paper, inscribed with their names and titles in Chinese characters. They were as follows:

Matsudaira Mochiaki, Governor of the Fukui Han; Ogasawara Morinori, *Daisanji* (Great Minister); Murata Ujihisa, *Daisanji* (Great Minister); Sembon Hisanobu (Vice-great Minister); Otani (Minister); Omiya Sadakiyo (Chamberlain).

Then followed a lively conversation, which kept Iwabuchi's two tongues busy for nearly an hour. Icy etiquette melted into good-humor, and good-humor flowed into fun. At the end of that time we had made the mutual discovery that we could get along together very well. American freedom and Japanese ease made strangers friends. Education and culture easily bridge the gulf that lies between two races, religions, and civilizations. I felt perfectly at home in the presence of these courtly and polished gentlemen, and an hour passed very pleasantly.

The daimiō's autograph letter ran as follows:

"It is a matter of congratulation that the President of your country is in good health.

"I greatly rejoice and am obliged to you that you have arrived so promptly from so great distance over seas and mountains, to teach the sciences to the youth of Fukui.

"Concerning matters connected with the school and students, the officers in charge of education will duly consult you.

"As Fukui is a secluded place, you will be inconvenienced in many respects. Whenever you have need of any thing, please make your wants known without ceremony.

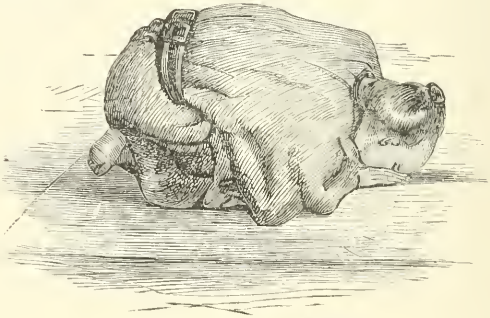
"MATSUDAIRA, *Fukui Han-Chiji.*"

These words struck the key-note of my whole reception in Fukui. During the entire year of my residence, unceasing kindnesses were showered upon me. From the prince and officers to the students, citizens, and the children, who learned to know me and welcome me with smiles and bows and "Good-morning, teacher," I have nothing to record but respect, consideration, sympathy, and kindness. My eyes were opened. I needed no revolver, nor were guards necessary. I won the hearts of the people, and among the happiest memories are those of Fukui.

Among those whom I learned to love was the little son of the daimiō, a sprightly, laughing little fellow, four or five years old, with snapping eyes, full of fun, and as lively as an American boy. Little Matsudaira wore a gold-hilted short sword in his girdle; while a lad of thirteen, his sword-bearer, attended him, to carry the longer badge of rank. His head was shaved, except a round space like a cap, from which a tiny cue projected. The photograph which his father gave me and the wood-cut do but scant justice to the exquisitely delicate brown tint of his skin, flushed with health, his twinkling black eyes, his rosy cheeks, and his arch ways, that convinced his mother that he was the most beautiful child ever born of woman. I often met him in Fukui and, later, in Tōkiō. He is to be educated in the United States.

A Little Daimiō. (From a photograph.)

As yet I had seen little of the city in which I expected to dwell for three years. I had reached the goal of my journeyings. Hitherto, in all my travels, Fukui loomed up in my imagination, and, spite of my actual experience of Japanese towns, the ideal Fukui was a grand city. All the excitement of travel was now over, and I was to see the actual Fukui. I rode around the castle circuit, and out into the city, and for a long distance through its streets. I was amazed at the utter poverty of the people, the contemptible houses, and the tumble-down look of the city, as compared with the trim dwellings of an American town. I rode through many streets, expecting at last to emerge into some splendid avenue. I rode in vain; and, as I rode, the scales fell from my eyes. There was no more excitement now to weave films of glamour before my vision. I saw through the achromatic glasses of actuality. I realized what a Japanese—an Asiatic city—was. All the houses of wood, the people poor, the streets muddy, few signs of wealth, no splendid shops. Talk of Oriental magnificence and luxury! What nonsense! I was disgusted. My heart sunk. A desperate fit of the blues seized me. I returned home, to chew the cud of gloomy reflections.



Servant before his Master.

Fukui was the home of Kusakabé, my former student, who died in New Brunswick. His father had heard of my coming. In the afternoon he called to see me. A lacquered trayful of very fine oranges, on which lay the peculiarly folded paper, betokening a gift, and a slip of paper written with Chinese characters—the visiting-card—was handed me by Sahei, who, as usual, fell down on all fours, with face on his hands, as though whispering to the floor. It was the Oriental way of visiting with a gift in the hand. He had come to the house by way of the rear instead of the front gate, in token of humility on his part and honor to me. I bid my servant usher him in, and a sad-looking man of fifty or more years entered. Through Iwabuchi his story was soon told. His wife had died of grief on hearing of her son dying a stranger in a strange land. Two very young sons were living. His other children, five in number, were dead. His house was left unto him desolate. I gave him the gold key of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, of Rutgers College, into which his son had been elected, he having stood at the head of his class. His father received the emblem reverently, lifting it to his forehead.

On the next day my regular work was to begin. Horses were sent again, and I rode to the school, a building which was the citadel of the castle, and was once the residence of the old prince. I was met by the officers of the school in the room I was to occupy. On the table were sponge-cake, oranges, and plum-blossom bouquets, as usual, while the omnipresent tea was served, and the tiny pipes were smoked. It was very evident that the men who had been desirous of a teacher of chemistry had very nebulous ideas about what that science was. However, they were ready, with money and patience, to furnish the necessary apparatus and lecture-room; and our preliminaries being agreed on, I was conducted through the other rooms to see the sights of the school.

I was surprised to find it so large and flourishing. There were in all about eight hundred students, comprised in the English, Chinese, Japanese, medical, and military departments. A few had been studying English for two or three years, under native teachers who had been in Nagasaki. In the medical department I found a good collection of Dutch books, chiefly medical and scientific, and a fine pair of French dissection models, of both varieties of the human body. In the military school was a library of foreign works on military subjects, chiefly in English, several of which had been translated into Japanese. In one part of the yard young men, book, diagram, or trowel in hand, were constructing a miniature earthwork. The school library, of English and American books—among which were all of Kusakabé's—was quite respectable. In the Chinese school I found thousands of boxes, with sliding lids, filled with Chinese and Japanese books. Several hundred boys and young men were squatted on the floor, with their teachers, reading or committing lessons to memory, or writing the Chinese characters. Some had already cut off their top-knots.*

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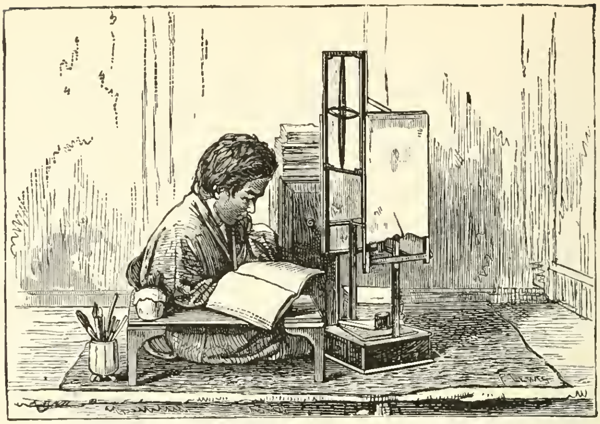
* In one of the popular street-songs hawked about and sung in the streets of



Student burning the Midnight Oil. (Photograph from life.)

At one end of the buildings were large, open places devoted to physical exercise. Several exhibitions of trials of skill in fencing and wrestling were then made for my benefit. Six of the students repaired to the armory and put on the defensive mail, to shield themselves in the rough work before them—as Japanese swords are for use with both hands, having double-handed hilts without guards. The foils for fencing are made of round, split bamboo, and a good blow will make one smart, and bruise the flesh. So the fencing-master and students first donned a corselet, with shoulder-plates of hardened hide padded within, and heavily padded gauntlets. On their heads were wadded caps, having a barred visor of stout iron grating. Taking their places, with swords crossed, they set to. All the passes are cut

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Fukui, Ōzaka, and Tōkiō, at this time was a stanza satirizing the three fashions of wearing the hair: in Western style; in the fashion of the Ōsei, or ante-feudal era; and the orthodox samurai mode. One's political proclivities were thus expressed by his hair. An unshaven head with all the hair worn, but made into a top-knot cue, marked the wearer as a "mikado-reverencer," or believer in the principles of the Ōsei era. A head shaven on the mid-scalp and temples, with cue, denoted one who clung to the mediæval ideals of feudalism. A short-haired head, clipped and cueless, like a Westerner, was a sign of foreignizing tendencies. The students led this fashion. The cut represents one at night, studying by the light of his paper lantern, inside which is a dish of oil, with pith wick. To the right of his little study-table are his brush-pens, in their usual porcelain receptacle; and behind him is his library or book-case, in which the books are ranged, with their edges outward. In a Japanese library, the titles of all works are marked on their edge as well as the cover.

ting blows, thrusting being unknown. Pretty severe whacks are given, and some bruising done, spite of armor. Foils are used up like lances in a tournament. The young men kept up the mimic battle for fifteen minutes, or as long as their wind and muscle lasted, and the severe ordeal was over, the victory being won by those who had given what would have been disabling wounds had swords been used. Then followed, by another set of students, the spear exercise. Long spears were used first, and several fine passes in carte and tierce were made; the offensive and defensive were tried alternately, to show me all the various thrusts and foils of the science.

The party having short spears succeeded, the manœuvres being different. So far it was mere scientific display, no one being severely punched. At a signal of the clappers another set took blunt spears, leaped into the arena, and a sham fight began, the thrusts being real lunges that knocked down and bruised the limbs or damaged the breathing apparatus of the man put *hors du combat* quite badly. In about five minutes half the party were down, and the remainder, all crack lances, continued the battle for several minutes longer, with some fine display, but no mortal thrusts. They were called off, and the men with sword and cross-spear began a trial of skill. The cross-spear is long, like a halberd, with a two-edged blade set at right angles across it within six inches from the top. It is intended especially for defense against a sword, or a horse soldier. In this instance, one or two of the swordsmen were jerked to the floor or had their helmets torn off; while, on the other side, the halberdiers suffered by having their poles struck by severing blows of their opponents' swords or actually received the "pear-splitter" stroke which was supposed to cleave their skulls.

Next followed wrestling. Though a cold day in winter, the students were dressed only in coarse sleeveless coats of hemp cloth. Approaching each other, they clinched and threw. The object seemed to be to show how an unarmed man might defend himself. Wrestlings and throwings were followed by sham exhibitions that bore a frightful resemblance to real choking, dislocation of arm, wringing of the neck, etc. Throughout the exhibition, the contestants, while attacking each other, uttered unearthly yells and exclamations. I was highly impressed with the display, and could not fail to admire the splendid, manly physique of many of the lads.

I waited to see the school dismissed, that I might see my pupils in the open air. At the tapping of the clapperless bell, the students put away their brushes, ink-stones, and sticks of ink, wrapped up their books and portable matter in square pieces of silk or calico, making neat bundles; put their short swords, which lay at their sides, in their girdles; and each and all bowing low, with face to the floor, to their teachers, rose up and went, first, to the sword-room to put on their long swords. This was a large apartment near the entrance, in which were rows of numbered racks, containing seven hundred or more swords. Each student presented his check or ticket of branded pine wood, and his sword was handed him by one of the keepers. Thrusting it in his girdle, and adjusting the pair, each scholar passed to the clog-room, where seven hundred pairs of clogs or sandals were stowed in numbered order. These set on the ground, and the owner's toes bifurcating into the thong, the student added a half-cubit to his stature, and trudged homeward. The scraping and clatter of hundreds of wooden clogs over the long stone bridge were deafening. All were bare-headed, with the top-knot, cue, and shaven mid-scalp, most of them with bare feet on their clogs, and with their characteristic dress, swagger, fierce looks, bare skin exposed at the scalp, neck, arms, calves, and feet, with their murderous swords in their belts, they impressed upon my memory a picture of feudalism I shall never forget.

As I walked, I wondered how long it would require to civilize such "barbarians." Here were nearly a thousand young samurai. What was one teacher among so many? Could it be possible that these could be trained to be disciplined students? These were my thoughts then. A few months later, and I had won their confidence and love. I found they were quite able to instruct me in many things. I need fear to lose neither politeness nor sense of honor among these earnest youth. In pride and dignity of character, in diligence, courage, gentlemanly conduct, refinement and affection, truth and honesty, good morals, in so far as I knew or could see, they were my peers. Love is always blind, they say. Was it so in this case?

IX.

LIFE IN A JAPANESE HOUSE.

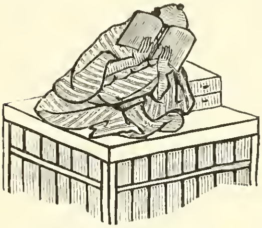
Now that the excitement of travel was over, I settled down to my duties, to survey the place and surroundings, and to try and understand the life around me. I first examined my quarters.

The old mansion assigned to me was one hundred and ninety-seven years old. It had been in possession of the same family during that period. The house had been built on part of the site of Shibata's old castle, in which he and his band committed *hara-kiri* and underwent voluntary cremation. Across the river rose Atago yama. On this hill, Hidéyoshi encamped with his army. A few score feet to the west of my gate was a stone on which tradition says Shibata stood when he drew an arrow to the head, and shot it into his enemy's camp, splitting the pole of the canopy, or mammoth umbrella, under which Hidéyoshi sat. The moat which bounded the north side of my estate was part of the old fortress, and a few rods eastward stood a gate-way still intact, though no "harsh thunder" could be grated from its hinges, which rust had long united together. My whole estate was classic soil, and I suspect more than one old conservative growled to see the foreigner on the spot made sacred by Echizen's greatest hero, whose devotion to Yamato damashi ideals had been attested in blood, fire, and ashes.

It was a grand old house of solid timber, with spacious rooms, and long, well-lighted corridors. It was sixty feet broad, by one hundred feet deep. Though of one story, it had an immense and lofty sloping roof and shaggy eaves. The rooms numbered twelve in all. The floors were laid with soft neat mats, and the paper sliding screens could all be taken out, if need were, to make a hall of vast area with many square columns. The corridors, which were ten feet wide, passed outside the rooms, yet were part of the house. The walls, where solid, were papered. The ceiling, of fine grained wood, was twelve feet from the floor. In the rear were the kitchen and servants' quarters.

The entire estate comprised about ten acres, the sides of which, extending inward to a depth of thirty feet, were lined with the dwellings of the former retainers and servants. In the central area had been gardens and stables.

All these accessories to the mansion were in the rear. The front of the house looked out upon a long, beautiful garden. To the left was a wall of tiles and cement, too high for any inquisitive eyes to peep over, which extended all around the inclosure. Along the inner side was a row of firs. These trees had been planted by the first ancestor of the family that had followed Hidéyasŭ to Fukui in the sixteenth century. They were now tall and grave sentinels, of mighty girth and wide-spreading limbs, that measured their height by rods and their shadows by furlongs. By day they cast grateful shade, and at night sifted the moonbeams, over the path. Near the end of the court-yard was the main gate, made of whole tree-trunks, and crowned by an imposing roof. Just within it was the porter's lodge, where a studious old *mom-ban* (gate-keeper) kept watch and ward over the portal, through which none could enter except men of rank and office. He usually had his nose inside a book when I saw him, for he was a great reader, and near-sighted. Near the lodge was a clump of trees, and beneath their shadow and protection had been the family shrine. It was an ark cut out of solid stone, four feet high. Within it had been the sacred vases, mirror, and white paper, all holy symbols of the Shintō faith, which the family professed. All around the now neglected garden were blossoming camellias, red as maiden blushes, or white as unstained innocence. On another hillock, tufted here and there with azaleas and asters, were several dwarfed pines. The rockery and fish-pond, long neglected, were overgrown and scarcely perceptible. Evidently it had been a charming place of great beauty, for the traces were yet to be seen of former care and adornment. To the right was an arm of one of the castle moats, full of running water. Beyond its banks and mossy and flower-decked stone walls were the gardens of several samurai families, in which sweet rosy-cheeked children played, or boys fished, or pretty girls came down to look at the lotus-flowers. The echo of their merry laugh often reached me. In the deep parts of the stream, clear as crystal, darted the black, silvery, or speckled fish; while in the shallower portions great turtles crawled and stuck their


The Studious Gate-keeper.

wedge-like noses above the water. In summer the lotus-flowers grew and bloomed, slowly rising from the long roots in the ooze, unfolding their first emerging tips into glorious concave shields of green, two feet in diameter, corded beneath like the veins of a gladiator, and holding on their bosses translucent pebbles of dew. Then rose the closed bolls, like a clasped hand that trembled with the trembling water, giving no sign of the beauty within — the mighty flower in its bosom. Then, as the sunshine of summer fell aslant the cool water, the boll, tenderly and shyly, as if afraid, unfolded day by day until the splendid revelation of the lotus was complete. Massive shield and glorious flower made a picture of unearthly loveliness to the child who strove to pluck the remote beauty, or to the adult to whom the lotus-flower is the emblem of eternal calm. The little Japanese child who first, with the glorifying eyes of childhood, looks upon its purity, finds in it an object of unspeakable delight. The mature believer in Buddha sees in it shadowed forth creative power, universe, and world-growth. The "lotus springs from the mud" is ever the answer of the Asiatic to him who teaches that the human heart is corrupt, and unable to cleanse itself. The calyx of the lotus is a triangle whose base is a circle—symbols of spirit and form, of eternity and triunity. In Nirvana, Buddha sits on a lotus-flower. As the mortal body of the believer approaches the cremation house, that the borrowed elements of his body may be liberated from their fleshly prison and returned to their primordial earth and air, a stone carved to represent a lotus-flower receives the bier. To the Buddhist the lotus is a thing of beauty, a joy forever, because the constant symbol of poetic and religious truth.

I was glad they had put me in this old mansion. It was full of suggestive history. It had been a home. Pagan, heathen, Asiatic—it mattered not; it was a home. Here in this garden the infant had been carried until a child—growing up, the playmate of the flowers and birds, amidst Nature, until it knew her moods, and loved her with the passionate fondness for her which is so intense in the people of these islands. Here children played among the flowers, caught their first butterflies, began their first stratagem by decoying the unwary fish with the hook, and picked off the lotus petals for banners, the leaves for sun-shades, and the round seeds to eat, or roll like marbles. Then, as the boys grew up, they put on the swords, shaved off their fore-hair, and progressed in the lore of Chinese sages and native historians, and were fired with the narratives of the exploits of Taikō and Yoritome and Iyéyasŭ; while the girls grew in womanly grace and beauty, and perfected themselves in household etiquette and studied the "Woman's Great Learning." Then had come the marriage ceremonial, with no spoken vows, and made without priest or official, followed by festal cheer, wine, music, dance, and exchange of presents. Here the bride became mother. Hence, after one hundred days, she went with her child to the temple, where the robed and shaven bonze wrote a name-charm, and put it in the child's prayer-bag. In this house had been celebrated many a household festival. These rooms had echoed with merry laughter, or resounded with the groans and sobs of grief. Hence had gone out the funeral procession, when the bodies of loved parents were borne to the grave or the cremarium. The funeral cortége, with lanterns, and hearse of pure white wood borne on four men's shoulders, with robed bonzes and men in ceremonial dress and muffled swords, and women in pure white robes and half-moon-like caps of floss silk,

The Wedding Party. (From a Japanese painting on silk.)

had passed out this gate. Prayers had been read, candles lighted, bells tinkled, the corpse laid on the pyre, and the fire lighted by the brother of the deceased, and the ashes deposited in the vase in the family monument in that cemetery beside the mountain yonder. In this family oratory a new black tablet, gilt-lettered, was set among the ancestral names, to be honored through coming generations.

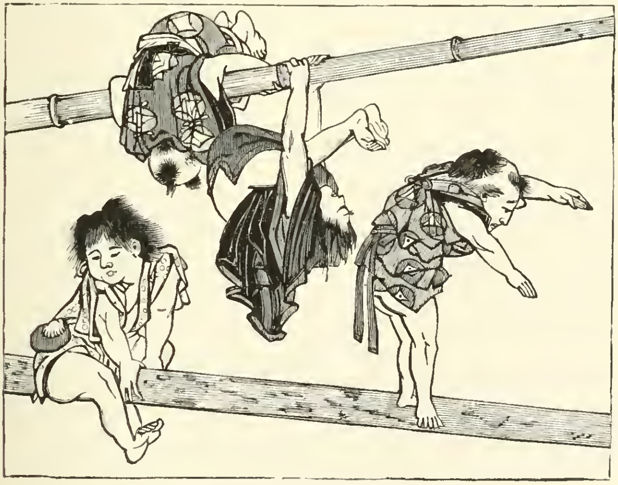
Every day some new discovery showed me that this had been a home. Birth, marriage, death, sickness, sorrow, joy, banquet—all the fullness of life, though not like ours, had sanctified it. I thought of the many journeys to Yedo and Kiōto of the father on business, the sons on travel for culture and education, and the daughter for religion's sake, or to the distant home of her husband. I pictured the festival days, the feast of dolls for the girls, when the great nursery-room was decked with all the rich toys with which girls delight to mimic the real life of motherhood and housekeeping, which is but a few years off. There stood the bamboo poles on which was hung the huge paper carp, to show that a boy had been born during the year, or that the heir of the house would rise in the world and surmount all difficulties, like a carp leaps the water-fall. New-year's-day had come to this house, the only time when profound Sabbath reigns in Japan. Then the servants and retainers pledged anew their loyalty, congratulated their master, and received gifts of money and clothes. I thought of the religious festivals when the mansion and all the tenantry of the estate hung out gay lanterns, and the master's household, like a great heart, sympathized in the birth, death, marriage, sorrow, or joy of the tenantry. Thus, for centuries in this dwelling, and on this ancestral estate, lived the family in peace and prosperity.

Then came foreigners and many troubles—civil war, revolution, the overthrow of the shōgun, the restoration of the mikado, the threatened abolition of the feudal system. Great changes altered the condition of Fukui. The revenues of the estate were reduced, the family moved to humbler quarters, the retainers and tenantry dispersed, and now the foreigner was here.

All this I found out gradually, but with each bit of revelation the old mansion wore new charms. I loved to walk in the grand old garden at night, shut in from all but the stars and the faint murmur of the city, and the few glimmering lights on the mountain across the river, or when the moon sifted her beams through the tall firs, or bathed her face among the lotus-flowers in the moat, or silvered the ivy on the wall. I had come hither to be a builder of knowledge, to help bring the new civilization that must destroy the old. Yet it was hard to be an iconoclast. I often asked myself the question—Why not leave these people alone? They seem to be happy enough; and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow. The sacredness of human belief and reverence had consecrated even the old shrine, and other hands than mine must remove the stones of the deserted fane. What vulgarity to make a dining-room of the family oratory, where the ancestral tablets once stood, and the sacred lights and incense burned! I found tied to the front of the house a case of light wood, containing an amulet, written in Sanskrit and Chinese, for the protection of the house. I took it down, for I had no faith in its protection; but I kept it carefully as a curious memento, because others had trusted in it, and every thing human is sacred, even faith, if our own is. I found nailed on the inner lintel of the great gate a pile of charms of thin wood, to ward off disease and evil. One had been added every year, like strata upon strata, until the deposit was a half-foot thick. They had on them the name and seal of the temple in which they had been written, and were inscribed with Sanskrit quotations from the sacred books.

Under the new administration, the *personnel* of my establishment was as follows: My interpreter, Iwabuchi, occupied a pleasant little house in the rear and within call, so as to be ready to assist me when visitors came, though most of them went first to Iwabuchi's house. I found that even in the kitchen the feudal spirit of grades and ranks was strictly observed. My cook had an assistant, who himself had a small boy, who often hired other small boys to do his work. My "boy," or body-servant, had another man to help him. Even the bettō, or groom, employed an underling to do all the actual manual work. Theoretically, it required a large force of men to guard and wait on the foreigner, and I was amazed to find myself so famous and surrounded.

To begin at the height of rank and honor: first, there was the daimiō's officer, who had been appointed to look after my wants. He had an office for daily use in one of the distant rooms of the building. Under him was a subofficial, and also a clerk. These three men were considered necessary, as foreigners were known to have many wants, to require troublesome attention. Then, the foreigner was a stranger in the city and neighborhood, and as the people were unfamiliar with men of his strange breed, some of them might insult him, or a wandering *jo-i* (foreigner-hater) might kill him, in which case an indemnity of fifty thousand dollars would have to be paid by the Government. Hence, four stalwart samurai, each with their two swords, were set apart for my protection. These escorted me to and from school, and went with me in my walks and rides, and at first were very serviceable guides, until my familiarity with the language and people, and my perception of their perfectly harmless character, made these armed men bores. They performed duty on alternate days, and occupied a part of the long house to the left. Then, there were five or six of the larger students, who wished to live near their teacher. They occupied another room under the same roof with the four guards. At the rear entrance to the inclosure of my house was another gate and porter's lodge, in which a man kept watch and ward, admitting none but the privileged, though all who entered here were of much lower rank than those who came to the front gate. To man the two gates—front and rear—a corps of eight men were appointed, who did duty alternately. Their duties were not onerous. They consisted in reading, eating, sleeping, drinking tea, bowing to me as I passed, and keeping out stragglers. The long house, stretching away to the eastward, was full of folks of the humbler sort, with many children and babies, and of dogs not a few. These youngsters, with their quaint dress, curiously shaved heads, and odd ways, were often a source of great amusement to me. The fun reached its climax when they attempted to walk bamboo poles or turn somersaults on them,



Boys playing on Bamboo Bars. (Hokusai.)

often in the latter motion becoming real gymnasts, in the etymological sense of the word. In imitating wrestling-matches, they made a small arena of sand ringed by twisted rice-straw, and then the nude little dumplings of humanity, some of them less than four years old, stamped their feet, eat their salt, rinsed their mouths, slapped their knees, and then clinched in mimic rage, tugging away until victory was declared for one or the other, by the Lilliputian judge with fan in hand. Even the applause, to the casting in the ring of fans and garments to be redeemed, as in the real triumph of the elephantine fat fellows, who look as though stuffed with blubber by means of a sausage-blower, were given with comical accuracy of imitation. When the infant Hercules got hold of his antagonist's clout—the master-grip of the game, which put the unlucky one "in chancery," a shout went up from the spectators like the Roman "*habet*" or the modern prize-fighter's cheers. Even the dogs seemed to enjoy the fun, while mothers and nurse-maids, with babies strapped on their backs, overflowed in a new stream of palaver.

The Grip of Victory.

Of the inmates of my house I must not omit mention. My servant was selected and brought to me on the first day of my arrival, and shown his future master. Falling down upon his hands and knees, and bowing his forehead to the floor, he murmured something which was meant to be a promise of good and faithful service. Then, raising his body, he sat upon his knees and heels, and waited further orders. I own I was not prepossessed. Sahei was less than sixty inches high, with a remarkably ugly phiz, thick protruding lips, flat nose—not always scrupulously attended to—and eyes of the dull, alligator hue so common among the lower classes. His skin was of the most unsatisfactory tint. His motions were ungraceful. His hands and feet, for a Nihonese, were clumsy. His scalp and cue—strong points in the *tout ensemble* of a handsome native—were not attractive. My first sight of him awakened regrets that Sasaki had not selected a handsomer specimen of his people to wait on me. When one has a stranger daily under his nose and eyes, the æsthetics of physical form and face assume a vast degree of importance. I yearned for a more comely form, more attractive face, and more delicately tinted skin. I thought of the pretty pages in the prince's palace, and the fine-looking boys with smooth, *café-au-lait* skins and rosy cheeks in school. "I shall keep Sahei a few weeks in deference to the official who recommended him; then I shall get a handsomer boy," thought I, as I dismissed him for a while. I was also at first disappointed in my new servant, supposing him to be single. I had intended to have a married man with a family, that I might be able to see more of actual Japanese life under my own roof. A bachelor's quarters afford a poor field for the study of the home life of a people. I was greatly and pleasantly disappointed. Sahei was not from the rice-fields. He had traveled to Tōkiō, had been in the war as a page, and was intelligent and fit to wait on a gentleman. He had once been a carpenter by trade, and could do handy jobs about the house, and he did help me greatly to make things comfortable when it would cost too much time and trouble to set the whole official machinery of Fukui in motion to drive a nail, or put up a shelf for flower-vase, or a little Paris clock. Sahei was more comely in character than in person. Cheerful, faithful, diligent, careful of his master, quick to answer his call, tender of him as to a child, and though a heathen, Sahei was, according to Pope's definition, the noblest work of God. He was not only honest in handling his master's money, but as alert as a watch-dog to guard against imposition, or loss through ignorance. Furthermore, Sahei had a family—wife, baby, and child's maid. This I did not learn until a week afterward, when he came to announce with shame, and as if expecting my displeasure, that he had a wife; she waiting behind the entry door-way to hear what the *danna san* (master) would say. Might he present her to me? His delight at my pleased surprise betrayed itself in a broad grin, and in a moment more he was leading his baby by the hand, while his wife waddled forward, accompanied by her little maid. Mother, baby, and maid, in succession, fell on their knees, and polished their foreheads on their hands laid prone on the matting. Then, sitting on their heels, they bashfully looked up at their new master. I bid them all stand up, and took their photograph in my eye. The imposing physique of Mrs. Sahei utterly dwarfed her insignificant lord, and suggested a contrast between a pudding and a tart. She was of healthily tinted skin of lighter shade, with black eyes that sparkled as though her head were a voltaic battery and her eyes the terminals. Closer acquaintance confirmed my impressions of her. She was an affectionate mother, and a jealous and careful wife. Continually bubbling over with fun, she reminded me, when laughing, of a bowl full of jelly when well shaken. She was a diligent worker. Her tongue was as sharp as a freshly honed razor, especially after her liege lord had spent too much money on *geishas* and saké; for the otherwise exemplary Sahei had two weaknesses, which were evident even to his master. He would occasionally make his throat a funnel for saké, and he delighted to spend an occasional evening amidst the fascinations of the singing girls, coming home late at night, with flushed veins and a damaged purse, to meet with a Candle lecture on his return. Here was the bakufu, or "curtain government," of a sort quite different from that we read of at Kamakura. I always knew, by Sahei's sheepish looks and the general flavor of demoralization in his appearance next morning, when he had been eating forbidden and costly fruit.

The baby was as pretty and bright-eyed a morsel of flesh as one could wish to see. His name was Satarō (first-born darling of Sahei). He was two years old, just able to keep his centre of gravity, and voyage across the rooms and through the house, with only an occasional sprawl on the matting. Baby, on his first introduction, bobbed his head in adult style, and chirped out, "*Ohaio, sensei*" (good-morning, teacher), his baby talk making it sound like "chen-chey." I immediately dubbed him "Chenkey." Let me give his photograph. Chenkey was a chubby boy, with rosy cheeks, sparkling black eyes, skin almost as light in tint and as soft and smooth as an American mother's darling. His head was shaved entirely, except a round spot on the back part; his mother shaved his diminutive pate once a week, and usually kept him so sweet and wholesome that a romp with him rarely involved damage from sticky lips or soiled baby hands.

I must not forget Obun (tea-tray), the little maid who attended to Chenkey, carried him about, dressed him, and made her back a seat for him. Obun was eleven years old, a thin, frail, sad-looking child, that freshened up under a kind word like a wilted flower when touched by rain-drops. Obun evidently had heard the dreadful stories about the foreigners, and believed them. Timidly, and with suppressed fear, she had come to greet the *sensei*, and only after days and weeks of familiar intercourse and serving me at table could she lay aside her fears. Even then she was a sad-eyed, dreamy child, always looking down deeply and solemnly into flowers, or gazing at the blue sky or the distant mountains, or watching the stars at evening. Obun had had a hard life of it. Her mother had died in giving her birth, and the orphan was then bandied about among nurses and relatives until she was old enough to take care of a baby, when she was given as a servant to Sahei for her food and clothes.

The *personnel* of Sahei's establishment did not end with wife, baby, and maid. It was not for the lord of the kitchen to draw water, clean fish, and do the work of the scullery. Not he. For this he must have a boy. "That boy" was Gonji. Gonji's wages were his rice and robes — two of the latter per annum. He was scarcely worth his full rations. Lazy, and uniquely stupid in some things, and bright enough in others, the keenness of his appetite kept pace with the capacity of his stomach. His favorite occupations were worrying dogs, playing with Chenkey, on whom he doted, and amusing himself at watching the *sensei*, whose very existence was a profound mystery to him, and whose every motion was a subject of wondering cogitation. Sometimes, when spruced up, he enjoyed the honor of waiting on the *danna san*. To see the white man eat, threw Gonji in a brown study at once, as on knees and heels, with waiter before him, he anticipated my wants.

Gonji in a Brown Study.

Every day of my life in the old mansion was full of novelty. Every trivial event was a chink to let in a new ray of light upon Japanese life, character, or ideas. One day Obun came into the dining-room after dinner, looking around for something, and answering my inquiring eye with the words "*O mama.*" "What do you mean, child? Do you think your mother is alive, and where did you learn that English?" While I was pondering the problem of the possible affinity of the Japanese with the Aryan languages, the little maid seized an empty plate, appearing surprised at its emptiness, and went out. I afterward found that *o mama* meant "boiled rice," which I had used to feed a flock of sacred pigeons belonging to the big temple near by, which sometimes flew into my garden.

Sahei's family had no sooner comfortably installed themselves in the servants' quarters than their evening bath must be got ready. The old mansion, like all Japanese houses, was provided with a huge caldron and furnace quite near the house, for heating water for the bath taken daily by every member of every Japanese family. Although somewhat familiar with the sight of Eves, innocent of fig-leaves, tubbing themselves in the open street in broad daylight, I had supposed the presence of the foreigner and stranger would deter any exhibition of female nudity in or about my house in Fukui. Vain thought! The good wife innocently disrobed, unmindful of the cold air, immersed and made her bath and toilet, with Chenkey in her arms. Having finished, she was followed by Obun, then by her husband, brother, uncle, and Gonji, in succession, who had been about and around, heating and carrying the water. I can not call them spectators, for they took no interest whatever, except as assistants, in the spectacle, which to them was an ordinary sight, awakening no other emotions than those we feel in seeing a female face or hand.

Night came—glorious moonlight nights they were in Fukui. In the kitchen the servants lighted their lamps—a long slender wick of pith, in a dish of oil, set half-way up in a square paper-shaded frame, three feet high—a standing lantern, in the base of which were sulphur-tipped chips, or matches, and flint, steel, and tinder. Or, they set a hollow paper-wicked candle, made of vegetable tallow, in a copper, bronze, or wooden candlestick two feet high.

"These people have a theory of candles," thought I, "as Symmes had about the earth. Both theories are opposed to orthodoxy. Symmes's world and a Japanese candle both have a hole through them; but the former theory is representative of a fact, while the latter is not yet proved to be so." These hollow candles are stuck on a spike, not set in a socket like ours. The French and English buy this vegetable tallow in Japan, bleach it, and import the "wax" candles made from it, selling to the Japanese at an advanced price. It happened once, so I have read, that a Japanese junk drifted to the shores of California. A newspaper reporter announced in type, with sensational intent, next day, that the junk had been salt-water-logged so long that the wick had been entirely corroded by the action of the water, until the candle had a hole entirely through it!

In my own room, I had my Connecticut lamp, well fed with Pennsylvania petroleum.

The snow had begun to melt, and, at intervals, a heavy, thunderous noise overhead told of a huge snow-slide—the accumulation of winter sliding off. Over the castle and city and yashiki gates, and over the doors of houses, I had noticed a long timber bar riveted to the roof, which prevented the snow from falling on the heads of people below, while it slid freely in other places. Anon the whirring of wings, and the screaming of the flocks of wild geese as they clove the air, told how these restless birds enjoyed the night as well as the day. These geese were my nocturnal barometer. I could tell from the height or lowness of their flight, and the volume of sound of their throats, what were the "weather probabilities" for the morrow.

Night Scene on the River-flats. (Hokusai.)

A view from my garden-gate included the street, the river-flats, a few boats like black spots on the water, the bridge, and the masts rising spectrally beyond Atago yama with its twinkling lights, people returning home, and coolies hurrying along with belated travelers. The moon shone overhead, but yet, dimly seen, reminded me vividly of a sketch by one of the native artists, whose great merits and peculiarities I was then beginning to appreciate and distinguish. I could hear the voices outside, the women's chatting, the children's prattle, and the coolies' grunt.

The crows of Fukui were as numerous, merry, audacious, and absurd as their black brethren in the pine-roosts of New Jersey or the corn-fields of Pennsylvania. I wondered who it was who had lived in Japan three months, and then innocently asked if there were any crows in the country. These filthy feeders amused me daily with their noisy conventions, or their squabbles around the kitchen refuse. Occasionally they ventured on bolder raids. On one occasion a stately raven, seeing through the window a morsel of bread on the breakfast-table, meditated a theft. A Japanese crow of the olden time ought not, in the nature of things, to be expected to understand either the chemical composition or the physical properties of that familiar alkaline silicate called glass. Viewing with his raven eye from his eyrie in the firs that morsel of bread, and knowing well the virtues of wheat, our crow made a dash with outspread wings and beak at the bread. The result was a badly stunned bird with a bumped head and nearly broken beak. Nothing daunted, my "Nevermore" gathered himself up, and proceeded to survey the situation. Here was a new and puzzling subject of study. Glass was evidently a new phenomenon. It was transparent and hard, yet there was the bread, and the crow's craw was empty. What was it, this invisible and pervisual barrier? It was not water, nor yet air. Perhaps it was ice, and Mr. Crow laid his eye against the pane to test the temperature—flattening it like a child its nose on a rainy Sunday. Ah! happy thought! perhaps it would yield to blows.

Perseverantia omnia vincit. Tap, tap, tap, sounded the pick-like beak on the tough glass pane with a regularity less gentle than that of Poe's ebony visitor. All in vain, however; the pane yielded not, the tantalizing bread had to be yielded, and the black Tantalus flew off with its dismal "Nevermore," to report adversely to its comrades, and hold a debate on the subject of the unknowable. Despair brooded, not on wisdom, but on a pine-tree.

The black rascals were sometimes more successful. With impudence almost human, and with cheek quite as hard, they would even occasionally fly into the house. One day Chenkey was standing on the veranda next the garden, eating a rice-cracknel, called *kaminari sembei* (thunder-cake). A vigilant *karasu* (crow) hopped from a tree-branch to the fence, and, pretending to be asleep, calmly watched his opportunity with one eye. Chenkey had just taken a bite, and turned his head around for a moment. In a trice the black thief had swooped and stolen the cake. An incredible uproar of caws in the tree-tops, a few tears from Chenkey, and it was all over.

Strange to say, the natives, as their poetry attests, hear in the hoarse notes of this sable bird the plaintive sounds of love. "Concerning tastes," and associations also, "it is not to be disputed." With us a lamb is an emblem of mildness; with the Japanese, of stupidity, or even obstinacy. Should I call a native a goose (*gan*), he would see no more point in the allusion than if I called him a turkey or a pheasant. In Japan, sheep and tame geese are unknown, except from reading of them. The wild goose is one of the swiftest, most graceful, and alert birds. It is rather a compliment to be called a (Japanese) goose.

There was a goodly number of rats in the old mansion, though they rarely disturbed me in the day-time. Their favorite place of playing what seemed to be foot-ball, or Congress, was over the ceilings, running along the beams immediately above the rafters. The builder of the mansion had foreseen the future, and, with wise benevolence, had cut square holes through certain portions of the fine lattice-work that might be spoiled by irregular gnawing, and thus earned the gratitude of all rodent generations. I determined to be rid of these ancient pests, and went out in search of a cat. I saw a number of fat Tabithas and aldermanic Thomases which I asked for, or offered to purchase, in vain. I preferred a lean feline specimen that would seek the rats from motives of hunger, but I could get none. The people loved their pets too well. But one day, on passing a hemp shop, I saw a good-natured old lady sitting on her mats, with a fine tortoise-shell tabby, and instantly determined to get that cat. Accosting her with the usual bow, I said, in my best Japanese, "Good-morning, old lady. Will you sell me that cat? I should like to buy it." The American reader will question the propriety and my politeness in using the adjective *old*. Not so the Japanese. It is an honor to be addressed or spoken of as old. Every one called me "*sensei*" (elder-born, or teacher). One of the first questions which a Japanese will ask you is, "How old are you?" It is a question which American ladies do not answer very promptly. But the questioner masks no insult. It is not in the same spirit as that of the young men who refer to their maternal parent as the "old woman." The old lady was pleased. Concerning the sale of her cat, however, she demurred. Her *néko* was a polite, well-bred animal. I was a foreigner from some outlandish place beyond the sea. Could she trust Puss with me? With head inclining forty-five degrees over her left shoulder, she considered. Looking up, she said, "I will not sell you the cat; but if you *love* it, you can have it." Of course, I loved it on the spot. Taking the name of the street, and number of the house, I sent Sahei for it. Installed in my dwelling, it proved to be handsome and lazy, disturbing but little the ancient population, which, however, never troubled me except by their frisky noise. My repeated invitations to a banquet of arsenic were as often declined, with thanks and squeals; but on wrapping up a piece of seasoned meat in a small box in a tight bundle of paper, they partook luxuriantly and subsided. The old lady came occasionally to see her former pet, and found in the foreigner's house unlimited delight over photograph-album, stereoscope, and wall pictures, and endless food for wonder and subsequent gossip, at the home of her son and grandchildren—a very affectionate family, as I had occasion to witness, but with a weakness for saké.

Father and Children.

The most remarkable fact concerning the majority of cats in Japan is that they have no tails, or, at least, a mere stump or tuft, like a rabbit's. They resemble the Manx cat in this respect. Whether wholly natural, or the long result of art, I could never satisfactorily determine. It always struck me as a great feline affliction, since the chief plaything of a kitten is its tail. To run around after their caudal stumps was a sorry game in the Japanese cats, compared with the lively revolutions of those boasting twelve inches of tail. An American gentleman once took one of these bob-tailed cats to California. The creature had evidently never made the acquaintance of the long-tailed brethren of its species, and the unwonted sight of their terminal appendages seemed to incite the feline nature of Japan to the highest pitch of jealousy and rage. It was continually biting, scratching, howling, and spitting at other cats, invariably seizing their tails in its teeth when practicable.

My other dumb companion in Fukui was a black dog, with but one eye. It was an American dog that had strayed away from Yokohama, and had followed the daimiō's retinue across the country. Happening to pass some farmers, who, reversing the proverb "Love me, love my dog," and hating foreigners, whom they believed to be descendants of these brutes, one of them struck the poor creature in the eye with a grass-hook, and made him a Cyclops from that moment. He was an affectionate animal, and apparently fully understood, as I could tell from the language of his tail, that I was one of his own country creatures, concentrating all his affection in his remaining orb. I was most amused at the name given him by the people. The Japanese word for dog is *inu*. Some of the young men who had been to Yokohama had heard the "hairy foreigners" calling their dogs by cracking their fingers and crying "Come here." This the Japanese supposed to be the name of the dog. Frequently in Fukui those who wished to display their proficiency in the barbarian language would point to my canine Cyclops, and cry out "Look at that '*Come-here*;' how black he is!" "Oh! see how fast the American man's 'Come-here' is running!"

With a cat, a one-eyed dog, gold-fish,* home flowers, and plenty of human life behind and about me, the city in view, the mountains round about, and the lovely solitude of garden and trees in front of me, and my books, I was happy in my immediate surroundings.

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* These were the *kin-giyo* (gold-fish) with triple tails, like lace, and variegated brilliant colors, which have been recently introduced into the United States.

X.

*CHILDREN'S GAMES AND SPORTS.**

THE aim of the Asiatic Society of Japan is, as I understand it, to endeavor to attain any and all knowledge of the Japanese country and people. Nothing that will help us to understand them is foreign to the objects of this society. While language, literature, art, religion, the drama, household superstitions, etc., furnish us with objects worthy of study, the games and sports of the children deserve our notice. For, as we believe, their amusements reflect the more serious affairs and actions of mature life. They are the foretastes and the prophecies of adult life which children see continually; not always understanding, but ever ready to imitate it. Hence in the toy-shops of Japan one may see the microcosm of Japanese life. In the children's sports is enacted the miniature drama of the serious life of the parents. Among a nation of players such as the Japanese may be said to have been, it is not always easy to draw the line of demarkation between the diversions of children proper and those of a larger growth. Indeed, it might be said that during the last two centuries and a half, previous to the coming of foreigners, the main business of this nation was play. One of the happiest phrases in Mr. Alcock's book is that "Japan is a paradise of babies;" he might have added, that it was also a very congenial abode for all who love play. The contrast between the Chinese and Japanese character in this respect is radical. It is laid down in one of the very last sentences in the Trimetrical Classic, the primer of every school in the Flowery Land, that play is unprofitable! The whole character, manners, and even the dress, of the sedate and dignified Chinamen, seem to be in keeping with that aversion to rational amusement and athletic exercises which characterizes that adult population.

In Japan, on the contrary, one sees that the children of a larger growth enjoy with equal zest games which are the same, or nearly the same, as those of lesser size and fewer years. Certain it is that the adults do all in their power to provide for the children their full quota of play and harmless sports. We frequently see full-grown and able-bodied natives indulging in amusements which the men of the West lay aside with their pinafores, or when their curls are cut. If we, in the conceited pride of our superior civilization, look down upon this as childish, we must remember that the Celestial, from the pinnacle of his lofty and, to him, immeasurably elevated civilization, looks down upon our manly sports with contempt, thinking it a condescension even to notice them.

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* Read by the author before the Asiatic Society of Japan, March 18th, 1874.

A very noticeable change has passed over the Japanese people since the modern advent of foreigners, in respect of their love of amusements. Their sports are by no means as numerous or elaborate as formerly, and they do not enter into them with the enthusiasm that formerly characterized them. The children's festivals and sports are rapidly losing their importance, and some now are rarely seen. Formerly the holidays were almost as numerous as saints' days in the calendar. Apprentice-boys had a liberal quota of holidays stipulated in their indentures; and as the children counted the days before each great holiday on their fingers, we may believe that a great deal of digital arithmetic was being continually done. We do not know of any country in the world in which there are so many toy-shops, or so many fairs for the sale of the things which delight children. Not only are the streets of every city abundantly supplied with shops, filled as full as a Christmas stocking with gaudy toys, but in small towns and villages one or more children's bazaars may be found. The most gorgeous display of all things pleasing to the eye of a Japanese child is found in the courts or streets leading to celebrated temples. On a matsuri, or festival day, the toy-sellers and itinerant showmen throng with their most attractive wares or sights in front of the shrine or temple. On the walls and in conspicuous places near the churches and cathedrals in Europe and America, the visitor is usually regaled with the sight of undertakers' signs and grave-diggers' advertisements. How differently the Japanese act in these respects, let any one see by visiting Asakusa, Kanda Miōjin, or one of the numerous Inari shrines in Tōkiō on some great festival day.

We have not space in this chapter to name or describe the numerous street-shows and showmen who are supposed to be interested mainly in entertaining children; though in reality adults form a part, often the major part, of their audiences. Any one desirous of seeing these in full glory must ramble down Yanagi Chō (Willow Street), from Sujikai, in Tōkiō, on some fair day, and especially on a general holiday.

Among the most common are the street theatricals, in which two, three, or four trained boys and girls do some very creditable acting, chiefly in comedy. Raree-shows, in which the looker-on sees the inside splendors of a daimio's yashiki, or the fascinating scenes of the Yoshiwara, or some famous natural scenery, are very common. The showman, as he pulls the wires that change the scenes, entertains the spectators with songs. The outside of his box is usually adorned with pictures of famous actors or courtesans, nine-tailed foxes, devils of all colors, dropsical badgers, and wrathful husbands butchering faithless wives and their paramours, or some such staple horror in which the normal Japanese so delights. Story-tellers, posturers, dancers, actors of charades, conjurers, flute-players, song-singers are found on these streets; but those who specially delight the children are the men who, by dint of breath and fingers, work a paste made of wheat-gluten into all sorts of curious and gayly smeared toys, such as flowers, trees, noblemen, fair ladies, various utensils, the "hairy foreigner," the same with a cigar in his mouth, the jin-riki-sha, etc. Nearly every itinerant seller of candy, starch-cakes, sugared pease, and sweetened beans, has several methods of lottery by which he adds to the attractions on his stall. A disk having a revolving arrow, whirled round by the hand of a child, or a number of strings which are connected with the faces of imps, goddesses, devils, or heroes, lends the excitement of chance, and, when a lucky pull or whirl occurs, occasions the subsequent addition to the small fraction of a cent's worth to be bought. Men or women itinerants carry a small charcoal brazier under a copper griddle, with batter, spoons, cups, and shoyu sauce, to hire out for the price of a cash each to the little urchins, who spend an afternoon of bliss making their own griddle-cakes and eating them, The seller of sugar-jelly exhibits a devil, taps a drum, and dances for the benefit of his baby-customers. The seller of mochi does the same, with the addition of gymnastics and skillful tricks with balls of dough. The fire-eater rolls balls of camphor paste glowing with lambent fire over his arms, and then extinguishes them in his mouth. The bug-man harnesses paper carts to the backs of beetles with wax, and a half-dozen in this gear will drag a load of rice up an inclined plane. The man with the magic swimming birds tips his tiny water-fowl with camphor, and floats them in a long narrow dish full of water. The wooden toys, propelled from side to side and end to end by the dissolving gum, act as if alive, to the widening eyes of the young spectators. In every Japanese city there are scores, if not hundreds, of men and women who obtain a livelihood by amusing the children.

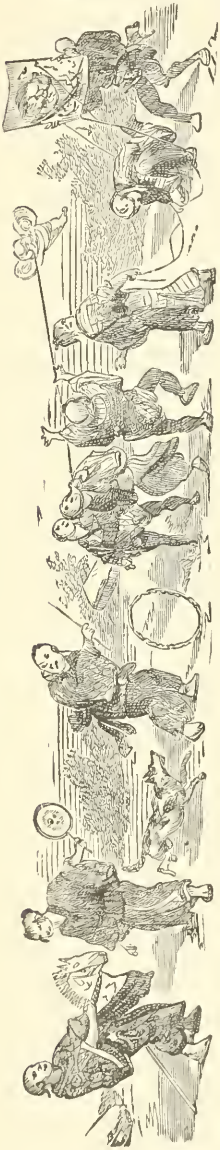
Some of the games of Japanese children are of a national character, and are indulged in by all classes. Others are purely local or exclusive. Among the former are those which belong to the special days, or matsuri, which in the old calendars enjoyed vastly more importance than under the new one. Beginning with the first of the year, there are a number of games and sports peculiar to this time. The girls, dressed in their best robes and girdles, with their faces powdered and their lips painted, until they resemble the peculiar colors seen on a beetle's wings, and their hair arranged in the most attractive coiffure, are out upon the street, playing battledore and shuttlecock. They play, not only in twos and threes, but also in circles. The shuttlecock is a round seed, often gilded, stuck round with feathers arranged like the petals of a flower. The battledore is a wooden bat; one side of which is of bare wood, while the other has the raised effigy of some popular actor, hero of romance, or singing-girl in the most ultra-Japanese style of beauty. The girls evidently highly appreciate this game, as it gives abundant opportunity to the display of personal beauty, figure, and dress. Those who fail in the game often have their faces marked with ink, or a circle drawn round their eyes. The boys sing a song that the wind may blow; the girls sing that it may be calm, so that their shuttlecocks may fly straight. The little girls, at this time, play with a ball made of cotton cord, covered elaborately with many strands of bright varicolored silk.

Inside the house, they have games suited, not only for the day-time, but for the evenings. Many foreigners have wondered what the Japanese do at night, and how the long winter evenings are spent. On fair and especially moonlight nights, most of the people are out-of-doors, and many of the children with them. Markets and fairs are held regularly at night in Tōkiō, and in the other large cities. The foreigner living in a Japanese city, even if he were blind, could tell, by stepping out-of-doors, whether the weather were clear and fine or disagreeable. On dark and stormy nights, the stillness of a great city like Tōkiō is unbroken and very impressive; but on a fair and moonlight night, the hum and bustle tell one that the people are out in throngs, and make one feel that it *is* a city that he lives in. In most of the castle towns in Japan, it was formerly the custom of the people, especially of the younger, to assemble on moonlight nights in the streets or open spaces near the castle-gates, and dance a sort of subdued dance, moving round in circles and clapping their hands. These dances often continued during the entire night, the following day being largely consumed in sleep. In the winter evenings, in Japanese households the children amuse themselves with their sports, or are amused by their elders, who tell them entertaining stories. The samurai father relates to his son Japanese history and heroic lore, to fire him with enthusiasm and a love of those achievements which every samurai youth hopes at some day to perform. Then there are numerous social entertainments, at which the children above a certain age are allowed to be present. But the games relied on as standard means of amusement, and seen especially about New-year's, are those of cards. In one of these, a large, square sheet of paper is laid on the floor. On this card are the names and pictures of the fifty-three post-stations between Tōkiō and Kiōto. At the place Kiōto are put a few coins, or a pile of cakes, or some such prizes, and the game is played with dice. Each throw advances the player toward the goal, and the one arriving first obtains the prize. At this time of the year also, the games of cards called, respectively, Iroha Garuta (Alphabet Cards), Hiyaku Nin Isshiu Garuta (One-Verse-of-One-Hundred-Poets Cards), Kokin Garuta, Genji, and Shi Garuta are played a great deal. The Iroha Garuta (Karŭta is the Japanized form of the Dutch *Karte*, English *card*) are small cards, each containing a proverb. The proverb is printed on one card, and the picture illustrating it upon another. Each proverb begins with a certain one of the fifty Japanese letters, *i*, *ro*, *ha*, etc., and so on through the syllabary. The children range themselves in a circle, and the cards are shuffled and dealt. One is appointed to be reader. Looking at his cards, he reads the proverb. The player who has the picture corresponding to the proverb calls out, and the match is made. Those who are rid of their cards first win the game. The one holding the last card is the loser. If he be a boy, he has his face marked curiously with ink. If a girl, she has a paper or wisp of straw stuck in her hair.

The Hiaku Nin Isshiu Garuta game consists of two hundred cards, on which are inscribed the one hundred stanzas, or poems, so celebrated and known in every household. A stanza of Japanese poetry usually consists of two parts, a first and second, or upper and lower clause. The manner of playing the game is as follows: The reader reads half the stanza on his card, and the player having the card on which the other half is written calls out, and makes a match. Some children become so familiar with these poems that they do not need to hear the entire half of the stanza read, but frequently only the first word.

The Kokin Garuta, or the game of Ancient Odes, the Genji Garuta, named after the celebrated Genji (Minamoto) family of the Middle Ages, and the Shi Garuta are all card-games of a similar nature, but can be thoroughly enjoyed only by well-educated Chinese scholars, as the references and quotations are written in Chinese, and require a good knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese classics to play them well. To boys who are eager to become proficient in Chinese, it often acts as an incentive to be told that they will enjoy these games after certain attainments in scholarship have been made. Having made these attainments, they play the game frequently, especially during vacation, to impress on their minds what they have already learned. The same benefit to the memory accrues from the Iroha and Hiakunin Isshiu Garuta.

Two other games are played which may be said to have an educational value. They are the Chiye no Ita and the Chiye no Wa, or the "Wisdom Boards" and the "Ring of Wisdom." The former consists of a number of flat, thin pieces of wood, cut in many geometrical shapes. Certain possible figures are printed on paper as models, and the boy tries to form them out of the pieces given him. In some cases, much time and thinking are required to form the figure. The Chiye no Wa is a ring-puzzle, made of rings of bamboo or iron on a bar. Boys having a talent for mathematics, or those who have a natural capacity to distinguish size and form, succeed very well at these



games, and enjoy them. The game of checkers is played on a raised stand or table, about six inches in height. The number of *go*, or checkers, including black and white, is three hundred and sixty. In the Sho-gi, or game of chess, the pieces number forty in all. Backgammon is also a favorite play, and there are several forms of it. About the time of the old New-year's, when the winds of February and March are favorable to the sport, kites are flown; and there are few sports in which Japanese boys, from the infant on the back to the full-grown and the over-grown boy, take more delight. I have never observed, however, as foreign books so often tell us, old men flying kites, and boys merely looking on. The Japanese kites are made of tough paper pasted on a frame of bamboo sticks, and are usually of a rectangular shape. Some of them, however, are made to represent children or men, several kinds of birds and animals, fans, etc. On the rectangular kites are pictures of ancient heroes or beautiful women, dragons, horses, monsters of various kinds, or huge Chinese characters. Among the faces most frequently seen on these kites are those of Yoshitsuné, Kintarō, Yoritomo, Benké, Daruma, Tomoyé, and Hangaku. Some of the kites are six feet square. Many of them have a thin tense ribbon of whalebone at the top of the kite, which vibrates in the wind, making a loud, humming noise. The boys frequently name their kites Genji or Heiké, and each contestant endeavors to destroy that of his rival. For this purpose, the string, for ten or twenty feet near the kite end, is first covered with glue, and then dipped into pounded glass, by which the string becomes covered with tiny blades, each able to cut quickly and deeply. By getting the kite in proper position, and suddenly sawing the string of his antagonist, the severed kite falls, to be reclaimed by the victor.

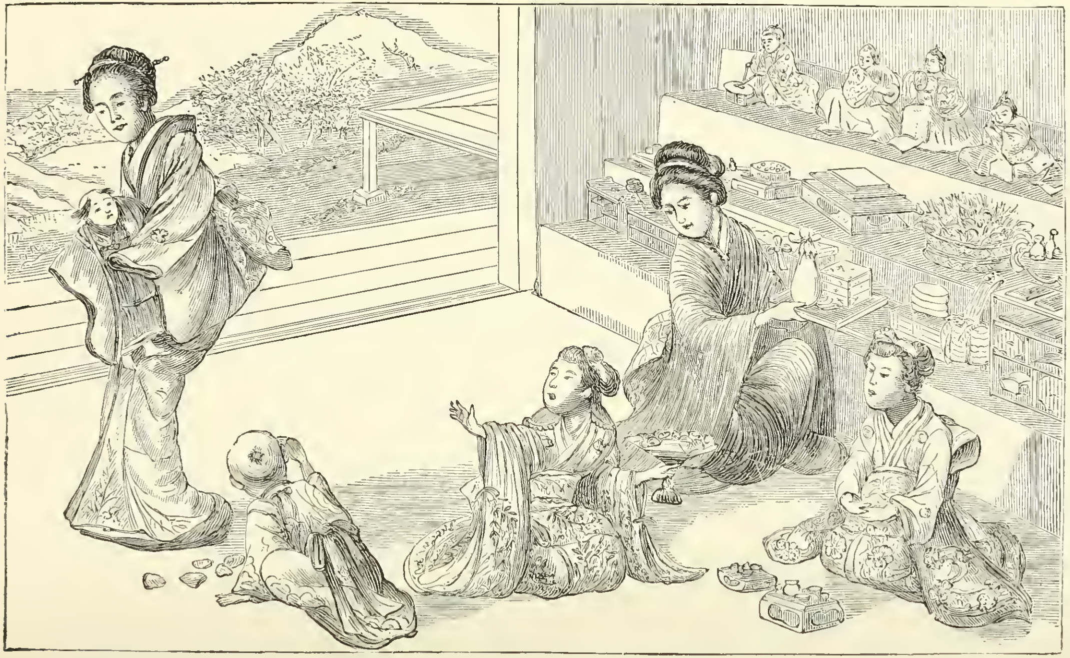
The Japanese tops are of several kinds; some are made of univalve shells, filled with wax. Those intended for contests are made of hard wood, and are iron-clad by having a heavy iron ring round as a sort of tire. The boys wind and throw them in a manner somewhat different from ours. The object of the player is to damage his adversary's top, or to make it cease spinning. The whipping-top is also known and used. Besides the athletic sports of leaping, running, wrestling, slinging, the Japanese boys play at blind-man's-buff, hiding-whoop, and with stilts, pop-guns, and blow-guns. On stilts they play various games and run races.

In the Northern and Western coast provinces, where the snow falls to the depth of many feet and remains long on the ground, it forms the material of the children's playthings, and the theatre of many of their sports. Besides sliding on the ice, coasting with sleds, building snow-forts, and fighting mimic battles with snow-balls, they make many kinds of images and imitations of what they see and know. In America the boy's snow-man is a Paddy with a damaged hat, clay pipe in mouth, and the shillalah in his hand. In Japan the snow-man is an image of Daruma. Daruma was one of the followers of Shaka (Buddha) who, by long meditation in a squatting position, lost his legs from paralysis and sheer decay. The images of Daruma are found by the hundreds in toy-shops, as tobacconists' signs and as the snow-men of the boys. Occasionally the figure of Geiho, the sage with a forehead and skull so high that a ladder was required to reach his pate, or huge cats and the peculiar-shaped dogs seen in the toy-shops, take the place of Daruma.

Many of the amusements of the children indoors are mere imitations of the serious affairs of adult life. Boys who have been to the theatre come home to imitate the celebrated actors, and to extemporize mimic theatricals for themselves. Feigned sickness and "playing the doctor," imitating with ludicrous exactness the pomp and solemnity of the real man of pills and powders, and the misery of the patient, are the diversions of very young children. Dinners, tea-parties, and even weddings and funerals, are imitated in Japanese children's plays.

Among the ghostly games intended to test the courage of, or perhaps to frighten, children, are two plays called respectively "Hiyaku Monogatari" and "Kon-daméshi," or the "One Hundred Stories" and "Soul-examination." In the former play a company of boys and girls assemble round the hibachi, while they, or an adult, an aged person or a servant, usually relate ghost-stories, or tales calculated to straighten the hair and make the blood crawl. In a distant dark room, a lamp (the usual dish of oil), with a wick of one hundred strands or piths, is set. At the conclusion of each story, the children in turn must go to the dark room and remove a strand of the wick. As the lamp burns down low, the room becomes gloomy and dark, and the last boy, it is said, always sees a demon, a huge face, or something terrible. In the "Kon-daméshi" or "Soul-examination," a number of boys, during the day plant some flags in different parts of a graveyard, under a lonely tree, or by a haunted hill-side. At night, they meet together, and tell stories about ghosts, goblins, devils, etc.; and at the conclusion of each tale, when the imagination is wrought up, the hair begins to rise and the marrow to curdle, the boys, one at a time, must go out in the dark and bring back the flags, until all are rought in.

On the third day of the third month is held the "Hina matsuri." This is the day especially devoted to the girls, and to them it is the greatest day in the year. It has been called, in some foreign works on Japan, the "Feast of Dolls." Several days before the matsuri, the shops are gay with the images bought for this occasion, and which are on sale only at this time of year. Every respectable family has a number of these splendidly dressed images, which are from four inches to a foot in height, and which accumulate from generation to generation. When a daughter is born in the house during the previ-



The Feast of Dolls. A Japanese Home on the Third Day of the Third Month. (Drawn by Naukoku Ōzawa.)

ous year, a pair of hina, or images, are purchased for the little girl, which she plays with until grown up. When she is married, her hina are taken with her to her husband's house, and she gives them to her children, adding to the stock as her family increases. The images are made of wood or enameled clay. They represent the mikado and his wife; the Kiōto nobles, their wives and daughters, the court minstrels, and various personages in Japanese mythology and history. A great many other toys, representing all the articles in use in a Japanese lady's chamber, the service of the eating-table, the utensils of the kitchen, traveling apparatus, etc., some of them very elaborate and costly, are also exhibited and played with on this day. The girls make offerings of saké and dried rice, etc., to the effigies of the emperor and empress, and then spend the day with toys, mimicking the whole round of Japanese female life, as that of child, maiden, wife, mother, and grandmother. In some old Japanese families in which I have visited, the display of dolls and images was very large.

The greatest day in the year for the boys is on the Fifth day of the Fifth month. On this day is celebrated what has been called the "Feast of Flags." Previous to the coming of the day, the shops display for sale the toys and tokens proper to the occasion. These are all of a kind suited to young Japanese masculinity. They consist of effigies of heroes and warriors, generals and commanders, soldiers on foot and horse, the genii of strength and valor, wrestlers, etc. The toys represent the equipments and regalia of a daimiō's procession, all kinds of things used in war, the contents of an arsenal, flags, streamers, banners, etc. A set of these toys is bought for every son born in the family. Hence, in old Japanese families, the display on the Fifth day of the Fifth month is extensive and brilliant. Besides the display indoors, on a bamboo pole erected outside is hung, by a string, to the top of the pole, a representation of a large fish in paper. The paper being hollow, the breeze easily fills out the body of the fish, which flaps its tail and fins in a natural manner. One may count hundreds of these floating in the air over the city.

The *nobori*, as the paper fish is called, is intended to show that a son has been born during the year, or, at least, that there are sons in the family. The fish represented is the carp, which is able to swim swiftly against the current and to leap over water-falls. This act of the carp is a favorite subject with native artists, and is also typical of the young man, especially the young samurai, mounting over all difficulties to success and quiet prosperity.

One favorite game, which has now gone out of fashion, was that in which the boys formed themselves into a daimiō's procession, having forerunners, officers, etc., and imitating, as far as possible, the pomp and circumstance of the old daimiō's train. Another game which was very popular was called the "Genji and Heiké." These are the names of the celebrated rival clans, or families, Minamoto and Taira. The boys of a town, district, or school ranged themselves into two parties, each with flags. Those of the Heiké were red, those of the Genji white. Sometimes every boy had a flag, and the object of the contest, which was begun at the tap of a drum, was to seize the flags of the enemy. The party securing the greatest number of flags won the victory. In other cases, the flags were fastened on the back of each contestant, who was armed with a bamboo for a sword, and who had fastened, on a pad over his head, a flat, round piece of earthenware, so that a party of them looked not unlike the faculty of a college. Often these parties of boys numbered several hundred, and were marshaled in squadrons, as in a battle. At the given signal, the battle commenced, the object being to break the earthen disk on the head of the enemy. The contest was usually very exciting. Whoever had his earthen disk demolished had to retire from the field. The party having the greatest number of broken disks, representative of cloven skulls, was declared the loser. This game has been forbidden by the Government as being too severe and cruel. Boys were often injured in it.

There are many other games, which we simply mention without describing. There are three games played by the hands, which every observant foreigner, long resident in Japan, must have seen played, as men and women seem to enjoy them as much as children. One is called "Ishiken," in which a stone, a pair of scissors, and a wrapping-cloth are represented. The stone signifies the clenched fist, the parted fore and middle finger the scissors, and the curved forefinger and thumb the cloth.

In the "Kitsuné-ken," the fox, man, and gun are the figures. The gun kills the fox, but the fox deceives the man, and the gun is useless without the man. In the "Osama-ken," five or six boys represent the various grades of rank, from the peasant up to the great daimiōs, or shōgun. By superior address and skill in the game, the peasant rises to the highest rank, or the man of highest rank is degraded.

From the nature of the Japanese language, in which a single word or sound may have a great many significations, riddles and puns are of extraordinary frequency. I do not know of any published collections of riddles, but every Japanese boy has a good stock of them on hand. There are few Japanese works of light, perhaps of serious, literature in which puns do not continually recur. The popular songs and poems are largely plays on words. There are also several puzzles played with sticks, founded upon the shape of certain Chinese characters. As for the short and simple story-books, song-books, nursery-rhymes, lullabys, and what, for want of a better name, may be styled Mother Goose literature, they are as plentiful as with us; but they have a very strongly characteristic Japanese flavor, both in style and matter. In the games, so familiar to us, of "Pussy wants a Corner" and "Prisoner's Base," the *oni*, or devil, takes the place of Puss or the officer.

I have not mentioned all the games and sports of Japanese children, but enough has been said to show their usual character. In general, they seem to be natural, sensible, and in every sense beneficial. Their immediate or remote effect, next to that of amusement, is either educational or hygienic. Some teach history, some geography, some excellent sentiments or good language, or inculcate reverence and obedience to the elder brother or sister, to parents or to the emperor, or stimulate the manly virtues of courage and contempt for pain. The study of the subject leads one to respect more highly, rather than otherwise, the Japanese people for being such affectionate fathers and mothers, and for having such natural and docile children. The character of the children's plays and their encouragement by the parents have, I think, much to do with that frankness, affection, and obedience on the part of the children, and that kindness and sympathy on that of the parents, which are so noticeable in Japan, and which form one of the good points of Japanese life and character.

XI.

HOUSEHOLD CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

Household, as distinct from religious, superstitions may be defined as beliefs having no real foundation of fact and a narrower range of influences. They act as a sort of moral police, whose rewards and punishments are confined entirely to this life. Religious superstitions affect all mankind alike; those of the household may be said to influence mainly women and children, and to have no connection with religion or the priests. Screened from criticism, humble in their sphere, they linger in the household longer than religious superstitions. Every nation has them; and according to the degree of intelligence possessed by a people will they be numerous or rare. In most cases they are harmless, while many have a real educational value for children and simple-minded people, who can not, by their own intelligence, foresee the remote good or bad results of their conduct. These persons may be influenced by the fear of punishment or the hopes of reward, embodied in a warning told with gravity, and enforced by the apparently solemn belief of him who tells it. As children outgrow them, or as they wear out, those who once observed will laugh at, and yet often continue them through the force of habit. Others will be retained on account of the pleasure connected with the belief. Others, again, become so intrenched in household customs that religion, reason, argument, fashion, assault them in vain. Thus, among many of us, the upsetting of a salt-cellar, the dropping of a needle that stands upright, the falling of a looking-glass, the accidental gathering of thirteen people around the dinner-table, will give rise to certain thoughts resulting in a course of action or flutter of fear that can not be rationally explained. I once heard of a Swedish servant-girl who would not brush away the cobwebs in her mistress's house, lest she should sweep away her beaux also. As in our own language, the fancies, poetry, or fears of our ancestors are embalmed in the names of flowers, in words and names, so the student of the picture-words of the Japanese language finds in them fragments of poems, quaint conceits, or hideous beliefs.

So far as I could judge, in Japan, the majority of the lower classes implicitly believe the household superstitions current among them; and though, in the upper strata of society, there were many men who laughed at them, the power of custom enslaved the women and children. The greater number of those I give below are believed by the larger portion of the people, particularly in the country. In this, as in others of a more serious nature, the belief varies with the mood and circumstances of the individual or people. Many of them I have seen or heard referred to in conversation or in my reading; others I have had noted down for me by young men from various parts of Japan. I find that a few of them are peculiar, or local, to one province; but most of them form the stock of beliefs common to mankind or the Japanese people. From hundreds, I give a few. Some have an evident moral or educational purpose—to inculcate lessons of tidiness, benevolence, and to form good habits of cleanliness, nicety in housekeeping, etc. Some are weather prognostics, or warnings intended to guard against fire or other calamities.

They never sweep the rooms of a house immediately after one of the inmates has set out upon a journey, or to be absent for a time. This would sweep out all the luck with him.

At a marriage ceremony, neither bride nor bridegroom wears any clothing of a purple color, lest their marriage-tie be soon loosed, as purple is the color most liable to fade. It would be as if a couple from New Jersey would go to Indiana to spend their honey-moon.

If, while a person is very sick, the cup of medicine is upset by accident, they say it is a sure sign of his recovery. This looks as though the Japanese had faith in the dictum, "Throw physic to the dogs."

There are some curious ideas in regard to cutting the finger-nails. The nails must not be trimmed just previous to going on a journey, lest disgrace should fall upon the person at the place of his destination. Upon no account will an ordinary Japanese cut his nails at night, lest cat's nails grow out from them. Children who cast the clippings of their nails in the brazier or fire are in danger of calamity. If, while any one is cutting the nails, a piece springs into the fire, he will die soon. By burning some salt in the fire, however, the danger is avoided.

It seems that the bore is not unknown in Japan, and the Japanese are pestered with visitors who sit their welcome out, and drive their hosts into a frenzy of eagerness to get rid of them. The following is said to be a sure recipe to secure good riddance: Go to the kitchen, turn the broom upside down, put a towel over it, and fan it lustily. The tedious visitor will soon depart. Or, burn a moxa (Japanese, *mō-gŭsa*) on the back of his clogs. A Japanese, in entering a house, always leaves his clogs or sandals outside the door. The American host, bored by tedious callers, is respectfully invited to try his method of hastening departures.

Japanese papas, who find, as other fathers do, how much it costs to raise a large family, will not let an infant, or even a young child, look in a mirror (and thus see a child exactly like itself, making apparent twins); for if he does, the anxious parent supposes the child, when grown up and married, will have twins.

When small-pox prevails in a neighborhood, and parents do not wish their children attacked by it, they write a notice on the front of their houses that their children are absent. This is said to keep out the disease.

Many have reference to death or criminals. A Japanese corpse is always placed with its head to the north and feet to the south. Hence, a living Japanese will never sleep in that position. I have often noticed, in the sleeping-rooms of private houses, where I was a guest, and in many of the hotels, a diagram of the cardinal points of the compass printed on paper, and pasted on the ceiling of the room, for the benefit of timid sleepers. Some Japanese, in traveling, carry a compass, to avoid this really natural and scientific position in sleep. I have often surprised people, especially students, in Japan, by telling them that to lie with the head to the north was the true position in harmony with the electric currents in the atmosphere, and that a Frenchman, noted for his longevity, ascribed his vigorous old age mainly to the fact that he slept in a line drawn from pole to pole. I used to shock them by invariably sleeping in that position myself.

The plaintive howling of a dog in the night-time portends a death in some family in the vicinity of the animal.

The wooden clogs of the Japanese are fastened on the foot by a single thong passing between the largest and next largest toe. The stocking, or sock, is a "foot-glove," with a separate compartment for the "thumb of the foot," and another mitten-like one for the "foot-fingers." This thong, divided into two, passes over the foot and is fastened at the sides. If, in walking, the string breaks in front, it is the sign of some misfortune to the person's enemies; if on the back part, the wearer himself will experience some calamity.

When, by reason of good fortune or a lucky course of events, there is great joy in a family, it is customary to make *kowaméshi*, or red rice, and give an entertainment to friends and neighbors. The rice is colored by boiling red beans with it. If, for any cause, the color is not a fine red, it is a bad omen for the family, and their joy is turned to grief.

When a person loses a tooth, either artificially at the hands of the dentist (Japanese, "tooth-carpenter"), or by forceps, or by accident, in order that another may grow in the empty socket, the tooth, if from the upper jaw, is buried under the foundation of the house; if from the lower jaw, it is thrown up on the roof of a house.

Many are founded upon puns, or word-resemblances, making the deepest impression upon the native mind. There are many instances in Japanese history in which discreet servants or wise men gave a happy turn to some word of sinister omen, and warded off harm.

At New-year's-day, paterfamilias does not like any one to utter the sound *shi* (death), or any word containing it. This is a difficult matter in a household, since the syllable *shi* has over a dozen different meanings, and occurs in several hundred Japanese words, some of them very common. Thus, let us suppose a family of husband, wife, child, and servant, numbering four (*shi*). A visitor calls, and happens to use the words *Shiba* (a city district in Tōkiō), *shi* (teacher, poem, four, to do, etc.). The host, at first merely angry with the visitor who so forcibly uses the sinister words, is incensed when the latter happens to remark that his host's household consists of four (*shi*), and wishes him gone. Moodily reflecting on his visitor's remark, he resolves to dismiss his servant, and so make his household three. But the shrewd servant, named Fuku, remonstrates with his master for sending away *fuku* (blessing, luck) from his house. The master is soothed, and keeps his "boy."

Many Japanese worship the god Kampira for no other reason than that the first syllable of his name means gold.

If a woman steps over an egg-shell, she will go mad; if over a razor, it will become dull; if over a whetstone, it will be broken. If a man should set his hair on fire, he will go mad. A girl who bites her finger-nails will, when married, bring forth children with great difficulty. Children are told that if they tell a lie, an *oni*, or an imp, called the *tengu*, will pull out their tongues. Many a Japanese urchin has spoken the truth in fear of the *oni* supposed to be standing by, ready to run away with his tongue. No such watchman seems to be set before the unruly member of the scolding wife. Of these "edge-tools that grow sharper by constant use" there is a goodly number in Japan. When husband and wife are quarreling, a devil is believed to stand between them, encouraging them to go on from bad to worse.

Salt is regarded as something so mysterious in its preservative power, that it is the subject of several household superstitions. A housewife will not, on any account, buy salt at night. When obtained in the day-time, a portion of it must first be thrown in the fire to ward off all dangers, and especially to prevent quarreling in the family. It is also used to scatter around the threshold and in the house after a funeral, for purificatory purposes.

Many are the imaginary ways of getting rich, so numerous in every land. One of the most important articles of Japanese clothing, in both male and female, is the *obi*, or girdle. If, in dressing, the *obi* gets entangled, and forms a knot or knob, the wearer never unties it himself, but proposes to some one else to do it for him, promising him a great sum, as the wearer is sure to be rich. There is usually a great deal of laughing when this "superstition" is observed.

All Japanese seem to have a desire to attain full stature. Stunted growth is a great grief to a man, and every thing of ill-omen calculated to restrain growth must be avoided. If a boy rests a gun on the top of his head, he will grow no taller. Children must not carry any kind of basket on their heads, nor must they ever measure their own height. Such a sight as men or women carrying burdens on their heads, so common in Europe, is rarely seen in Japan.

If a man, while going to fish, meets a bonze on the road, he will catch no fish, as the [strict] bonzes eat no fish.

A person who, when eating, bites his tongue, believes that somebody begrudges him his food.

It often happens that boys and girls like to eat the charred portions of rice that sometimes remain in the pot when the rice has been burned. Young unmarried people who persist in this are warned that they will marry persons whose faces are pock-marked.

Many people, especially epicures, have an idea that by eating the first fruits, fish, grain, or vegetables of the season, they will live seventy-five days longer than they otherwise would.

It is an exceedingly evil omen to break the chopsticks while eating. Children are told that if they strike any thing with their chopsticks while at their meals, they will be struck dumb.

People who drink tea or water out of the spout of the vessel, instead of out of a cup, are told that they will have a child with a mouth shaped like the spout of the vessel. This terror is kept fresh before the mind by masks and pictures of human beings with spout-shaped mouths.

In Japan the dwellings are universally built of wood, and conflagrations very frequently destroy whole towns or villages in a single day or night, leaving nothing but ashes. Hence it is of the greatest importance to provide against the ever-ready enemy, and every "sign" is carefully heeded. The following prognostics are deemed unfailing: When the cocks crow loudly in the evening; when a dog climbs up on the roof of a house or building of any kind. If a weasel cries out once, fire will break out: to avert it, a person must pour out three dipperfuls of water, holding the dipper in the left hand. A peculiar kind of grass, called *hinodé* (sunrise), grows on many Japanese houses: this must not be pulled up, otherwise the house will take fire.

In regard to visitors, they believe the following: In pouring tea from the tea-pot, it sometimes happens that the stem of a leaf comes out with the tea, and stands momentarily upright. From whatever direction the stem finally falls, they expect a visitor. If a bird, in flying, casts its shadow on the partition or window (which is of paper, and translucent), a visitor will surely call soon. A person, when abstracted or in trouble, while eating, will often pour out his tea from the back of the tea-pot, instead of through the spout. In such case it is a sure sign of the near visit of a priest to the house.

Many are intended to teach the youth to imitate great, good, or wise men.

If the rim (*fuchi*, also meaning "salary") of a cup is broken (*hanaréru*, also meaning is "lost") in presence of an official while he is eating, he will be unhappy, for he will understand it to mean that he will lose his office or salary.

Even among the educated samurai, with whom the maintaining of the family name and dignity is all-important, there are many dangerous seasons for travelers, and the number of lucky and unlucky days is too numerous to be fully noted here.

Many people of the lower classes would not wash their head or hair on "the day of the horse," so named after one of the signs of the zodiac, lest their hair become red. Any other capillary color than a deep black is an abomination to a Japanese.

During an eclipse of the sun or moon, people carefully cover the wells, as they suppose that poison falls from the sky during the period of the obscuration. Seeds will not germinate if planted on certain days. Many people will not build a house fronting to the north-east, else it will soon be destroyed: this is the quarter in which especial evil lurks; it is called the "Devil's Gate." Young men must not light their pipes at a lamp: it should be done at the coals in the brazier. If they persist in violating this precaution, they will not get good wives. Many people even now, in the rural districts, think it wrong to eat beef, and believe that a butcher will have a cripple among his descendants.

When a maimed or deformed child is born, people say that its parents or ancestors committed some great sin. After 5 P.M. many people will not put on new clothes or sandals. There are several years of life called the *yaku-doshi* (evil years), in which a person must be very careful of himself and all he does. These critical years are the seventh, twenty-fifth, forty-second, and sixty-first in a man's, and the seventh, eighth, thirty-third, forty-second, and sixty-first in a woman's life.

In Japan, as with us, each baby is the most remarkable child ever seen, and wondrous are the legends rehearsed concerning each one; but it is a great day in a Japanese home when the baby, of his own accord, walks before his first birthday, and mochi (rice pastry) must be made to celebrate the auspicious event.

Young girls do not like to pour tea or hot water into a cup of *kawaméshi* (red rice), lest their wedding-night should be rainy.

The common belief in Japan is that the dream is the act of the soul. As soon as a person falls asleep, the soul, leaving the body, goes out to play. If we wake any one suddenly and violently, he will die, because his soul, being at a distance, can not return to the body before he is awakened. The soul is supposed to have form and color, and to be a small, round, black body; and the adventures of the disembodied soul, *i. e.*, the black ball apart from its owner, form a standard subject in Japanese novels and imaginative literature.

In general, dreams go by contraries. Thus, if one dreams that he was killed or stabbed by some one with a sword, the dream is considered a very lucky one. If a person dreams of finding money, he will soon lose some. If he dreams of loss, he will gain. If one dreams of Fuji no yama, he will receive promotion to high rank, or will win great prosperity. If on the night of the second day of the First month one dreams of the *takara-buné* (treasure-ship), he shall become a rich man. In order to dream this happy dream, people often put beneath their pillows a picture of it, which operates like bridal-cake.

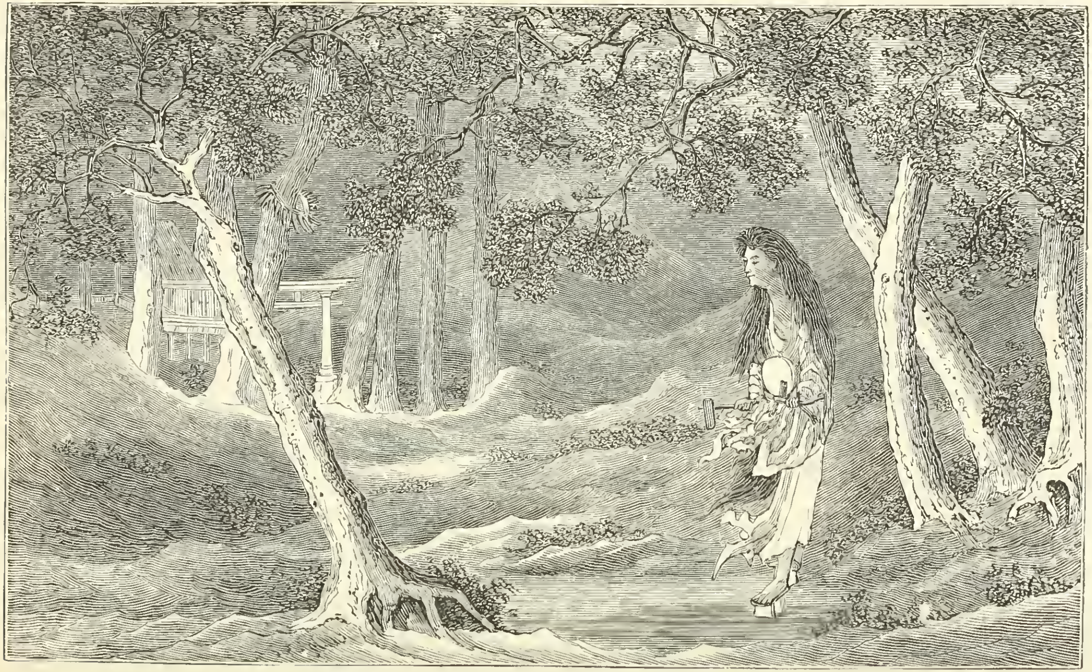
All these beliefs and hundreds of others that I noted in Japan are comparatively harmless. The Japanese fancy does not seem to have reached that depth of disease, to have suffered with that *delirium tremens* of superstition, such as inthralls and paralyzes the Chinese, and prevents all modern progress. *Feng Shuey* is not a national curse in Japan, as it is in China; and whereas, in the latter country, telegraph poles and wires are torn down because they cast a shadow over the ancestral tombs, and railroads can not be built because they traverse or approach grave-yards, in Japan both these civilizers are popular.

In a few years many of the household superstitions I have enumerated will be, in the cities of Japan, as curious to the Japanese as they are to us. Among these are the following, with which this long chapter may be closed:

All over the country, in town or city, are trees specially dedicated to the kami, or gods. Those around shrines also are deemed sacred. They are often marked by a circlet of twisted rice-straw. Several times in the recent history of the country have serious insurrections broken out among the peasantry, because the local authorities decided to cut down certain trees held in worshipful reverence by the people, and believed to be the abode of the tutelary deities. Nature, in all her forms, is as animate and populous to the Japanese imagination as were the mountain stream and sea to the child and peasant of ancient Greece. Many a tale is told of trees shedding blood when hewed down, and of sacrilegious axe-men smitten in death for their temerity. In popular fiction—the mirror as well as nurse of popular fancy—a whole grove of trees sometimes appears to the belated or guilty traveler as a whispering council of bearded and long-armed old men.

In Fukui and Tōkiō, and in my numerous journeyings, many trees were pointed out to me as having good or evil reputation. Some were the abodes of good spirits, some of ghosts that troubled travelers and the neighborhood; while some had the strange power of attracting men to hang themselves on their branches. This power of fascinating men to suicide is developed in the tree after the first victim has done so voluntarily. One of these, standing in a lonely part of the road skirting the widest of the castle moats in Fukui, was famous for being the elect gallows for all the suicides by rope in the city. Another tree, near the Imperial College in Tōkiō, within half a mile of my house, bore a similar sinister reputation; and another, on the south side of Shiba grove, excelled, in number of victims, any in that great city.

A singular superstition, founded upon the belief that the kami will visit vengeance upon those who desecrate the sacred trees, or for whom they are desecrated, is called the "*Ushi toki mairi*"—literally, "to go to the shrine at the hour of the ox." Let us suppose that a man has made love to a woman, won her affections, and then deserted her. In some cases, sorrow culminates in suicide; usually, it is endured and finally overborne; in rare cases, the injured woman becomes a jealous avenger, who invokes the gods to curse and annihilate the destroyer of her peace. To do this, she makes a rude image of straw, which is to represent her victim. At the hour of two o'clock in the morning, *ushi toki* (the hour of the ox), she proceeds (*mairi*) to the shrine of her patron god, usually the *Uji-gami* (family or local deity). Her feet are shod with high clogs, her limbs are lightly robed in loose night-dress of white, her hair is disheveled, and her eyes sparkle with the passion within her. Sometimes she wears a crown, made of an iron tripod reversed, on which burn three candles. In her left hand she carries the straw effigy; in her right she grasps a hammer. On her bosom is suspended a mirror. She carries nails in her girdle or in her mouth. Reaching the sacred tree, which is encircled with a garland of rice-straw, before the shrine, and near the torii, she impales upon the tree with nails, after the manner of a Roman crucifier, the straw effigy of her recreant lover. While so engaged, she adjures the gods to save their tree, impute the guilt of desecration to the traitor, and visit him with their deadly vengeance. The visit is repeated nightly, several times in succession, until the object of her incantations sickens and dies. At Sabaë, which I visited, a town twenty-five miles from Fukui, before a shrine of Kampira stood a pine-tree about a foot thick, plentifully studded with nails, the imperishable parts of these emblems of vicarious vengeance. Another, and a smaller, tree hard by, wounded unto death by repeated stabs of the iron nails driven home by arms nerved to masculine strength, had long since withered away. It stood there, all scarred and stained by rust, and guttered into rottenness, a grim memorial of passions long since cooled in death, perchance of retribution long since accomplished. What tales of love and desertion, anguish, jealousy, and vengeance could each rusty cross of iron points tell, were each a tongue! It seemed but another of many proofs that the passions which thrill or torment the human soul are as strong in Japan as in those lands whose children boast that to them it is given to reach the heights of highest human joy, and to sound the depths of deepest human woe. In Japan, also, "Love is as strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave."



The Jealous Avenger. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

XII.

THE MYTHICAL ZOOLOGY OF JAPAN.

As if to make amends for the poverty of the actual fauna in Japan, the number and variety of imaginary creatures in animal form are remarkably great. Man is not satisfied with what the heavens above and the waters under the earth show him. Seeing that every effect must have a cause, and ignorant of the revelations of modern science, the natural man sees in cloud, tempest, lightning, thunder, earthquake, and biting wind the moving spirits of the air. According to the primal mold of the particular human mind will the bodying of these things unseen be lovely or hideous, sublime or trivial. Only one born among the triumphs of modern discovery, who lives a few years in an Asiatic country, can realize in its most perfect vividness the definition of science given by the master seer—"the art of seeing the invisible."

The aspects of nature in Japan are such as to influence the minds of its mainly agricultural inhabitants to an extent but faintly realized by one born in the United States. In the first place, the foundations of the land are shaky. There can be no *real* estate in Japan, for one knows not but the whole country may be ingulfed in the waters out of which it once emerged. Earthquakes average over two a month, and a hundred in one revolution of the moon have been known. The national annals tell of many a town and village ingulfed, and of cities and proud castles leveled. Floods of rain, causing dreadful land-slides and inundations, are by no means rare. Even the ocean has, to the coast-dweller, an added terror. Not only do the wind and tempest arise to wreck and drown, but the tidal wave is ever a possible visitor. Once or twice a year the typhoons, sometimes the most dreadful in the dreadful catalogue of destructive agencies, must be looked for. Two-thirds of the entire surface of the empire is covered with mountains—not always superb models of form like Fuji, but often jagged peaks and cloven crests, among which are grim precipices, frightful gulches, and gloomy defiles. With no religion but that of paganism and fetichism, armed without by no weapons of science, strengthened within by no knowledge of the Creator-father, the Japanese peasant is appalled at his own insignificance in the midst of the sublime mysteries and immensities of nature. The creatures of his own imagination, by which he explains the phenomena of nature and soothes his terrors, though seeming frightful to us, are necessities to him, since the awful suspense of uncertainty and ignorance is to him more terrible than the creatures whose existence he imagines. Though modern science will confer an ineffable good upon Japan by enlightening the darkened intellect of its inhabitants, yet the continual liability to the recurrence of destructive natural phenomena will long retard the march of mind, and keep alive superstitions that now block like bowlders the path of civilization.

Chief among ideal creatures in Japan is the dragon. The word dragon stands for a genus of which there are several species and varieties. To describe them in full, and to recount minutely the ideas held by the Japanese rustics concerning them, would be to compile an octavo work on dragonology. The merest tyro in Japanese art—indeed, any one who has seen the cheap curios of the country—must have been impressed with the great number of these colossal wrigglers on every thing Japanese. In the country itself, the monster is well-nigh omnipresent. In the carvings on tombs, temples, dwellings, and shops—on the Government documents—printed on the old and the new paper money, and stamped on the new coins—in pictures and books, on musical instruments, in high-relief on bronzes, and cut in stone, metal, and wood—the dragon (*tatsu*) everywhere "swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail," whisks his long mustaches, or glares with his terrible eyes. The dragon is the only animal in modern Japan that wears hairy ornaments on the upper lip.

I shall attempt no detailed description of the Japanese dragon, presuming that most foreign readers are already familiar with its appearance on works of art. The creature looks like a winged crocodile, except as to the snout, which is tufted with hair, and the claws, which are very sharp. The celebrated Japanese author, Bakin, in his masterpiece of *Hakkenden* ("The Eight Dog Children"), describes the monster with dogmatic accuracy. He says: "The dragon is a creature of a very superior order of being. It has a deer's horns, a horse's head, eyes like those of a devil, a neck like that of a snake, a belly like that of a red worm, scales like those of a fish, claws like a hawk's, paws like a tiger's, and ears like a cow's. In the spring, the dragon lives in heaven; in the autumn, in the water; in the summer, it travels in the clouds and takes its pleasure; in winter, it lives in the earth dormant. It always dwells alone, and never in herds. There are many kinds of dragons, such as the violet, the yellow, the green, the red, the white, the black, and the flying dragon. Some are scaly, some horned, some without horns. When the white dragon breathes, the breath of its lungs goes into the earth and turns to gold. When the violet dragon spits, the spittle becomes balls of pure crystal, of which gems and caskets are made. One kind of dragon has nine colors on its body, and another can see every thing within a hundred ri; another has immense treasures of every sort; another delights to kill human beings. The water dragon causes floods of rain; when it is sick, the rain has a fishy smell. The fire dragon is only seven feet long, but its body is of flame. The dragons are all very lustful, and approach beasts of every sort. The fruit of a union of one of these monsters with a cow is the *kirin;* with a swine, an elephant; and with a mare, a steed of the finest breed. The female dragon produces at every parturition nine young. The first young dragon sings, and likes all harmonious sounds, hence the tops of Japanese bells are cast in the form of this

The Rain Dragon. (From a Japanese drawing, by Kano.)

dragon; the second delights in the sounds of musical instruments, hence the *koto*, or horizontal harp, and *suzumi*, a girl's drum, struck by the fingers, are ornamented with the figure of this dragon; the third is fond of drinking, and likes all stimulating liquors, therefore goblets and drinking-cups are adorned with representations of this creature; the fourth likes steep and dangerous places, hence gables, towers, and projecting beams of temples and pagodas have carved images of this dragon upon them; the fifth is a great destroyer of living things, fond of killing and bloodshed, therefore swords are decorated with golden figures of this dragon; the sixth loves learning and delights in literature, hence on the covers and title-pages of books and literary works are pictures of this creature; the seventh is renowned for its power of hearing; the eighth enjoys sitting, hence the easy-chairs are carved in its images; the ninth loves to bear weight, therefore the feet of tables and of hibachi are shaped like this creature's feet. As the dragon is the most powerful animal in existence, so the garments of the emperor or mikado are called the 'dragon robes,' his face the 'dragon countenance,' his body the 'dragon body,' the ruffling of the 'dragon scales' his displeasure, and his anger the 'dragon wrath.'"

Whence arose the idea of the dragon? Was the pterodactyl known to the early peoples of the East? Did the geologic fish-lizard wander at night, with teeth unpicked and uncleansed of phosphorescent fragments of his fish-diet, and thus really breathe out fire, as the artists picture him?

The kirin, referred to above, is an animal having the head of a dragon, the body of a deer, and the legs and feet of a horse, with tail and streaming hair or wings peculiar to itself, though native poets never bestride it, nor is it any relative of Pegasus. On its forehead is a single horn. It is found carved on the wood-work of the tombs of the shōguns and other defunct worthies in Japan. It is said that the kirin appears on the earth once in a thousand years, or only when some transcendently great man or sage, like Confucius, is born. It never treads on a live insect, nor eats growing grass. The kirin is of less importance in Japan than in China, whence its origin, like that of so much of the mythology and strange notions current in Japan.

There is another creature whose visits are rarer than those of angels, since it appears on the earth only at millennial intervals, or at the birth of some very great man. This fabulous bird, also of Chinese origin, is called the *howo*, or phenix. The tombs of the shōguns at Shiba and Nikkō have most elaborate representations of the howo, and the new and old paper currency of the country likewise bears its image. It seems to be a combination of the pheasant and peacock. A Chinese dictionary thus describes the fowl: "The phenix is of the essence of water; it was born in the vermilion cave; it roosts not but upon the most beautiful tree (Wu-tung, *Elæococcus oleifera*); it eats not but of the seeds of the bamboo; it drinks not but of the sweetest spring; its body is adorned with the Five Colors; its song contains the Five Notes; as it walks, it looks around; as it flies, the hosts of birds follow it." It has the head of a fowl, the crest of a swallow, the neck of a snake, the tail of a fish. Virtue, obedience, justice, fidelity, and benevolence are symbolized in the decorations on its head, wings, body, and breast.

Some of the ultra-conservatives, who cherish the old superstitions, and who look with distrust and contempt on the present *régime* in Japan, await the coming of the kirin and the howo with eagerness, as the annunciation of the birth of the great leader, who is, by his preeminent abilities, to dwarf into insignificance all the pigmy politicians of the present day. This superstition in Japan takes the place of those long in vogue in Europe, where it was supposed that such leaders as Charlemagne, Alfred, and Barbarossa were sleeping, but would come forth again at the propitious moment, to lead, conquer, and reign.

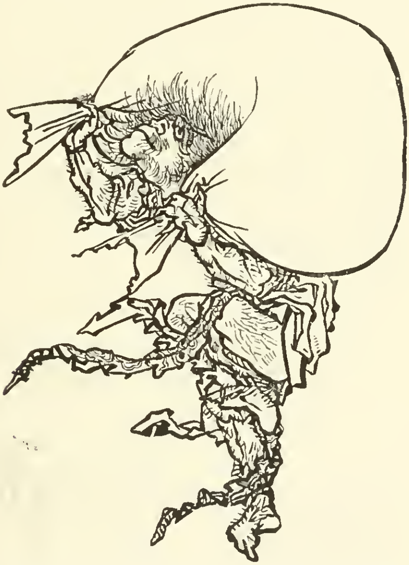
The *kappa* is a creature with the body and head of a monkey and the claws of a tortoise. There are various representations of it, gravely figured in native works on reptilology. In some of these, the monkey type seems to prevail; in others, the tortoise. There is a peculiar species of tortoise in the waters of Japan, called by the natives *sŭppon.* Its shell is cartilaginous, its head triangular, and its proboscis elongated and tapering. Imagine this greenish creature rising up, shedding its shell, and evolving into a monkey-like animal, about the size of a big boy, but retaining its web-footed claws, and you have the kappa. It is supposed to live in the water, and to seize people, especially boys, who invade its dominions. It delights in catching well-favored urchins, and feasting upon choice tidbits torn out of certain parts of their bodies.

The kappa, fortunately, is very fond of cucumbers, and parents having promising sons throw the first cucumbers of the season into the water it is supposed to haunt, to propitiate it and save their children. In Fukui, I was warned not to bathe in a certain part of the river, as the kappa would infallibly catch me by the feet and devour me; and more than one head was shaken when it became known that I had defied their warnings.

A woman was riding in a jin-riki-sha, and the coolie was coursing at full speed on the road at the side of the castle-moat, where the water is four feet deep. Suddenly, and, to the coolie, unaccountably, he and his vehicle were upset, and the precious freight was thrown into the moat. She was fished out in a condition that might have helped even a passing foreigner to believe in the existence of the mermaid. The coolie was puzzled to account for the capsizing of his machine, and immediately attributed it to the agency of the kappa. By venturing insultingly near the domain of this local Neptune, he had been punished by his muddy majesty. Though the woman had no mark of claw or teeth, she doubtless congratulated herself on her lucky escape from the claws of the monster.

I have heard, on several occasions, of people in Tōkiō seeing a kappa in the Sumida-gawa, the river that flows by the capital. Numerous instances of harm done by it are known to the orthodox believers, to whom these creations of diseased imagination are embodied verities. The native newspapers occasionally announce reported cases of kappa mischief, using the incidents as texts to ridicule the superstition, hoping to uproot it from the minds of the people.

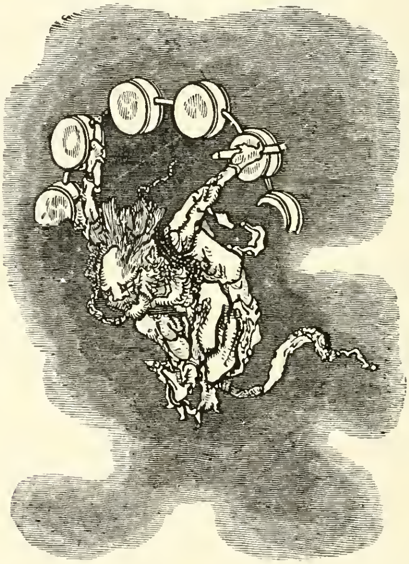
Among the many ideal creatures with which the native imagination has populated earth and air is the *kama-itachi*, believed to be a kind of weasel, that, in the most wanton sport, or out of mere delight in malignity, cuts or tears the faces of people with the sickle which it is supposed to carry. This creature is not known to trouble any animal except man. Every one knows that at times, in moments of excitement, cuts or scratches are received which are discovered only by the appearance of blood. In Japan, where the people universally wear clogs—often high, heavy blocks of wood, the thong of which is liable to break—and the ground is covered with loose pebbles or sharp stones, falls and cuts are very frequent. The one thought, to the exclusion of every other, in an instance of this kind, is about the failing thong or the outslipping support. The pedestrian, picking himself up, with probably a malediction on the thong or the clog-maker, finds, on cooling off, that his face is cut. Presto! "*Kama-itachi ni kirareta*" ("cut by the sickle-weasel"). The invisible brute has passed and cut his victim on the cheek with his blade. I have myself known cases where no cut appeared and no blood flowed, yet the stumbler who broke his clog-string fell to cursing the kama-itachi for tripping him. This creature is also said to be present in whirlwinds. It is a most convenient scape-goat for people who go out at night when they ought to stay at home, and who get cuts and scratches which they do not care to account for truly. A case recently occurred in the port of Niigata, which illustrates both the mythical and scape-goat phases of this belief. A European doctor was called to see a native woman, who was said to be suffering from the kama-itachi. The patient was found lying down, with a severe clean cut, such as might have been caused by falling on some sharp substance; but to all questions as to how she got the wound, the only answer was, "Kama-itachi." By dint of questioning the servants, it appeared that there was more in the facts than had met the doctor's ears. It seemed that, during the night, she had risen and passed out of the house, and had been absent for a considerable time. Whether there was a "love-lorn swain in lady's bower" awaiting her coming was not developed during the pumping process she was subjected to by the student of imaginary zoology, who was the catechist of the occasion. Japanese gardens are nearly always paved with smooth stones, which often have sharp edges. These might easily have inflicted just such a wound in case of a fall on



Futen, the Wind-imp. (From a Japanese drawing.)

their slippery surfaces, especially if the fall occurred in the darkness. For reasons of her own, most probably, the blame was laid on the kama-itachi.

The wind and the thunder, to a Japanese child or peasant, are something more than moving air and sound. Before many of the temples are figures, often colossal, of the gods of the wind and of thunder. The former is represented as a monstrous semi-feline creature, holding an enormous bag of compressed air over his shoulders. When he loosens his hold on one of the closed ends, the breezes blow; when he partly opens it, a gale arises; when he removes his hand, the tornado devastates the earth. At times, this imp, as the fancy seizes him, sallies forth from his lair away in the mountains, and chases terrified travelers or grass-cutters; often scratching their faces dreadfully with his claws. Sometimes, invisibly passing, he bites or tears the countenance of the traveler, who, bearing the brunt of the blast, feels the wound, but sees not the assailant. There are not wanting pictures and images representing the deliverance of pious men, who, trusting in the goddess Kuanon, have, by dint of nimbleness and prayer, escaped, as by a hair-breadth, the steel-like claws of Futen, the wind-imp.



Raiden, the Thunder-drummer. (From a native drawing.)

The "thunder-god" is represented as a creature that looks like a human dwarf changed into a species of erect cat. His name is Raiden. He carries over his head a semicircle of five drums joined together. By striking or rattling these drums, he makes thunder. With us it is not the thunder that strikes; but in Japanese popular language, the thunder not only strikes, but kills. According to Russian superstition, thunder kills with a stone arrow. Among the Japanese, when the lightning strikes, it is the thunder-cat that leaps upon, or is hurled at, the victim. Often it escapes out of the cloud to the ground. A young student from Hiuga told me that in his native district the paw of a thunder-imp that fell out of the clouds several centuries ago is still kept, and triumphantly exhibited, as a silencing proof to all skeptics of the actual occurrence of the event asserted to have taken place. Tradition relates that a sudden storm once arose in the district, and that, during a terrific peal of thunder, this monster leaped, in a flash of lightning, down a well. Instead, however, of falling directly into the water, its hind paw happened to get caught in a crack of the split timber of the wooden well-curb, and was torn off by the momentum of the descent. This paw was found after the storm, fresh and bloody, and was immediately taken to be preserved for the edification of future generations. It is not known whether any of the neighbors missed a cat at that time; but any suggestions of such an irreverent theory of explanation would doubtless be met by the keepers of the relic with lofty scorn and pitying contempt.

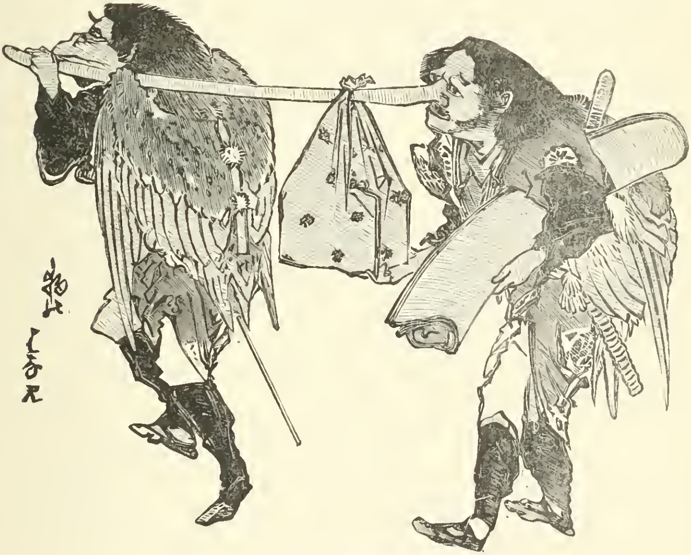
One of the miracle figures at Asakŭsa, in Tōkiō, until 1874 represents a noble of the mikado's court, with his hand on the throat, and his knee planted on the back of the thunder-imp that lies sprawling, and apparently howling, on the ground, with his drums broken and scattered about him. One hairy paw is stretched out impotently before him, and with the other he vainly tries to make his conqueror release his hold. The expression of the starting eyes of the beast shows that the vise-like grip of the man is choking him; his nostrils gape, and from his mouth extrude sharp teeth. His short ears are cocked, and his body is hairy, like a cat. On each of his paws are several triangular bayonet-shaped claws. The human figure is life-size; the thunder-cat is about three feet from crown to claws. The creature does not appear to have any tail. This, however, is no curtailment of his feline dignity, since most of the Japanese pussies have caudal appendages of but one or two inches in length, and many are as tailless as the Darwinian descendants of the monkey. This tableau is explained as follows by the guide-book to the exhibition:

"In the province of Yamato, in the reign of Yuriyaku Tennō, when he was leaving his palace, a sudden thunder-storm of terrific violence arose. The mikado ordered Sugaru, his courtier, to catch the thunder-imp. Sugaru spurred his horse forward and drove the thunder-god to the side of Mount Abé, where the creature, leaping high into the air, defied the attempts of his pursuer. Sugaru, gazing at the sky, cried out to the imp, 'Obey the emperor!' But the roll of the thunder ceased not for a moment. Then Sugaru, turning his face to the temple, prayed earnestly to Kuanon, and cried out, 'Dost thou not hear and protect thy faithful ones when they cry unto thee?' Immediately, as the prayer ended, a splendor of radiant light shot out from the temple, and the thunder-imp fell to the earth. Sugaru seized him in a trice, bound him securely, and took him to the emperor's palace. Then all men called him the 'god-catcher.'"

Decidedly, the animal of greatest dimensions in the mythical menagerie or aquarium of Japan is the *jishin uwo*, or "earthquake fish." Concerning the whereabouts and haunts of this monster, there are two separate opinions or theories, held respectively by the dwellers on the coast and those inland. The former believe that the jishin-uwo is a submarine monster, whose body is from half a ri to one ri in length. This fish strikes the shore or ocean-bottom in its gambols or in its wrath, and makes the ground rock and tremble. In times of great anger it not only causes the solid earth to quiver and crack, leveling houses in ruin, and ingulfing mountains, but, arching its back, piles the waters of the ocean into that sum of terror and calamity—a tidal wave. Among the people in the interior, however, the theory obtains that there exists a subterranean fish of prodigious length. According to some, its head is in the northern part of the main island, the place of fewest and lightest earthquakes, and its tail beneath the ground that lies between Tōkiō and Kiōto. Others assert that the true position is the reverse of this. The motions of the monster are known by the tremors of the earth. A gentle thrill means that it is merely bristling its spines. When shocks of extraordinary violence are felt, the brute is on a rampage, and is flapping its flukes like a wounded whale.

The limits of this chapter forbid any long description of the less important members of that ideal menagerie to which I have played the showman. Not a few instances have fallen under my own immediate notice of the pranks of two varieties of the genus *tengu*, which to the learned are symbolical of the male and female essences in

Chinese philosophy. These are in the one case long-nosed, and in the other long-billed goblins, that haunt mountain places and kidnap wicked children. Their faces are found in street shows, in picture-books, on works of art, and even in temples, all over the country. The native caricaturists are not afraid of them, and the funny artist has given us a sketch of a pair who are putting the nasal elongation to a novel use, in carrying the lunches. One is being "led by the nose," in a sense even stronger than the English idiom. The scrap of text, "*hanami*" ("to see the flowers"), is their term for junketing in the woods; but the hindmost tengu is carrying pleasure to the verge of pain, since he has to hold up his lunch-box with his right, while he carries his mat to sit on and table-cloth in his left hand. He of the beak evidently best enjoys the fun of the matter. I might tell of cats which do not exist in the world of actual observation, which have nine tails, and torment people, and of those other double-tailed felines which appear in the form of old women. A tortoise with a wide-fringed tail, which lives ten thousand years, is found portrayed on miscellaneous works of art, in bronze, lacquer-ware, carved work, and in silver, and especially represented as the emblem of longevity at



Tengu going on a Picnic. (Hokusai.)

marriage ceremonies. The mermaid is not only an article of manufacture by nimble-fingered native taxidermists, but exists in the belief of the Japanese fishermen as certainly as it does not exist in the ocean.

Among the miracle-figures or tableaux at Asakŭsa, to which we have already referred, is one representing a merman begging the prayers of a pious devotee. The Japanese guide-book says: "One day when a certain Jogu Taishi was passing the village of Ishidéra, a creature with a head like a human being and a body like a fish appeared to him out of the rushes, and told him that in his previous state of existence he had been very fond of fishing. Now, being born into the world as a merman, he eagerly desired Jogu Taishi to erect a shrine to the honor of Kuanon, that by the great favor and mercy of the goddess he might be reborn into a higher form of life. Accordingly, Jogu Taishi erected a shrine, and carved with his own hands a thousand images of Kuanon. On the day on which he finished the carving of the last image, a *ten-jin* (angel) appeared to him and said, 'By your benevolence and piety I have been born into the regions of heaven.'"

Little boys, tempted to devour too much candy, are frightened, not with prophecies of pain or threats of nauseous medicines, but by the fear of a hideous huge worm that will surely be produced by indulgence in sweets. The Japanese bacchanals are called shōjō. They are people who live near the sea, of long red hair, bleared eyes, and gaunt faces, who dance with wild joy before a huge jar of saké. On picnic boxes, saké cups, vases and jars of lacquered work, bronze, or porcelain, these mythical topers, with the implements of their mirth and excess, are seen represented. The associations of a Japanese child who first looks upon a man of red beard or hair may be imagined. So goes through all ages and ranks of life a more or less deep-rooted terror of non-existent monstrosities; and although many Japanese people in the cities and towns laugh at these superstitions, yet among the *inaka*, or country people, they are living realities, not to be trifled with or defied. In company, round the hearth, one fellow may be bold enough to challenge their existence; but at night, on the lonely road, or in the mountain solitudes, or in the presence of nature's more awful phenomena, the boor, the child, and even the grown men who reason, are awed into belief and fear. That they are fading away, however, year by year, is most evident. Science, the press, education, and Christianity are making these mythical animals extinct species in the geology of belief.

Grandmother telling Stories to the Children round the Brazier. (Drawn by Nankoku Ōzawa.)

XIII.

FOLK-LORE AND FIRESIDE STORIES.

The hibachi, or fire-brazier, is to the Japanese household what the hearth or fire-place is in an Occidental home. Around it friends meet, the family gathers, parents consult, children play, the cat purrs, and the little folks listen to the fairy legends or household lore from nurse or grandame.

I have often, in many a Japanese home, seen children thus gathered round the hibachi, absorbing through open eyes and ears and mouth the marvelous stories which disguise the mythology, philosophy, and not a little of the wisdom of the world's childhood. Even the same world, with its beard grown, finds it a delight to listen now and then to the old wives' fables, and I propose in this chapter to give a few of the many short stories with which every Japanese child is familiar, and which I have often heard myself from children, or from the lips of older persons, while sitting round the hibachi, or which I have had written for me. The artist Ōzawa, at my request, sketched such a scene as I have often looked upon. The grandmother has drawn the attention of her infantile audience to the highest tension of interest. Iron-bound top, picture-book, mask of Suzumé, jumping-jack, devil in a band-box, and all other toys are forgotten, while eyes open and mouths gape as the story proceeds. Besides the gayly colored little books, containing the most famous stories for children, there are numerous published collections of tales, some of which are centuries old. Among those current in Japan are some of Indian, Chinese, and perhaps of other origin.

The wonderful story of "Raiko and the Oni" is one of the most famous in the collection of Japanese grandmothers. Its power to open the mouths and distend the oblique eyes of the youngsters long after bed-time, is unlimited. I have before me a little stitched book of seven leaves, which I bought among a lot of two dozen or more in one of the colored print and book shops in Tōkiō. It is four inches long and three wide. On the gaudy cover, which is printed in seven colors, is a picture of Raiko, the hero, in helmet and armor, grasping in both hands the faithful sword with which he slays the ghoul whose frightful face glowers above him. The *hiragana* text and wood-cuts within the covers are greatly worn, showing that many thousand copies have been printed from the original and oft-retouched face of the cherry-wood blocks. The story, thus illustrated with fourteen engravings, is as follows:

A long while ago, when the mikado's power had slipped away into the hands of his regents, the guard at Kiōto was neglected. There was a rumor in the city that *oni*, or demons, frequented the streets late at night, and carried off people bodily. The most dreaded place was at the Ra-jō gate, at the south-western entrance to the palace. Hither Watanabé, by order of Raiko, the chief captain of the guard, started one night, well armed. Wearily waiting for some hours, he became drowsy, and finally fell asleep. Seizing his opportunity, the wary demon put out his arm from behind the gate-post, caught Watanabé by the neck, and began to drag him up in the air. Watanabé awoke, and in an instant seized the imp by the wrist, and, drawing his sword, lopped the oni's arms off, who then leaped into the cloud, howling with pain. In the morning Watanabé returned, and laid the trophy at his master's feet. It is said that an oni's limb will not unite again if kept apart from the stump for a week. Watanabé put the hairy arm in a strong stone box, wreathed with twisted rice-straw, and watched it day and night, lest the oni should recover it. One night a feeble knock was heard at his door, and to his challenge his old aunt's voice replied. Of course, he let the old woman in. She praised her nephew's exploit, and begged him to let her see it. Being thus pressed, as he thought, by his old aunty, he slid the lid aside. "This is my arm," cried the hag, as she flew westward into the sky, changing her form into a tusked and hairy demon. Tracing the oni's course, Raiko and four companions, disguised as *komusō* (wandering priests), reached the pathless mountain Oyé, in Tango, which they climbed. They found a beautiful young girl washing a bloody garment. From her they learned the path to the oni's cave, and that the demons eat the men, and saved the pretty damsels alive. Approaching, they saw a demon cook carving a human body, to make soup of. Entering the cave, they saw *Shu ten dōji*, a hideous, tusked monster, with long red hair, sitting on a pile of silken cushions, with about a hundred retainers around him, at a feast. Steaming dishes were brought in, full of human limbs, cooked in every style. The young damsels had to serve the demons, who quaffed saké out of human skulls. Raiko and his band pretended to join in the orgies, and amused the demons by a dance, after which they presented them with a bottle of saké which had been mixed with a narcotic. The chief drank a skullful and gave to his retainers. Soon all the demons were asleep, and a thunder-storm of snores succeeded. Then Raiko and his men threw off their disguise, drew sword, and cut off their heads, till the cave flowed blood like a river. The neck of the chief demon was wider than Raiko's sword, but the blade miraculously lengthened, and Raiko cut the monster's head off at one sweep. They then destroyed the treasure, released all the prisoners, and returned to Kiōto in triumph, exposing the huge head along the streets.

The red-haired, red-faced, or red-bearded aliens in Japan, who drink brandy out of tumblers, and then in drunken fury roam in the streets of Yokohama and Nagasaki, are not unfrequently compared to the intoxicated monster beheaded by Raiko. The Japanese child who sees his parents indulge in saké from a tiny cup, and to whom black eyes and hair, and the Japanese form, face, and dress constitute the true standard, is amazed at the great size of the mugs and drinking-glasses from which the men of red beards and faces drink a liquid ten times stronger than saké. Very naturally, to the Japanese imagination and memory the drunken sailor appears a veritable *shu ten dōji*. Nevertheless, the Yokohama coolie does not call him by so classic a name. He frames a compound adjective from the imprecation which most frequently falls from the sailor's lips. In the "Yokohama dialect," the word for sailor is *dammuraisŭ hitō* ("d—n-your-eyes" man).

The story of "The Monkey and the Crab" has as many versions as that of "The Arkansas Traveler." It is continually re-appearing in new dress and with new variations, according to the taste and abilities of the audience. Its flavor, as told by the chaste mother instructing her daughters, or by the vulgar coolie amusing his fellow-loafers while waiting for a job, is vastly different in either case. The most ordinary form of the story is as follows:

Once upon a time there was a crab who lived in a hole on the shady side of a hill. One day he found a bit of rice-cake. A monkey who was just finishing a persimmon met the crab, and offered to exchange its seed for the rice cracknel. The simple-minded crab accepted the proposal, and the exchange was made. The monkey eat up the rice-cake, but the crab backed off home, and planted the seed in his garden.

A fine tree grew up, and the crab was delighted at the prospect of soon enjoying the luscious fruit. He built a nice new house, and used to sit on the balcony, watching the ripening persimmons. One day the monkey came along, and, being hungry, congratulated the crab on his fine tree, and begged for some of the fruit, offering to climb and gather it himself. The crab politely agreed, requesting his güest to throw down some of the fruit that he might enjoy it himself. The ungrateful rascal of a monkey clambered up, and, after filling his pockets, eat the ripest fruit as fast as he could, pelting the crab with the seeds. The crab now determined to outwit the monkey, and, pretending to enjoy the insults as good jokes, he dared the monkey to show his skill, if he could, by descending head foremost. The monkey, to show how versatile were his accomplishments, accepted the friendly challenge, and turning flank—not tail—for Japanese monkeys have no tails—he began to come down head foremost. Of course, all the persimmons rolled out of his pockets. The crab, seizing the ripe fruit, ran off to his hole. The monkey, waiting till he had crawled out, gave him a sound thrashing, and went home.

Just at that time a rice-mortar was traveling by with his several apprentices, a wasp, an egg, and a sea-weed. After hearing the crab's story, they agreed to assist him. Marching to the monkey's house, and finding him out, they arranged their plans and disposed their forces so as to vanquish their foe on his return. The egg hid in the ashes on the hearth, the wasp in the closet, the sea-weed near the door, and the mortar over the lintel. When the monkey came home he lighted a fire to steep his tea, when the egg burst, and so bespattered his face, that he ran howling away to the well for water to cool the pain. Then the wasp flew out and stung him. In trying to drive off this fresh enemy, he slipped on the sea-weed, and the rice-mortar, falling on him, crushed him to death. Wasn't that splendid? The wasp and the mortar and sea-weed lived happily together ever afterward.

The moral against greedy and ungrateful people needs no pointing. In one of the recently published elementary works on natural philosophy, written in the vernacular of Tōkiō, I have seen the incident of the bursting egg utilized to illustrate the dynamic power of heat at the expense of the monkey. Another story, used to feather the shaft aimed at greedy folks, is that of the elves and the envious neighbor. The story is long, but, condensed, is as follows:

A wood-cutter, overtaken by a storm and darkness among the mountains, seeks shelter in a hollow tree. Soon he saw little creatures, some of a red color, wearing blue clothes, and some of a black color, wearing red clothes. Some had no mouth; others had but one eye. There were about one hundred of them. At midnight the elves, having lighted a fire, began to dance and carouse, and the man, forgetting his fright, joined them and began to dance. Finding him so jolly a companion, and wishing him to return the next night, they took from the left side of his face a large wen that disfigured it, as pawn, and disappeared. The next day, having told his story in high glee, an envious neighbor, who was also troubled with a wen on the right side of his face, resolved to possess his friend's luck, and went out to the same place. At night the elves assembled to drink and enjoy a jig. The man now appeared, and, at the invitation of the chief elf, began to dance. Being an awkward fellow, and not to be compared with the other man, the elves grew angry, and said, "You dance very badly this time. Here, you may have your pledge, the wen, back again." With that an elf threw the wen at the man. It stuck to his cheek, and he went home, crying bitterly, with two wens instead of one.

Stories of cats, rabbits, dogs, monkeys, and foxes, who are born, pass through babyhood, are nursed, watched, and educated by anxious parents with all due moral and religious training, enjoy the sports proper to their age, fall in love, marry, rear a family, and live happy ever afterward to a green old age, form the staple of the tiny picture-books for tiny people. When told by garrulous nurses or old grannies, the story becomes a volume, varied and colored from rich imagination or actual experience.

A great many funny stories are told about blind men, who are often witty wags. They go about feeling their way with a staff, and blowing a double-barreled whistle which makes a peculiarly ugly noise. They shave their heads, and live by shampooing tired travelers at hotels, or people who like to be kneaded like a sponge or dough. They also loan out money at high rates of interest, public sympathy being their sure guard against loss. Even among these men the spirit of caste and rank prevails, and the chief blind man of a city or town usually holds an official diploma. On the occasion of such an award the bald-pates enjoy a feast together. After imbibing freely, they sing songs, recite poetry, and crack jokes, like merry fellows with eyes, and withal, at them because having eyes, some can not see—to read. Here is a sample. An illiterate country gawk, while in the capital, saw a learned man reading with eyeglasses on. Thereupon, he hastened to an optician's, and bought a pair. He was both annoyed and surprised to find he could not make out a word.

A story is told of two men who were stone-deaf, who met together one morning, when the following dialogue took place:

First Post. "Good-morning. Are you going to buy saké?"

Second Post. "No. I am going to buy saké."

Third Post. "Oh, excuse me, I thought you were going to buy saké."

I heard the following story from one of my students from Fukui. It is a favorite with the professional story-tellers in Tōkiō. It reminds one of the Spaniard who is said to have put on magnifying spectacles while eating grapes, or the Yankee who strapped green eyeglasses on his horse while feeding him on shavings:

A very economical old fellow, named Kisaburo, once took lodgings near a shop to which the *élite* of the epicures of Yedo resorted daily for the delicacy of eels fried in soy. The appetizing odor was wafted into his quarters, and Kisaburo, being a man of strong imagination, daily enjoyed his frugal meal of boiled rice by his palate, and the savory smoke of eels through his olfactories, and thus saved the usual expense of fish and vegetables.

The eel-frier, on discovering this, made up his mind to charge his stingy neighbor for the smell of his eels, and paid him a visit with his bill made out. Kisaburo, taking it in good humor, called his wife, who brought out the cash-box. After jingling the bag of money, he touched it on the bill, and replacing it in the box under lock, ordered his wife to return it to its place. The eel-man, amazed at such financiering, cried out, "Well, are you not going to pay me?" "Oh no!" said Kisaburo, "you have charged me for the smell of your eels; I have paid you back with the sound of my money."

A story very similar to this, which I have transcribed as I heard it, is given by Rabelais, Third Book, thirty-seventh chapter.

Stories illustrating the freaks of absent-minded men are very numerous. Here is one, told me by a village lad from near Takéfu, in Echizen. A farmer's wife about to enjoy the blessing of addition to her family besought her husband to visit a famous shrine of Kuanon, the Goddess of Mercy, and make an offering and pray for easy deliverance of her offspring. The good wife packed up a lunch for her husband in a box of lacquered wood, and took out one hundred cash (about one and a half cents) from their hoard, which was kept in an old bag made of rushes, in a jar under the floor, as a gift to be thrown into the temple coffer to propitiate the deity. At early morn the man prepared to start, but in a fit of absent-mindedness, instead of his lunch-box, he took the pillow (a Japanese pillow is often a box of drawers holding the requisites of a woman's coiffure, with a tiny bolster on the top), and, carefully wrapping it up, set off, and in due time arrived at the shrine. Now, the husband was less devout than his spouse, and, being ten miles away from her tongue and eye, he decided to throw but ten cash into the sacred coffers, and spend the remaining ninety on a bottle of saké, to be served by a pretty waiter-girl at the adjoining tea-house. So he divided his money into two packages, but in his absent-mindedness he unintentionally flung the larger amount into the temple box. Annoyed on discovering his bad luck, he offered his prayers in no very holy frame of mind, and then sat down to enjoy his lunch. Not being able to eat the hair-pins, pomatum, etc., in the pillow-box, he made his way to an eating-shop to buy a bit of *mochi* (rice-dough) to satisfy his hunger. Again his greed and absent-mindedness led him to grief, for, seeing a large round piece of what he thought was good dough for short-cake for only five cash, he bought it and hurried of, thinking the shop-girl had made a mistake, which she would soon discover at her cost. When he went to eat it, however, he found it was only a plaster show-piece for the dough. Chewing the cud of bitter reflections, the hungry man at dark reached, as he supposed, his home; and seeing, as he thought, his wife lighting a lantern, greeted her with a box on the ear. The woman, startled at such conduct, screamed, bringing her husband to her relief, and the absent-minded man, now recovering his senses again, ran for his life; but when beyond danger he relapsed into his old habits, and reaching his own dwelling, found himself begging pardon of his own amazed wife for having boxed her ears.

One of the many tales of filial revenge (see page 222) told to children is that of "the Soga boys." In the time of Yoritomo, while on a hunt in the mountains, one Kudo shot and killed Kawadzu. Of the slain man's two sons, one was sent to a monastery in the Hakoné mountains, to be educated for the Buddhist priesthood. There, as he grew up, he learned all about the death of his father, and who his murderer was. From that time, he thought of nothing but how to compass his death. Meanwhile, the other son was adopted by one Soga, and became a skillful fencer. At Ōiso, on the Tōkaidō, the two orphans finally meet, lay their plans, feast together, and prepare to join the great hunt of Yoritomo on the slopes of Mount Fuji. On the night after, they attack the quarters where the tired Kudo lies asleep. They beat down the servants who try to defend him, and sate their revenge by cutting off his head.

Of foxes and badgers I have written elsewhere. I have in this chapter of folk-lore, given only a few specimens from a great storehouse. This last is called "The Boy of Urashima."

In the reign of the Empress Suiko (A.D. 593–628) there lived, on a small island off the coast of Tango, a poor fisherman and his wife. Though too poor to provide more than the barest necessaries of life, they managed, being pious folks, to keep the lamp always burning in the shrine of Riu Jin, the sea-god, their patron. Night and morning they offered up their prayers, and, though their meals might be scanty, they never failed to burn a stick of incense at the shrine.

To this good couple a dear son was born, who grew up to be pious and dutiful, and to be the staff of his aged parents. When they were too old to go out to fish, Tarō, the son, caught enough fish to support himself and them. Now, it happened that one day in autumn Tarō was out, as usual, in his boat, though the sea was rough and the waves high. The increasing storm finally compelled him to seek shelter in his hut. He uttered a prayer to the sea-god, and turned his prow homeward. Suddenly there appeared, on the crest of the waves, a divine being, robed in white, riding upon a large tortoise. Approaching the wearied fisherman, he greeted him kindly, and said, "Follow me, and I will make you a happy man."

Tarō, leaving his boat, and mounting the tortoise with his august companion, the tortoise sped away with marvelous celerity; and on they journeyed for three days, passing some of the most wonderful sights human being ever beheld. There were ponds of perfectly transparent water filled with the fish he daily caught, and others with strange species. The roads were lined with rare and fragrant trees laden with golden fruit, and flowers more beautiful than he had ever seen or imagined. Finally, they came to a great gate of white marble, of rare design and imposing proportion. Richly dressed ladies and pages were waiting to welcome him. He entered a golden palanquin, and amidst trains of courtiers was borne to the palace of the king, and treated with honor and courtesy. The splendors of this palace it is not possible to describe in the language of earth. Tarō was assigned to one of the fairest apartments, and beautiful girls waited upon him, and a host of servants were ready to do his bidding. Feasts, music, songs, dancing, gay parties, were given in his honor. Many of the people around him seemed very remarkable beings. Some had heads made of shells, some of coral. All the lovely colors of nacre, the rarest tints which man can see beneath the deep-blue sea when the ocean's floor is visible, appeared on their dresses and ornaments. Their jewels of pearls and precious stones and gold and silver were profuse, but wrought in exquisite art. Tarō could scarcely tell whether the fascinating creatures were human or not; but he was very happy, and his hosts so kind that he did not stop to notice their peculiarities. That he was in fairy-land he knew, for such wealth was never seen, even in king's palaces, on earth.

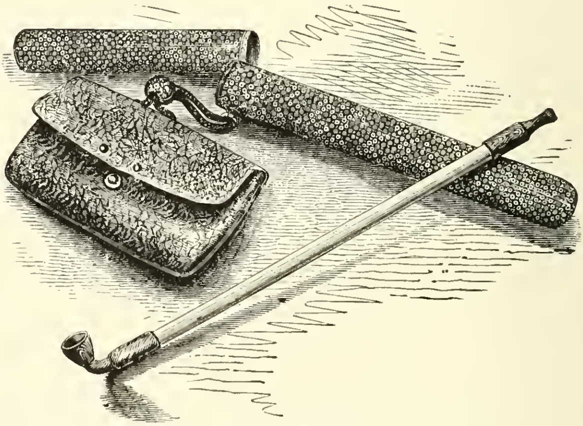
After Tarō had spent, as he supposed, seven days at the king's palace, he wished to go and see his parents. He felt it was wrong to be so happy when he was uncertain of their fate in the upper world. The king allowed his request, and, on parting with him, gave him a box. "This," said he, "I give you on condition that you never open it, nor show it to any one, under any circumstances whatever." Tarō, wondering, received it, and bid adieu to the king. He was escorted to the white marble gate, and, mounting the same tortoise, reached the spot where he had left his boat. The tortoise then left him.

Tarō was all alone. He looked round, and saw nothing on the strand. The mountains and rocks were familiar, but no trace of his parents' hut was seen. He began to make inquiries, and finally learned from an old gray-headed fisherman that, centuries before, the persons he described as his parents had lived there, but had been buried so long ago that their names could be read only by scraping the moss and lichens off the very oldest stones of the grave-yard in the valley yonder. Thither Tarō hied, and after long search found the tomb of his dear parents. He now, for the first time since he had left his boat—as he thought, a few days ago—felt the pangs of sorrow. He felt an irresistible longing to open the box. He did so. A purple vapor, like a cloud, issued and suffused his head for a moment. A cold shiver ran through him. He tried to rise; his limbs were stiff and bent. His face was wrinkled; his teeth dropped out; his limbs trembled; he was an old man, with the weight of four centuries on him. His infirmities were too great for flesh to bear; he died a few days afterward.

I have given the story as it was current in Echizen. I have also heard it told with the location on the shores of the Bay of Yedo. Another version makes the strand of a river in Shinano the place of Tarō's departure and return. In another form of the story, Tarō returns to find his parents dwelling in a glorious mansion. After greetings are over, the old folks are curious to know what the box contains. Tarō, persuaded, opens it, to find himself, alone and old, on a desolate shore. The story is undoubtedly very old. It is found in several books, and has been often made the subject of art. The fishermen in various parts of Japan worship the good boy of Urashima, who, even in the palaces of the sea-gods, forgot not his old parents.

The four following stories are a few of many told of a famous judge, named Ōka, who, for wisdom, shrewdness, and judicial acumen, may be called the Solomon of Japan. I first heard of his wondrous decisions when in Tōkiō, but there is a book of anecdotes of him, and a record of his decisions, called the *Ōka Jinseidan.* I suppose they are true narrations.

A certain man possessed a very costly pipe, made of silver inlaid with gold, of which he was very proud. One day a thief stole it. After some vain search, Ōka heard that a man in a certain street had such a pipe, but it was not certain whether it was his own or the stolen article. He found out the truth concerning the pipe in the following ingenious manner.



Japanese Pipe of Bamboo and Brass, Pipe-case, and Tobacco-pouch.

A Japanese pipe is usually made of a tiny bowl, or bowl-piece, fitted to a mouth-piece with a bamboo tube. Sometimes all the parts are in one, the material being metal or porcelain. The mild tobacco, cut into finest shreds, like gossamer, is rolled up in pellets, and lighted at a live coal in the brazier. After one or two whiffs, a fresh ball is introduced. A native will thus sit by the hour, mechanically rolling up these tobacco pills, utterly oblivious of the details of the act. Like certain absent-minded people, who look at their watches a dozen times, yet can not tell, when asked, what time it may be, so a Japanese, while talking at ease, will often be unable to remember whether he has smoked or not. After long mechanical practice, his nimble fingers with automatic precision roll the pellet to a size that exactly fills the bowl of the pipe.

The shrewd judge found an opportunity to see the suspected man a short time after the theft. He noticed him draw out the golden pipe, and abstractedly roll up a globule of tobacco from his pouch. It was too small. On turning to the brazier, and turning the mouth of the bowl sideward or downward, the pellet rolled out. Here was positive proof to Ōka that the golden pipe was not his own. The thief, on being charged with the theft, confessed his guilt, and was punished.

On another occasion a seller of pickled vegetables of various sorts, a miserly old fellow, being rich, and fearing thieves, kept his gold in a deep dish full of *dai-kon* (radishes), preserved in a liquid mixture composed of their own fermented juice, salt, and the skin of rice-grains. When long kept, the mass has a most intolerable odor, and to remove the smell from the hands after working in it stout scrubbing with ashes is necessary. Now, it so happened that one of the neighbors found out the whereabouts of the pickler's savings, and, when his back was turned, stole. The old pickler kept his heart at the bottom of his radishes, and on his return, on examination, found his treasure gone. Forthwith informing the judge, Ōka called in all the neighbors, and, after locking the doors, began, to the amazement of all and the horror of one, to smell the hands of those present. The unmistakable odor of dai-kon clung to one man, who thereupon confessed, disgorged, and received punishment.

Cases which other judges failed to decide were referred to Ōka. Often the very threat of bringing a suspected man before this Solomon secured confession after other means had failed.

A young mother, being poor, was obliged to go out to service, and to leave her little daughter at the house of another woman to bring up for her. When the child grew up to womanhood, the mother was able to leave service, expecting to live with her daughter, and enjoy her love. To her surprise, on going to the house of the woman who had charge of her daughter, the woman claimed the girl as her own child, and refused to give her up.

When brought before Ōka, there being no evidence but the conflicting testimony of the women, who both claimed maternity, the judge ordered them each to take hold of an arm of the young girl and pull. Whoever was the strongest should have her.

Not daring to disobey, the true mother reluctantly took gentle hold, while the other claimant seized a hand, and, bracing herself for the struggle, pulled with all her might. No sooner did the girl utter a cry of pain than the true mother dropped her hand, refusing to try again. Her friends urged her to continue the trial, and her antagonist dared her to go on, but the mother was firm. The judge, silent and attentive the while, then angrily addressed the cruel woman as a deceiver, void of all maternal feeling, who regarded not the pain of her pretended offspring. He then ordered the girl to be restored to her true mother. The false claimant was dismissed in disgrace. Mother and child were overjoyed, and the witnesses astonished at such judicial wisdom.

In another case, a rich merchant of Yedo went to Kiōto on business, and was absent thirteen months. On his return he found that his wife had been unfaithful to him. After fruitless efforts to extort her secret and find her paramour, he went to Ōka. On a certain day, all the male relations, friends, and neighbors assembled, and, one by one, were called into the judgment-hall, and questioned. Ōka told the husband to bring with him his cat, which had for years been a pet in the house. With the cat quietly nestled at his side, he leisurely questioned each person. No clue could be obtained, until one young man appeared and took his seat, as usual, on his heels and knees, on the matting. The cat, now interested, ran briskly up, rubbed itself against his knees, and, being stroked by the man, finally climbed up in his lap, and cuddled itself up as if perfectly familiar with that comfortable place. All this time the young man was looking in the judge's face, and answering his questions, forgetful of the cat. The questioning being finished, the judge ordered the officers to bind the man and conduct him to prison. The man, who was inwardly congratulating himself on his clever answers, and his freedom even from suspicion, thought Ōka was helped by the gods, and confessed his crime.

I have an ivory and a wood carving, both nitsuki, representing the Japanese form of the story of Rip Van Winkle, which is, perhaps, a universal myth. The ivory figure is that of an old man leaning on the handle of an axe. His hair is long and white, and his snowy beard sweeps his breast and falls below his girdle. He is intently watching two female figures playing a game of checkers. The story (of Chinese origin) is, as told by Japanese story-tellers, as follows:

Lu-wen was a pious wood-cutter, who dwelt at the base of the majestic and holy mountain Tendai, the most glorious peak of the Nanlin range, in China. Though he thought himself familiar with the paths, he for some reason one day lost his way, and wandered about, having his axe with him. He did not care, however, because the beauty of the landscapes, the flowers, and the sky seemed to possess his senses, and he gave himself up to the ecstasy of the hour, enjoying all the pleasant emotions of holy contemplation. All at once he heard a crackling sound, and immediately a fox ran out before him and into the thickets again. The wood-cutter started to pursue it. He ran some distance, when suddenly he emerged into a space where two lovely ladies, seated on the ground, were engaged in playing a game of checkers. The bumpkin stood still and gazed with all his sight at the wonderful vision of beauty before him. The players appeared to be unaware of the presence of an intruder. The wood-cutter still stood looking on, and soon became interested in the game as well as in the fair players. After some minutes, as he supposed, he bethought himself to return. On attempting to move away, his limbs felt very stiff, and his axe-handle fell to pieces. Stooping down to pick up the worm-eaten fragments, he was amazed to find, instead of his shaven face of the morning, a long white beard covering his bosom, while, on feeling his head, he discovered on it a mass of silken white hair.

The wrinkled old man, now dazed with wonder, hobbled down the mountain to his native village. He found the streets the same, but the houses were filled with new faces; crowds of children gathered round him, teasing and laughing at him; the dogs barked at the stranger; and the parents of the children shook their heads and wondered among themselves as to whence the apparition had come. The old man, in agony of despair, asked for his wife and children and relatives. The incredulous people set him down as a fool, knowing nothing of whom he asked, and treating his talk as the drivel of lunatic senility. Finally, an old grandam hobbled up, and said she was a descendant of the seventh generation of a man named Lu-wen. The old man groaned aloud, and, turning his back on all, retraced his weary steps to the mountain again. He was never heard of more, and it is believed he entered into the company of the immortal hermits and spirits of the mountain.

XIV.

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

The proverbs of a nation are mirrors of its character. Not only the genius and wit, but the prejudices, the loves, the hates, the standards of actions and morals, are all faithfully reflected in the condensed wisdom of their pithy phrases. Most proverbs are of anonymous authorship. "The wisdom of many and the wit of one," a proverb is saved from death because clothed in brevity, rhythm, or alliteration. Every man hails it as his own, because he recognizes his own heart in it. Proverbs are often tell-tale truths, for a nation sometimes outgrows its prejudices and becomes ashamed of its own familiar beliefs. Proverbs thus become the labels of antiquities in the museum of speech. They are fossils which show how opinions which had life and force long ago are now defunct and forgotten. Unexplainable to latter generations, they, as the fossils of geology once were, are thought to be *lusus naturæ*.

The delver among the treasures of Japanese lore finds proverbs both new and old, and in them sees ancient landmarks and modern finger-posts.

The proverbs of a nation so long isolated from the world must needs have peculiar interest to the rest of that world. We shall see in most of them, however, the clear reflection of that human heart which beats responsive beneath the toga, the camel's-hair raiment, the broadcloth, and the silk *haori*.

It has often been a delightful feeling, when stumbling upon some untranslatable but tickling morsel of wisdom, to reach its heart by quoting one of our own homely and pretty proverbs. Many of our old friends may be recognized in Japanese costume. Nothing so touches the Japanese heart and nature as the unexpected quotation of one of their old proverbs. Especially in the lecture-room does it give point and clinching force to a statement or explanation. When before his class, the teacher sees no response or sympathy in the earnest but stolid faces of his Japanese pupils, and when every chosen arrow flies the mark, let a shaft feathered with one of their own proverbs be sent: instantly a gleam of intelligence, like a sunburst, or an assuring peal of merry laughter, proclaims the centre struck and success won.

I shall arrange together a few of the most familiar of Japanese proverbs. Lest some might think the Japanese plagiarize from us, or lest some "resemblance"-monger should catch a few to put in his "Index Rerum," or "familiar quotations," I would remark that, apparently, many of these proverbs were current in Japan before Cæsar was born or America discovered.

The following are expressions for what is impossible: To build a bridge to the clouds. To throw a stone at the sun. To scatter a fog with a fan. To dip up the ocean with the hand.

Like our "No rose without a thorn," is their There's a thorn on the rose.

Good doctrine needs no miracles, is the Japanese rationalist's arrow against the Buddhist bonzes.

The fly seeks out the diseased spot, as people do in their neighbors' character.

As different as the moon is from a tortoise. (Cheese, green or otherwise, is not made or eaten by the Japanese.)

The natives of the Islands in the Four Seas are better boatmen than cooks, too many of whom spoil the broth, but, With too many boatmen, the boat runs up a hill.

The universal reverence of youth for age is enjoined in this: Regard an old man as thy father.

The fortune-teller can not tell his own fortune.

The doctor does not keep himself well.

Some men can do more than Goldsmith's school-master: They can argue until a crow's head becomes white.

A narrow-minded man or bigot looks at the heavens through a reed, or a needle's eye.

Our "cat in a strange garret" is metamorphosed into the more dignified figure of A hermit in the market-place.

The dilatory man seeing the lion, begins to whet his arrows. The beaten soldier fears even the tops of the tall grass. Fighting sparrows fear not man.

Only a tidbit to a ravenous mouth. (Said when the little tidbit Denmark flies down the huge gullet of Prussia; or when Saghalin falls into Russia's maw.)

By losing, gain.

Give opportunity to genius.

To give an iron club to a devil is to give riches to a bad man.

While the hunter looks afar after birds, they fly up and escape at his feet.

The ignorant man is gentle.

Don't give a *ko-ban* to a cat.

Akin to "The heart knoweth its own bitterness" are The sage sickens; The beautiful woman is unhappy.

Every one suffers either from his pride or sinfulness.

Even a calamity, left alone for three years, may turn into a fortune.

No danger of a stone being burned.

Even a running horse needs the whip.

An old man's cold water—*i. e.*, out of place, unreasonable. The Japanese nearly always wash their hands and faces with hot water, and old men invariably do so. For an old man, then, to wash with cold water, or for one to bring him cold water, is decidedly *mal à propos.*

Birds flock on the thick branches.

The fox borrowed the tiger's power.

Giving wings to a tiger.

Dark as the lantern's base, while the light streams far abroad. (People must go to a distance to learn the news about things at home. This is emphatically true about residents in Japan who read home newspapers.)

Heaven does not kill a man. (No one is utterly crushed by calamity.)

A curse comes not from a god with whom one has no concern. (Men are not to be punished by a god of whom they have never heard.)

Like jumping into the fire with a bundle of wood. (Especially used of a small nation going to war against a large one, only to be "gobbled up.")

Having inquired seven times, believe the common report.

Even the worm that eats smart-weed, to his taste. ("Every one to his liking." "No accounting for taste.")

Was it a wife comparing the attentions of her husband before and after marriage who coined this proverb, or heaved it as a sigh? It tells a sad tale of a woman who has borne mother-pain and marriage cares only to be rewarded by coldness. In Japan, the unmarried girls only wear the red petticoat, which peeps out so prettily at times, or glistens through the summer dress of silken crape. After marriage, they doff this virginal garment; and as it was with Whittier's, so with the Japanese Maud Muller, "care and sorrow and childbirth-pain" leave their trace on the once blooming face and willowy form, in which her partner no longer delights. Alas! what a tale does this proverb tell: Love leaves with the red petticoat!

When people say "as ugly as sin," meaning thereby as ugly as Milton's hag, and suppose that the blind bard's conception of ugliness eclipses every other, they have, most evidently, never looked upon the face of the Japanese lord of Jigoku, or the hells, of which the Buddhists count one hundred and twenty-eight. To say that his face is hideous or describe it in adjectives, is to damn with faint praise the native imagination that could conceive such a terror. What I mean by reference to this demon, who is called Ema, is to give point to the Japanese version of our homely reference to the man who will have his fun, but "must pay the fiddler." The proverb by which every steady-going Japanese exults at the end of the fast and, perhaps fine-looking young man who sports on credit, is, When the time comes to settle up, you'll see Ema's face.

Which does the following recall — the ostrich, which, hiding its head, thinks itself safe, or the youth who reads ghost-stories till his blood curdles, but who, by covering up in the bedclothes, feels safe? The proverb, The head is concealed, but the back is exposed, is applied by the Japanese to all who, to flee from spooks, and to guard against lightning, hide in the dark or under their coverlets.

Here is an exquisite bit of philosophy, which shows that "travels at one's fireside," or what Emerson has taught of seeing at home all that travelers behold abroad, are not strange ideas in Japan: The poet, though he does not go abroad, sees all the renowned places.

Some one has said of the sage: "He keeps his child's heart." All know Wordsworth's line, which is approximated in this: The child of three years keeps his heart till he is sixty.

The idea contained in the saying, "Talk of an angel, and you will hear the rustling of his wings," or "Speak of the Devil," etc., is confined only to the genus *Homo* in the Japanese proverb: Talk of a person, and his shadow appears.

Sydney Smith condensed a volume of dietetic hygiene in his exact statement that "Some men dig their graves with their teeth." The complement of that is found in this: Disease enters by the mouth; or, The mouth is the door of disease.

The following are all in the form of a simile: Like walking on thin ice (like a politician before election-day). To give a thief a key. Like scratching the foot with the shoe on (can not reach the seat of trouble). Like placing a child near a well. One hair of nine oxen (small fraction). Like the crow that imitated the cormorant (he tried to dive in the water, and was drowned). Like spitting against the wind (said of a wicked slander against a good man). The decree of the mikado is like perspiration; it can never go back ("Firm as the laws of the Medes and Persians").

Proverbs, like certain kinds of money, vary in the amount and rapidity of their circulation. A class of Japanese proverbs, such as "The frog in the well knows not the great ocean," which lay almost forgotten in the national memory for centuries, has come forth, and is now the circulating medium of those who bandy the retorts applicable to old fogies and old fogyism. The conservatives who impede or oppose reform in Japan, claiming that Japan is all-sufficient in herself, are usually styled "frogs" by the young blades who have been abroad and seen the world beyond Japan, who also refer to the past as the time when that country was "in a well."

There are several other proverbs like that of the "well-frog;" but they depend for their interest upon references to things not easily explained by mere translation. The "great ocean," however, mirrors itself in the Japanese mind ever as the symbol of immensity. Thus: A drop of the ocean is our "drop in the bucket." To dam up the great ocean with the hand. The ocean does not mind the dust (a great man lives down slander). The ocean, being wide, can not be all seen at once (a great subject can not be treated fairly by a bigot). To dip out the water of the ocean with a small shell.

The Japanese have a lively sense of the iniquity of ingratitude: Better nourish a dog than an unfaithful servant. To have one's hand bitten by the dog it feeds.

That paternal solicitude is not unknown in the land of Great Peace, is evinced by these: Childbirth is less painful than anxiety about children. It is easier to beget children than to care for them. Catching a thief to find him your own son.

Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain. (Don't send one man to bring back another from a place of pleasure, lest he also be tempted.)

If in a hurry, go round. ("The longest way round is the shortest way home." "The more hurry, the less speed.")

The spawn of frogs will become but frogs.

By saving one cash (one one-hundredth of a cent) lose a hundred (one tempō). Cash wise, tempō foolish.

Only a tailor's (dyer's) promise.

The walls have ears. Pitchers have spouts.

Deaf men speak loudly.

There is no medicine for a fool.

You can not rivet a nail in potato custard.

He wishes to do both—to eat the poisoned delicacy and live.

By searching the old, learn the new.

Once I asked some of our students whether there was any Japanese proverb which answered to the old English one, "Happy is the man whose father has gone to the devil." Several of them answered with this familiar one: *Jigoku no sata mo, kané shidai*—the tortures of hell are graded according to the amount of money one has; or, briefly and literally, even hell's judgments are according to money.

The Buddhists, like the mediæval priests in Europe, sell their masses at a high price. Happy the dying rich man, but woe betide the poor! In most Japanese Buddhist temples, as in Roman churches in Europe, a box hangs up to receive cash for the mutual benefit of the damned and the priests—especially the latter.

The rat-catching cat hides her claws.

If you keep a tiger, you will have nothing but trouble.

An ugly woman shuns the looking-glass.

Poverty leads to theft.

To aim a gun in the darkness. In vain.

The more words, the less sense.

Like the peeping of a blind man through a hedge.

A charred stick is easily kindled.

Who steals money, is killed; who steals a country, is a king.

If you do not enter the tiger's den, you can not get her cub.

In mending the horn, he killed the ox.

The best thing in traveling is a companion; in the world, kindness.

To draw off water to his own field. (Most of the fields in Japan are irrigated rice-fields. Water is always a desideratum. This proverb is like our "Feather his own nest.")

Famous swords are made of iron scrapers.

Like learning to swim in a field.

Though the magnet attracts iron, it can not attract stone.

Here is something almost Shakspearian: The gods have their seat on the brow of a just man.

If you say to him "gently," he will say "slam."

A sixth-day camellia. (A great flower festival comes on the fifth of a certain month. To bring your flower on the sixth day is to bring it a day after the fair.)

Now sinking, now floating. ("Such is life.")

Poke a canebrake, and a snake will crawl out.

Like carrying a cup brimful.

To feed with honey; *i. e.*, to flatter.

Proof is better than discussion.

Use the cane before you fall down.

Like casting a stone at an egg.

A roving dog runs against a stick. (A man willing to work will surely find employment.)

To avoid the appearance of evil three proverbs are given: Don't wipe your shoes in a melon-patch. Don't adjust your cap while passing under a pear-tree. Don't stay long when the husband is not at home.

A bad report runs one thousand ri (two thousand three hundred and thirty-three miles).

Lust has no bottom.

The world is just as a person's heart makes it.

Send the child you love most on a journey. (To save him from being spoiled by indulgence.)

Cast the lion's cub into the valley. Let the pet son travel abroad.

Give sails to dexterity.

He conceals a sword under a laugh.

To make two enemies injure each other.

I have never heard of any Japanese "Samivel" receiving monitory advice concerning "vidders;" but Japanese fathers often throw out this caveat to their sons when contemplating marriage: Beware of a beautiful woman; she is like red pepper.

The good bonzes sometimes preach rather long sermons. Their shaven-pated hearers do not snap their hunting-case watches under the pulpit. Nevertheless, this is what they say and think. They often test a speaker's merit, and measure the soul of his wit, by his brevity. The unskillful speaker is long-winded; or, It takes a clever man to preach a short sermon.

The following is said by an educated idolater, who worships the deity beyond the image, the pious sculptor, or the sneerer at all idolatry. Making an idol, does not give it a soul.

If you hate any one, let him live.

As there are plenty of hypocrites in Japan, but no crocodiles, our zoölogical metaphor is altered. Lachrymal shams are called "a devil's tears."

A clumsy fellow commits *hara-kiri* with a pestle.

Live under your own hat, is the Japanese expression for "Be content," or "Let well-enough alone."

They extinguish meddlesome busybodies, or those who talk too much, by saying, "Make a lid for that fool; cover him up."

The women of Japan have tongues. I knew several old shrews who used their husbands as grindstones to sharpen a certain edge-tool which they kept in their mouth. Either a Japanese carpenter or one having an eye for metronomics first noticed this brilliant fact, that The tongue three inches long can kill a man six feet high.

Give victuals to your enemy. (The word translated "victuals" means food for animals, such as beasts, birds, fishes, etc., or *bait;* and some Japanese say it should read, "Give bait to your enemy"—*i. e.*, revenge yourself on him skillfully, by stratagem.)

A cur that bravely barks before its own gate. (So that it may run inside, in case it catches a Tartar.)

Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree.

To rub salt on a sore. ("Adding insult to injury.")

Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness.

A blind man does not fear a snake. ("Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.")

Poverty can not overtake diligence.

The heron can rise from the stream without stirring up the mud. (Delicacy, tact.)

Adapt the preaching to the hearer.

If you call down a curse on any one, look out for two graves. ("Curses, like young chickens, always come home to roost.")

As string for our bouquet, here is something which, whether proverb or not, has a meaning: When life is ruined for sake of money's preciousness, the ruined life cares naught for the money.

There is no teacher of Japanese poetry. ("The poet is born, not made.")

Hearing is paradise; seeing is hell. (Description *v.* reality.)

When men become too old, they must obey the young. (Said especially of the old nations, such as Japan and China; they must, and ought to, accept the civilization of the younger Western nations.)

XV.

THE LAST YEAR OF FEUDALISM.

(LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.)

March 4th, 1871.—Arrived in Fukui.

March 11th.—Went by invitation to the Han stable, which contains fifty horses. I selected a fine coal-black horse, which is to be mine during my stay in Fukui. His name is Green Willow, from his supple and graceful form. He is gentle, and a perfect beauty. Other names of horses were Black Dragon, Willow Swamp, Typhoon, Thunder-cloud, Arrow, Devil's Eye, Ink-stone, Earthquake, Ghost, etc. I took a long ride through the villages lying to the eastward, along the Ashiwa (Winged-foot) River. Crowds of people were waiting in each place to see the white foreigner.

The dogs especially enjoy the excitement; my Mercury in bronze runs before my horse, clad in cuticle, socks, and waist-cloth, instead of winged cap and anklets. He is tattooed from neck to heels with red and blue dragons. Of his comrades, one has Yoshitsuné's face and bust punctured on his skin. On the back of another, evidently in love, blushes and pouts a pretty maiden with blossom-garnished hair. The bettōs, like other working-classes, form an hereditary guild. They are of very low social grade. The children speak of me as "tō-jin" (Chinaman);* the grown-up people, as "i-jin" (foreign man); the samurai, as "guai-koku-jin" (outside-country man), and a few who know exactly, "the America-jin," or "Bé-koku-jin."

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* For centuries Chinamen were the only foreigners of whom most Japanese children had heard or seen. So in Hanchow, China, the city over which Marco Polo was governor, where the Japanese regularly traded and a few resided, the Japanese were the only strangers the people there knew. When Rev. J. Liggins, an American missionary, first visited this city, the people called out after him, "Japanese! Japanese!" varying the cry from "Foreign devil," "Red-haired," etc., heard in other places. The Japanese lower classes do not indulge in the vile habit of calling foreigners abusive names, though *baka* (fool) is occasionally made use of. The American gentleman here referred to was the first Christian missionary in Japan in this century, residing at Nagasaki, where he, like all other foreigners, was called *Oranda jin* (Hollander).

March 18th.—Rode out to the gunpowder mills. We crossed a long bridge of about forty boats (*funa-bashi*), over a wide, swift river. The mills, in five buildings, with machinery, wholly of wood, and made by natives, are run by water-power. The establishment blew up only once, several years ago. Outside is an image of Buddha and a shrine in memory of the five men killed by the explosion. What a combination—gunpowder and Buddhism! The magazine stands among the hills near the city, defended by a lightning-rod. Echizen powder won a good reputation in Japan during the late civil war, especially at Wakamatsu and Hakodaté. I also visited a cotton-seed oil-press of simple construction, but very effective. The rifle factory is near the city, and has an American rifling and other machines, including one for weaving cloth. Most of them are Sasaki's purchases in New York.

March 21st.—A grand *matsuri* (festival) is being held at the temples, and the city is full of farmers and country folk. They have come to pray for good crops. I can usually distinguish a countryman from a citizen by the superior diameter of his eyes and mouth on beholding the white foreigner. Some of the old ladies look at me pitifully, so sorry that I am so bleached and pale, instead of the proper dark color of skin.

March 29th.—Some of the Buddhist sects bury, others cremate. In Fukui, cremation is the usual rule. The cremarium has four furnaces. Saw a funeral procession, and witnessed the ceremonies at the mortuary chapel by the priests of the Shin sect, in their canonical robes of gold, damask, and satin, with book, bell, and scores of candles. The corpse and cask, or coffin, were then set on the furnace. The flames under the corpse were lighted by a relative of the deceased. A sheet of flame instantly enveloped the body, making a shroud of fire, in which nothing revolting was visible. The reduction of the body of the deceased to ashes occupied nearly two hours. I witnessed most of it, at intervals. The soft parts were consumed and volatilized, and the skeleton left a glowing white mass of lime, and the skull a globe of live fire. I strolled off, toward the end of the process, over the mountain slopes, through the daimiō's cemetery, where, in fine stone tombs, the fifteen princes of the house of Echizen are buried.

Returning on the other side of the cremarium, I saw a great heap of skulls, bones, clothes, bowls, utensils, and other relics of the dead. It was the monument of a famine which ravaged Echizen some forty years ago, during which time the poor and the beggars died in such numbers that they could not be consumed or inhumed in the usual manner singly, but were cremated by scores on heaps of brush-wood. Railroads and improved means of intercommunication in the future will make great desolation by famine impossible. Nearer the house was a mound containing many thousand cubic feet of ashes and calcined bones, the refuse incineration of the furnaces during many generations. It was "ashes to ashes," instead of "dust to dust."

Passing in front of the house, two relatives were engaged in picking out with a piece of bamboo, and another of wood, the clean, hot white pieces of bone. I now understood the squeamishness, and even superstition, of the people, who will on no account eat with a pair of chopsticks one of which is of wood and the other of bamboo. Packed in a jar, the bones were then deposited in the family vault—the hollow pedestal of a large tombstone. The monuments are chiefly upright square shafts. Some are egg-shaped. Others, with a top having wings or eaves, are formed like a castle tower, or pagoda roof. Nearly all of them are inscribed with Buddhist texts and *homiō*, or posthumous names. Among many handsome ones are several made to represent a tub of saké, evidently those of tapsters who once dispensed the popular drink, and wished, even after death, to advertise the business as still sold by the family at the old stand. Fresh flowers are placed in the sockets cut into the pedestals of many of the tombs. Women are present here and there, engaged in cleansing the monuments of moss, lichens, or dust, or inserting camellias in the bamboo tubes which serve as bouquet-holders. Some are of the age of Old Mortality himself, but some of the young mortality were in the shape of rather pretty maidens.

April 1st.—The prince gave a dinner at his "summer palace," which stands on the banks of the serpentine river. A glorious view of snowy Hakuzan, from breast to crown, is afforded on one side, and of the valley stretching to the sea on the other. The immense, swelling white sails of the junks appear as if in the fields, the course of the river being hidden by the vegetation. Through my interpreter, who was in his best mood, we had a long talk on politics native and foreign, religion, and morals. The prince and his minister asked a great variety of questions about the government, people, laws, and customs of the United States, and invited unlimited expression of opinion. The prince informed me that the mikado had summoned a great council of the ex-daimiōs in Tōkiō to discuss national affairs, and that he would set out for the capital on the second day hence.

April 12th.—By Dr. Hashimoto's invitation I attended the theatre

The house was crowded. The acting was fair. The play was full of love and murder, with many amusing incidents. A pretty woman of gentle blood loves a poor itinerant pipe mender and cleaner. Her father wishes her to marry the son of a nobleman. He succeeds in his purpose by means of a "go-between," who pretends to carry messages from the true lover to the duped girl. At the marriage ceremony, which is represented in detail on the stage, she lifts her silken hood, expecting to see her true love, but beholds her father's choice, whom she hates. She has to submit, and goes to housekeeping. Clandestine meeting of wife and old lover. Jealous husband detects paramours. Murder of the guilty pair. The husband finds that the pipe-mender is his dear friend in humble disguise. Remorse. Commits *hara-kiri*. Finale.

As the performances last all day, people bring their tea-pots and lunch-baskets. The interest centres in the bloody scene, when heads, trunks, blood, and limbs lie around the stage promiscuously. The deliberate whetting of the sword with hone, dipper, bucket, and water in sight of the frantic guilty pair, the prolongation of the sharpening and the bloody scene to its possible limit of time—twenty minutes by the watch—make it seem very ludicrous to me, though the audience look on breathless. During this time all talking, eating, and attention to infants cease. The repeated attempts of the husband to screw his courage to the sticking-point, and thrust the dirk in his abdomen, excite the loud laughter of the audience. The theatre is large, but of a rather primitive order of architecture, yet probably as good as some that Shakspeare played in. After the play, I went behind the scenes, and was politely shown the actors' wardrobe and dressing-rooms, and the assortment of wigs, heads, limbs, etc. Rice-chaff replaces sawdust in the shams used on the stage.

As a rule, the better class of Japanese people do not attend the theatres for moral reasons, and as examples to their children. The influences of the stage are thought to be detrimental to virtue. It is certain that the young girls become too much interested in the actors, and hence fathers do not allow their daughters to see the plays. The actors, however, are the idols of the lower classes. Women do not play on the stage, their parts being taken by men or boys.

April 15*th.*—All through the city, the rapid mountain streams, from three to eight feet wide, are led between stone banks in the centre of the streets. At certain hours of the day, the people wash their pots, pans, and dishes, and at others their clothes. The rising generation enjoy the constant treat of wading, splashing, sailing boats, or making dams, water-falls, and miniature mills. The kennel also affords a theatre for many a domestic drama, in which the chief actors are a soused baby and a frightened mother. While walking out to-day, one of the little girls who knew me, and had long ceased to feel afraid of me, came running along the edge of the water, crying, "*Tō jin san! Tō jin san!*" (Mr. Foreigner! Mr. Foreigner!) Not noticing the familiar cry, I suddenly heard a splash behind me, and, turning round, the child had disappeared. The water was rather deep at the point of immersion, and I managed, after much difficulty, to fish up the struggling child, and hand the dripping darling to her mother, who immediately ejaculated an "*Aru béki*" (Served you right) to her offspring, and, with a profound bow, an *Arigatō* (Thank you) to the rescuer.

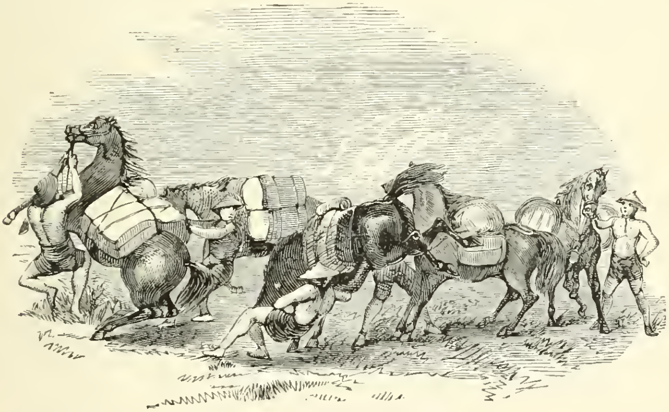
May 1*st.*—During the past month I have made many excursions on horseback through the country round, staying overnight at the village inns. Sasaki and Iwabuchi have been my companions. I have seen the paper manufactories, oil-presses, the saké breweries, soy-vats, iron-foundries, and smelting-furnaces. I have entered the copper mines of Onō, and "prospected" the coal region, from which the coal I burn in my Peekskill stove comes.

While on one trip, as I was leading my horse, Green Willow, down a steep slope, being close behind Sasaki's horse, well-named Devil's Eye, the vicious brute, after squinting sideways at me, and seeing his opportunity, threw out his left hind hoof and kicked me. The soft part between the fetlock and hoof struck just above my knee, giving me a shock, but doing no serious injury. His hoof would have broken my leg. The incident has served to warp and prejudice my judgment of Japanese horses in general. I can not praise them highly; but Green Willow is my ideal of a noble animal.

The pack-horses, which I see daily, amuse me. They are ungainly, unkempt brutes, fed on the cheapest food. They carry about eight hundred pounds at a load. Of their moral character I can not speak in high terms. When led or driven tandem, or following each other in Indian file, these equine cannibals indulge in the vicious habit of pasturing on the haunches of the animal in front of them. This grazing process usually results in lively kicks, to the detriment of the teeth or chest of the offender, and the demoralization of the whole line.

May 2d.—The farmers are busy making seed-beds for the rice, and in hoeing up their fields. The valleys are full of flowers. The snow has melted from all the mountains except Hakuzan.

May 3d.—The presents I daily receive from my students and the officials are very varied. My table is not left unadorned for a single day. A leg of venison or wild-boar meat, a duck netted, or a goose shot in hunting; a fine fish, a box of eggs, a hamper full of pears or oranges, a bouquet of flowers, a piece of porcelain or lacquered work, a small carved ivory nitsuki or bronze piece, a book, pictures, specimens of paper, a box of sponge-cake, sugar-jelly, or sweet-potato custard, a tray of persimmons, candies, silk in napkins, rolls of various sizes, curiosities of all sorts, come to me. Every thing is daintily wrapped in red and white cord, with the *nosŭ*, or ceremonial folded paper, symbolizing friendship. The exquisite jointure and delicate grain of the wood of the boxes in which the cake, etc., are cased cause almost a pain when I throw them away. "Chenkey" and Obun get the candy and sweetmeats. The gifts are not generally of much value, but they show the sympathy and kindly nature of the people.



What follows a Meal on Horse-flesh.

Many of these offerings of friendship come from strangers. Many of the mothers and fathers of my students have called in person to thank me. After profound bows, head and knee on the floor, they offer the present, usually carried by their servant, saying, "This is a very mean thing to offer you, but I trust you will accept it for friendship's sake." The ladies, especially the old ones, are very talkative and friendly. I never fall on all fours before a man, but I frequently polish my forehead on the floor when a lady does the same for me. A photograph album interests them exceedingly, and gives occasion for many questions.

I find my students surprisingly eager and earnest in school. They learn fast, and study hard. When important or striking chemical experiments are made, the large lecture-room is crowded by officials as well as students. I spend six hours daily in the school. In the evening, at my house, I have special classes of young men, doctors, teachers, and a circle of citizens, who listen to talks or lectures on various subjects. My plan is to take a good text-book and explain, by talking, the use of maps, charts, diagrams, and the blackboard, allowing the auditors to ask questions freely at intervals. Physical and descriptive geography, geology, chemistry, physiology, microscopy, moral science, the science of government, the history of European countries, the various arts and manufactures, our social system, and, for those who wish it, a minority, the Bible and religion of Jesus Christ, are thus treated of—superficially, indeed, but, to a sufficiently encouraging extent, effectively, as is proved by the eager attention, note-taking, and intelligent questionings. I find many of them well versed in those questions for time and eternity which have been the conflict of ages. Many of my nocturnal auditors are middle-aged, and a few old men. My interpreter is usually able to second me, though I have often to prime him in the afternoon for the discharges of the evening.*

May 3*d*.—I have been to see the fan-makers to-day. Kiōto, Nagoya, and Tōkiō are the places most noted for the quality and quantity manufactured, but Fukui has a few shops where *ogi* (folding fans) and *uchiwa* (flat fans) are made. Again, I find that we foreigners do things upside down. With us, the large flat fans are for gentlemen's use, the folding fans for ladies'. In Japan, the gentleman carries at all times, except in winter, the *ogi* in his girdle, bosom, under his collar, or, in his merry mood, under his cue. It is a dire breach of etiquette to appear in the street with a flat fan, which is almost exclusively used by the Japanese women. Millions of these fans are being made for the foreign market, and sold in Europe and America. They are cheap editions of art in the land of the gods, for all the world to look at. They will probably do more to advertise Japan abroad than any other means.

As the principles of centralized capital, immense manufactories, and division of labor are as yet scarcely known in Japan, these fans, like other articles of art and handiwork, will be made by tens of thousands of independent workers all over the country. The Fukuians make fans of all sorts, and for all purposes: of water-proof paper for dipping in water—a sort of vaporizer for making extra coolness on the face by evaporation; of stout paper for grain-winnows, charcoal fire-blowers, or for dust-pans; double-winged fans, for the judges at wrestling-matches; gorgeous colored and gilt fans for the dancing-girl, who makes one a part of herself in her graceful motion and classic pose; for the juggler, who will make a butterfly of paper flutter up the edge of a sword. The splitting of the bamboo, the folding or pasting of the paper by the girls, the artist's work, the finishing and packing, are all done before my eyes. The manifold uses and etiquette of the fan I am gradually learning.

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* These evening *séances*, though intermitted during the hot weather, were continued until I left Fukui.

Kiōto Fan-makers.

I find a rack of silver hooks or a tubular fan-holder in every house, in which are several of these implements of refreshment, which are at once offered to the visitor on his arrival. I have received a stack of fans inscribed with poetry, congratulations, or with maps, statistical tables, pictures of famous places, classic quotations, or useful information of varied nature. Many depict life, manners, architecture, etc., in Yokohama and in Europe. They are thus the educators of the public. Many of the Fukui gentlemen have collections of fans with famous inscriptions or autographs, or pictures from noted artists. A scholar or author, in giving a party to his literary friends, has a number of *ogi* ready for adornment; and people often exchange fans as we do photographs. When I go into a strange house, especially in my trips to villages where the foreigner creates a sensation, I spend the whole evening writing in English on fans for my host, his wife, daughters, and friends. How far the excerpts from Shakspeare, Milton, or Longfellow may be appreciated or understood, I can not say.

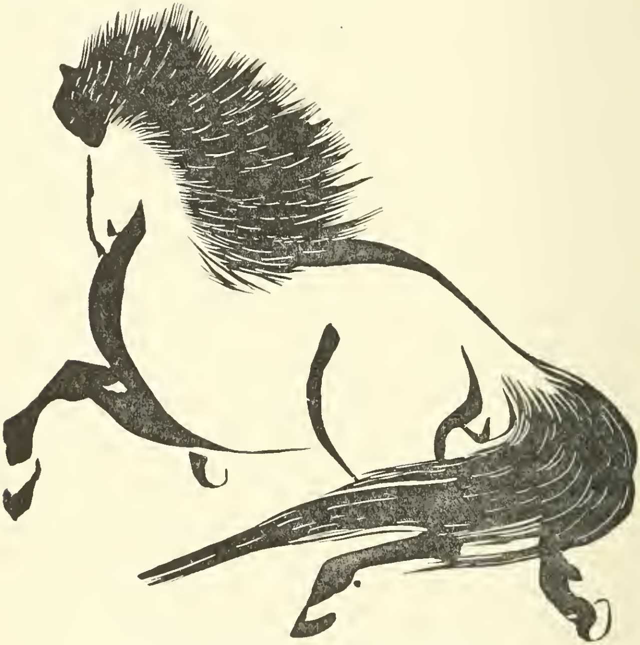
To make the pictures for common flat fans, the design is drawn by the artist on thin paper. This is pasted on a slab of cherry-wood and engraved. The pictures are printed by laying the fan-paper flat on the block and pressing it smooth. In the same manner, the Japanese have printed books for centuries. The various colors are put on, with sometimes as many as twenty blocks. This art is chromo-xylography, instead of chromo-lithography. The picture papers, sometimes with musk or other perfumes laid between them, are then pasted on the frame. The costly gold-lacquered, ivory-handled, and inlaid fans are made in Tōkiō and Kiōto.

May 4th.—The national festival in honor of the soldiers slain during the civil war of 1868–'70 was celebrated. This is "Decoration Day." The whole city kept holiday. In the morning a regiment of soldiers paraded in nondescript dress, a hybrid of native costume and foreign clothes, civil, military, and neither. Straw sandals and high boots, tight trowsers and the *hakama* petticoats, caps, wide-brimmed hats, chapeaux, and bare heads, top-knots with shaven scalps, and hair cut in foreign fashion, alternated confusedly. The variety made a burlesque that caused the only American spectator to almost crush his teeth in trying to choke down a laugh. Falstaff's regiment and the "Mulligan Guards" of popular song were utterly eclipsed.

Tens of thousands of people visited the cemetery called Shō Kon Sha (Soul-beckoning Rest), on the top of Atago yama. Many brought flowers to deck the tombs. In the afternoon, while I was there, the ladies of the prince's household were present, in their gorgeously embroidered silk gowns and girdles. Their hair was dressed in the fan-like coiffure characteristic of the maids of honor in the households of the Kiōto court nobles. One of them afterward sent me as presents, through the prince's physician, some very pretty specimens of needlework from her own tapering fingers. They consisted of a lady's white satin letter-case, with a billet-doux folded up in it—only it was blank, though the day was not the 1st of April. The other gifts were a "currency-holder," or small paper-money wallet, in orange-yellow satin, bound in green and gold thread damask; a green silk book-mark, with autumn leaves painted on it; a case for holding chopsticks of many-shaded purple silk crape, and one or two other pretty conceits in silk, each a poem to the eye. These I put with the other mementoes of the handiwork of the sisters of students, or the daughters of the officials, which I have received.

In the afternoon, thousands of people in their gala dress, and with substantial refreshments and drinkables, gathered to witness the display of fire-works sent up from the parade-ground. The pyrotechnic pieces, in shape like a small paint-keg, were put in an immense upright cannon or mortar made of a stout wooden tube like a tree-trunk, bound with strong bamboo hoops. Exploding far up in air, the colors being white, black, red, and yellow, the resulting "fire-flowers" were interesting or comical. An old woman hobbled on a cane; an old man smoked a pipe whence issued a fox; a tea-kettle evolved a badger; a cuttle-fish sailed, with outspread suckers, in mid-air; a cat ran after mice; a peach blossomed into a baby; Pussy, with a mouse ("rat's baby") in her mouth, seemed to tread the air; a hideous dragon spouted fire; serpents ran after each other; a monkey blew soap-bubbles. These and other mid-air conceits amused both the little children and those of larger growth. The exhibition closed at dark. Every one was happy. A few were tipsy; but I saw no disorder. I had a seat in the family party of Mr. Nagasaki, whose chubby children and wife were present, making a lively circle around the picnic-box and tiny dishes.

May 13*th*.—Engaged a river-boat, with four stout rowers and polemen, and made a trip down the river to the sea. Spent from Saturday till Monday at Mikuni, the sea-port of Fukui, as the guest of the chief tea-merchant of the place, whose plantations extend over the hills for many acres. He sends seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of tea to Yokohama annually. The ocean scenery here is magnificent beyond description. A splendid natural sea-wall of columnar trap reminded me of the "Giant's Causeway." A lacquer-artist in Fukui has made sketches of the rock and shore scenery here, and is now making me a handsome stand for my glass-sponges (*Hyalonema mirabilis*). It will have a scene from Mikuni on it. Fleets of fishing-boats were out on the blue waters. The diving-girls, like mermaids, exhibited their pluck and skill by diving many fathoms down in the deep water of the rocky recesses; or, strapping a basket on their backs, they swam far out, knife in hand, to reap a submarine harvest from the rocks. They returned in a half-hour, heavily laden with *awabi* (sea-ears) and spiral univalves. These they afterward roasted in their own shells, and offered us. At the merchant's home, decked in their best robes and coifs, they danced and sung their wild fisher's songs for us. In the village I saw a famous sculptor in wood, who was carving a horse in life size for a Shintō shrine. Though faulty in some details of anatomy, the fire and grace of motion were wonderfully life-like. In Fukui, the week before, I had seen an artist dip his long, little finger-nail in ink and draw figures on a fan, and with astonishing rapidity furnished a very spirited design of a horse in motion, after Hokusai's style, with but seven strokes, and a few sweeps of a wide brush for the mane and tail.



Seven-stroke Sketch. Wild Horse of Nambu.

May 16*th*.—By orders received to-day from the Central Government of Tōkiō, two students are to be chosen from each *han*, and sent abroad to study. This will enable several hundred young men to see and live in Europe and America. It is also a political move to unite all parts of the empire together, and show even the people of the lately rebellious portions that they are to partake of the national benefits. In our *han*, one is to be elected by the officers and one by myself.

The choice of the former is Yamaoka Jiro.* I chose from a dozen or more, equally worthy, Kinaméra Shirato.† Over four hundred students will embark for America during this and the following month.

The rice-fields of the whole country are now lakes of rich mud-pulp, the paradise of polliwigs. An expanse of an exquisite light green covers many parts of the valley. All the rice is transplanted, having been first sown broadcast in seed-beds, which are under water. The husbandman casts his bread upon the waters. He will find it, after many summer days, in November. Picnic parties make the woods on Atago yama lively with music, fun, feasting, and merry laughter. The powdered girls in the archery galleries and tea-houses are reaping a harvest of small change. Every one enjoys the fine weather.

May 20*th*.—Four students arrived from Higo to-day, having come here to study, on the recommendation of my former pupil in America, Numagawa, a young samurai of Kumamoto. One I call "Bearded Higo," for he wears what is rare in Japan, a full beard. The Higo family is connected by marriage with the house of Echizen. My prince's beautiful wife is a Higo princess. Her face is of a perfect Yamato type.

July 4*th*.—Celebrated the "glorious Fourth" to-day by raising the American flag, and starting a new class in the school, composed of the brightest boys of the Shō Gakkō, or secondary school. Mail arrived from home, eight weeks from Philadelphia.

During the past month, a great many religious festivals and processions have been held. I attended a Buddhist sermon in the temple; a prayer-service in a private house; a grand concert of music by twenty-four bonzes in full sacerdotal costume, with wind and string instruments, in the monastery; and several private entertainments.

I find that both in houses and at picnics screens are an important article of furniture, and behind these couples who have whispering to do may enjoy a *tête-à-tête* undisturbed. Besides ornament, they serve the purpose of alcoves or bay-windows for temporary privacy. In the cut, the words "sasamé goto" (whispering) signify that something confidential is being told. Whether the pair are lovers is not certain, though the expression on the face of the man is that of a love-lorn swain; and the young lady, whose coiffure betokens that she is in the matrimonial market, seems to be paying very close attention, as her face, and hands drawn within her sleeve and to her neck, indicate.

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* He studied at Princeton, Troy, and Columbia School of Mines, in New York, and is now an officer in the Department of Education.

† He studied at Albany and Hoboken, and is now in the Imperial Government's service.

July 5th.—At a religious service in the hall of the castle, a band of sacred Shintō musicians played the national hymn, many centuries old, the strangest and most weird system of sounds I ever heard. Twelve Shintō priests, in white robes, offered up the fruits of the season, and solemnly read prayers written for the occasion. Over one thousand officials, in swords and ceremonial robes of hempen and silk cloth (*kami-shimo*), were present. Their salutations to each other, after the exercises, were fearful to behold. Much breath was sucked, exalted honorifics indulged in, congratulations spoken, and excruciating politeness manifested.

Whispering behind the Screen.

To all these private or official entertainments I receive very politely worded written invitations. On the day set apart in honor of Jimmu Tennō, all the officials, according to rank, assembled, in robes of ceremony, in the *han-chō*, and each, as his name was called, advanced to a stone lavatory, washed his hands, and offered a prayer to the gods for the prosperity of the empire. I was especially invited to attend, and given a seat of honor. Later, in answer to questions about great men, I took occasion to explain that the reverence of the American people for Washington was for his pure and high moral character as a man, and not as a military hero. He was not as Jimmu (Spirit of War). Some Japanese imagine that the Americans worship Washington as a god. This, I showed, was a mistake. Several of the people here have his picture in their houses.*

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* Three separate translations of Irving's "Life of Washington," one a scholarly production, have been made into Japanese, and several sketches of his life.

July 6*th.*—A typhoon (*tai-fu*) of frightful violence passed over the city last night. In the morning, the destruction of fences, roofs, and houses was awful to behold. My gardens of American flowers and vegetables are ruined by the sharp shingles, torn and hurled from the great roof by hundreds, as though by a tormentum or catapult. I learn that hundreds of junks have been wrecked, and lives lost along the coast.

Samurai, in Kami-shimo Dress, saluting.

July 11*th.*—The prince returned from Tōkiō to-day. Evidently, something more is in the political wind. The faces of the samurai and officials wear a solemn expression—"sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." What can it be? Some coming event is casting its shadow before.

July 16*th.*—This morning I met a Buddhist priest carrying a Yankee lamp and a can of Pennsylvania petroleum to the monastery. It seemed a symbol of more light. A man was drowned in the river to-day. The people say a kappa dragged him down.

To-day I saw a snake-charmer exhibit. A tortoise-tamer made his brood perform tricks: stand up on hind legs, march in various directions, advance, retreat, stop, and climb over each other, at the tap of a drum. A great many other tricks, such as breaking a cobble-stone with the fist, walking on the edge of a sword and then swallowing it, feats of strength, astonishing poises, jugglery, etc., were performed at the grand fair and show on the river flats. At night, the gayly illuminated refreshment booths and boats made the strand and river as lively as the imagination could well conceive. At the *matsuri* in honor of the patron deity of the city, the procession of people was probably four or five miles long. All the singing-girls, actors, guilds, trades monasteries, and many temples were represented. Few or no samurai were in the procession. Immense images of idols were dragged by the crowds; and the historic and legendary personages and tableaux were largely represented. It was a scene of wild mirth, drunkenness, and paganism.

July 18th.—The thunder-bolt has fallen! The political earthquake has shaken Japan to its centre. Its effects are very visible here in Fukui. Intense excitement reigns in the homes of the samurai of the city to-day. I hear that some of them are threatening to kill Mitsŭöka, who receives income for meritorious services in 1868, and who has long been the exponent of reform and of national progress in Fukui.

At ten o'clock this morning, a messenger from Tōkiō arrived at the *han-chō*. Suddenly there was a commotion in the school. All the native teachers and officials were summoned to the directors' room. I saw them a few minutes afterward. Pale faces and excited nerves were in the majority. The manner in which some of them strode to the door, thrust their swords into their belts, stepped into their clogs, and set off with flowing garments and silk coat-tails flapping to the leeward, was quite theatrical, and just like the pictures in Japanese books.

An imperial proclamation just received orders that the hereditary incomes of the samurai be reduced, all sinecure offices abolished, and the salaries thereto attached turned over to the imperial treasury. The number of officials is to be reduced to the lowest minimum. The property of the *han* is to become that of the Imperial Government. The Fukui *han* is to be converted into a *ken*, or prefecture, of the Central Government. *All officials are to be appointed direct from Tōkiō.*

The change affects me for the better. Hitherto the school directorate consisted of fourteen officers. "With too many sailors, the boat runs up a hill." There are now only *four*. An official from the *han-chō* waited upon me to announce that my four guards and eight gate-keepers are dismissed from office. I shall henceforth have but two gate-keepers. The local officials of Fukui are to be reduced *from five hundred to seventy*. The incubus of *yakuninerie* is being thrown off. Japan's greatest curse for ages has been an excess of officials and lazy rice-eaters who do not work. Sindbad has shaken off the Old Man of the Sea. Hurra for the New Japan!

July 19th.—In the school to-day, the absence of officials, and consequently of fuss and interruption, in my department is remarkable. The directors' room is vacant. It is like the "banquet-hall deserted." In the *ken-chō*, the quorum is but a skeleton, compared with the fat body of the day before. The students tell me that some of the old men in the city are nearly crazy with anxiety: a few violent fellows still wish to assassinate Mitsŭōka and the other imperialists, who have been working to bring this state of things about. The respectable samurai, however, and the men of weight and influence, almost unanimously approve of the mikado's order. They say it is a necessity, not for Fukui, but for the nation, and that the altered national condition and the times require it. Some of them talk exultingly about the future of Japan. They say, "Now Japan will take a position among the nations like your country and England."

July 25*th*.—This afternoon, one of the *ken* officials, Mr. Tsutsumi, who had just come from Tōkiō, called to see me. He spoke so clearly and distinctly that I understood his Japanese without calling in my interpreter. He bore a message from Mr. Katsŭ Awa. An American teacher is desired for the school at Shidzŭōka, in Suruga. In his letter, Mr. Katsŭ said, "I desire a professional gentleman, regularly educated, not a mechanic or clerk who has taken to teaching to pick up a living; and, if possible, a graduate of the same school as yourself." Evidently, Mr. Katsŭ understands the difference between a teacher and a "teacher."

I immediately wrote to my former classmate and fellow-traveler in Europe, Edward Warren Clark, A.M., offering him the position.*

August 10*th*.—The prince (having returned from Tōkiō), his chamberlain, and one karō dined with me to-day. In the morning, two of his pages, accompanied by servants, came to my house, bringing presents. They consisted of the products of Echizen, rolls of fine paper, muslin, and silk, a box of eggs and one of sponge-cake, an inlaid cake-box lacquered in several colors, a case of three rare painted fans, all tied in silk napkins with red-and-white cord. The prince had also brought for me from Iwakura Tomomi, now U Dai Jin (junior prime minister), an exquisitely beautiful gold-lacquered cabinet, adorned with sparrows and bamboo, cherry-blossoms, and variegated feathers. In one of the drawers were a number of perfumed fans of elegant manufacture. A letter from Mr. Iwakura accompanied the gift, begging my acceptance as a token of his regard for my care and instruction of his sons while in the United States.

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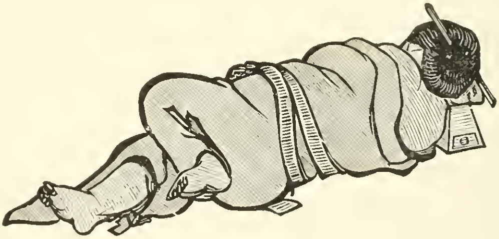
* Mr. Clark accepted, arriving in Shidzŭōka in November, and for over three years was an earnest and faithful teacher. He was in Shidzŭōka two years, and in Tōkiō, in the Imperial College, one year.

The prince laid aside his icy dignity as the dinner proceeded, after which conversation was prolonged for an hour or two, the guests producing their pipes, filling and emptying a great many of the tiny silver bowls. On the prince rising to depart, his ministers fell down on hands and knees until Matsudaira had reached the door, where his sandal and lantern bearers were awaiting his appearance. Then the officers rose and accompanied him to his norimono. One of the forty-five million princes of the United States, standing erect, shook hands with the nobleman, bid him good-bye, and invited him to come again. In accordance with native etiquette, the guests send some trifling token of acknowledgment the day after an entertainment — eggs, sponge-cake, a fish, or other gift — as a sort of "return call." On meeting, the favored one salutes his late host, saying, "*Sendatté arigatō*" ("Thank you for your kindness received a few days ago").

August 15*th*.—The thermometer has ranged from 95° to 99° at 3 P.M. during several days of last week. All Fukui goes to sleep in the middle of the day. I occasionally walk out in the early afternoon, seeing scores of houses and shops open, but perfectly quiet, their inmates, often rotund sylphs, as in Hokusai's sketch, being stretched on the floor asleep, not always in the most graceful position.



The Siesta.

There are very few flies to trouble them. Japan seems to be singularly free from these pests. At night, mosquitoes are numerous, hungry, and of good size. The people are well provided with mosquito-nets, which are large, like the room itself, and made to fit it. I find that the leap-year hint of a Japanese widow to a favored suitor which makes him happy is, that "her mosquito-net is too large." The poor folks smoke the pests out. It is curious that the Japanese word for mosquito (*ka*) and an interrogation-point (*ka*) is the same.

At night the common people assemble in rings of from a score to a hundred, and dance in slow measure, clapping hands and singing. The young folks especially, of both sexes, like this fun.

A Japanese city during hot weather affords excellent opportunities for the study of breathing statuary. The laborers often strip to the loin-cloth, the women to the waist. Even the young girls and maidens just rounding into perfection of form often sit half nude; thinking it no desecration to expose the body from the waist up. They seem to be utterly unaware of any impropriety. Certainly they are innocent in their own eyes. Is the Japanese virgin "an Eve before the fall?"

Among the games played in public is *dakiu* (polo), which is very ancient in Japan. An immense crowd of spectators, prince, princess, lords and ladies, gentlemen, people, priests and students, gathered inside the riding course to see the game of "dakiu" played. I had one of the best seats given me in the pavilion occupied by the daimiō and his gentlemen in waiting. Every body was dressed handsomely, the weather perfect, the scene animating. Judges and scorers were in ceremonial dress.

At the signal, given by a tap of a bell, twelve players mounted. At the next, they rode into the lists, saluted the prince and judges, and proceeded to the end of the course, ranging themselves in Indian file, with their horses' heads to the wickets, which were two bamboo holes with a cord across them, about ten feet from the ground.

The rival parties, six players in each, called themselves the Genji and the Heiké. The Genji wore white, the Heiké red hats, according to the colors of the ancient flags. Each player had a long bamboo stick ("spoon") like a shepherd's crook, with net-work of cord. On the ground, in two rows at the side, and extending in front of the riders, were seventy-two red and white balls. The whites were to throw the red balls over and through the wicket, the reds to throw the whites. Balls going over the lists outside the wickets were tossed back again. Each party was to oppose the other. The red flag waved on the right wicket-pole, the white on the left.

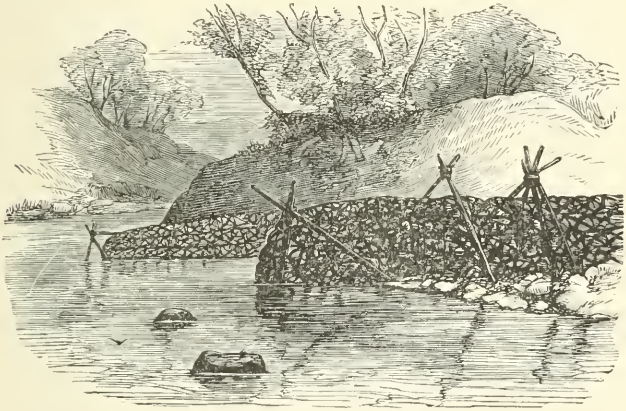
At the signal, given by a wave of the judge's fan, both parties rode nimbly up the lists, picking up the balls, and flinging them over the wickets, if they could. The leaders having reached the wickets, and a number of balls having been thrown over, and others scattered over the field, turned back to oppose each other, and then the game grew intensely exciting. It was *shinny* on horseback. Skillful handling of the horse, as well as of the crook, was necessary. Three riders were

The Game of Dakiu, or "Polo."

dismounted. Occasionally a man was hurt. The collision of excited animals against each other was frequent. The balls flew backward and forward, up and down. Finally, there was but one ball left. Twelve men and horses contested for it. The Heiké won the first game, having thrown all the thirty-six white balls over their wicket, while the Genji had three red balls left on the ground. Three games were played, the Genji winning two. The prizes, awarded by the prince, were a roll of silk, a helmet, a porcelain vase, and autograph scrolls.

August 28th.—I have returned from a trip to Hakuzan (Shiro yama, White Mountain) and Kaga. Emori and Iwabuchi accompanied me. I spent eight days among the mountains, being the first foreigner who has ever ascended Hakuzan. It is nine thousand three hundred and twenty feet high by imperfect method of measurement, with only a thermometer. At any rate, the surmise of Humboldt, and even the Japanese of this coast, that Hakuzan is higher than Fuji, is disposed of. At the top was a Buddhist shrine, strongly built and handsomely furnished.

I spent the night in a hut near the summit, in which some forty pilgrims slept besides my two servants. The scenery from the edge of the extinct crater, which was full of snow and water, was grand; but the mountain torrents, water-falls, and vistas lower down afforded the greatest pleasure. I passed villages full of girls reeling silk. The crops of tobacco, indigo, hemp, rice, etc., promise to be luxuriant. In the towns dense crowds lined the streets to see the foreigner. At the hotels the dainty Emori, in settling bills, never handles money, but folds the sum neatly in white paper, and ties it with the ceremonial red-and-white cord, and lays it on a tray, departing with many bows. I noticed many *ja-kago* ("snake-baskets"), or ropes of stones, used as piers and jetties to preserve river-banks from being washed away by flood or current. They are of split bamboo, plaited in cylindrical nets, from ten to one hundred feet long, the meshes being just the size to retain large pebbles. They are cheap, durable, and efficient. In some parts of Japan, notably along the Tōkaidō, there are miles of embankments formed by them.



Rope-dikes, or "Snake-baskets."

At Daishōji a number of exiled "Christians" from Urakami, near Nagasaki, are confined. I was not allowed to see them. At the sulphur baths of Yamanaka, a noted watering-place, were a number of noblemen with their families. I also visited Sabaë, Katsuyama, Ōno, Marŭōka, all large towns, in Echizen. At Sabaë we were entertained in splendid style at the temple hostelry. The entire country is very rich in historical, legendary, mythic, and holy associations, and my enjoyment was intense throughout. The Daimiō of Marŭōka is a descendant of the Daimiō of Hizen, friend of the Jesuits in the sixteenth century.

September 30th.—My new "foreign" house was finished some days ago. It was first visited by the prince and his officers, who enjoyed a luncheon, a social smoke, and a view of the mountains from the veranda. They wished to study a foreign house at leisure. The scenery of the river, up the valley—the mountains to the west and south, snow-clad Hakuzan to the north, the city and castle, towers, moats, and walls—is very fine. Then, for three days, by official permission, the house was thrown open to public inspection. People from the city and country folks from afar flocked in crowds to see how mankind in

My House in Fukui.

"civilized countries" live. The refreshment-venders, the men who checked clogs, sandals, and umbrellas, did a thriving business. Probably twenty thousand people have inspected my new house.

After the last *naruhodo* (Well, I never! Is it possible!) was ejaculated, I took possession. The materials of seasoned wood, stone chimneys, tiled roof, wall-paper, etc., are of the best. American hardware, grates, mantel-pieces, glass windows, wardrobes, etc., make a cozy and comfortable dwelling for the inmate, as well as a standing educator of the native public.* Extension-table, chairs, book-cases, and other furniture were constructed by cabinet-makers in Fukui, of sound old wood, chiefly keyaki. An exact reproduction of the writing-desk of Charles Dickens left with "the empty chair" at Gadshill, made after a picture in *The London Illustrated News*, came from the same skillful hands, and now adorns my study.

To-morrow Fukui bids farewell to feudalism. On the next day we shall be in a province without a prince. The era of loyalty is passed. The era of patriotism has come. To-day the prince sent me a note of farewell, accompanied by a present of choice viands in a picnic box, gold-lacquered in shell-fish designs, which he begged me to accept as a parting token of regard. He also requested my presence in the main hall of the castle, at the valedictory ceremonies prior to his departure to Tōkiō, where he is to retire to private life. This evening his six ministers dined with me, the prince being absent on account of a death in his household.

October 1st.—From an early hour this morning, the samurai in *kami-*

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* It was originally intended to build four houses—one for the physician, one for the English teacher, one for the military instructor, and one for myself. The abolition of feudalism and the centralization of the government changed the entire scheme. Mr. Alfred Lucy, an English gentleman, who had been my co-laborer for about two months, left Fukui in June, and went to Awomori, in Rikuoku, to introduce English methods of agriculture and stock-raising. The physician never reached our feudal capital. Lieutenant Brinckley, of the Tenth English Regiment, was retained in Tōkiō by the Imperial Government. What was loss to Fukui became immense gain to all Japanese and English-speaking people who wish to study the language of the other. The *Go-Gaku Hitori Annai*, three volumes, one thousand pages, or "Guide to Self-instruction in the Language," by Mr. Brinckley, English officer of artillery, printed by the Insho Kiyoku, 1875, is, I believe, the first original work written in the Japanese language by a foreigner. It is a masterpiece of scholarship. There are many idioms in its copious lists of which Mr. Brinckley may be called the discoverer. Its issue marks a new era of the knowledge of English in Japan, and of Japanese by foreigners. After I left Fukui, Mr. E. Mudgett, of Napa, California, and Mr. M. N. Wyckoff, A.M., a graduate of Rutgers College, continued the instruction in English and the sciences.

shimo (ceremonial dress) have been preparing for the farewell, and have been assembling in the castle. I went over to the main hall at nine o'clock. I shall never forget the impressive scene. All the sliding paper partitions separating the rooms were removed, making one vast area of matting. Arranged in the order of their rank, each in his starched robes of ceremony, with shaven-crown, and gun-hammer top-knot, with hands clasped on the hilt of his sword resting upright before him as he sat on his knees, were the three thousand samurai of the Fukui clan. Those bowed heads were busy with the thought born of the significance of the scene. It was more than a farewell to their feudal lord. It was the solemn burial of the institutions under which their fathers had lived for seven hundred years. Each face seemed to wear a far-away expression, as if their eyes were looking into the past, or striving to probe an uncertain future.

I fancied I read their thoughts. The sword is the soul of the samurai, the samurai the soul of Japan. Is the one to be ungirt from its place of honor, to be thrown aside as a useless tool, to make way for the ink-pot and the ledger of the merchant? Is the samurai to become less than the trader? Is honor to be reckoned less than money? Is the spirit of Japan to be abased to the level of the sordid foreigners who are draining the wealth of Japan? Our children, too, what is to become of them? Must they labor and toil, and earn their own bread? What are we to do when our hereditary pensions are stopped, or cut down to a beggar's pittance? Must we, whose fathers were glorious knights and warriors, and whose blood and spirit we inherit, be mingled hopelessly in the common herd? Must we, who would starve in honorable poverty rather than marry one of our daughters to a trader, now defile our family line to save our lives and fill our stomachs? What is the future to bring us?

These seemed to be the thoughts that shadowed that sea of dark faces of waiting vassals. One could have heard a pin drop after the hush that announced the coming of the daimiō.

Matsudaira Mochiaké, late Lord of Echizen, and feudal head of the Fukui clan, who was to-morrow to be a private nobleman, now advanced down the wide corridor to the main hall. He was a stern-visaged man of perhaps thirty-five years of age. He was dressed in purple satin hakama, with inner robe of white satin, and outer coat of silk crape of a dark slate hue, embroidered on sleeve, back, and breast with the Tokugawa crest. In his girdle was thrust the usual side-arm, a *wakizashi*, or dirk, the hilt of which was a carved and frosted mass of solid gold. His feet, cased in white socks, moved noiselessly over the matting. As he passed, every head was bowed, every sword laid prone to the right, and Matsudaira, with deep but unexpressed emotion, advanced amidst the ranks of his followers to the centre of the main hall. There, in a brief and noble address, read by his chief minister, the history of the clan and of their relations as lord and vassals, the causes which had led to the revolution of 1868, the results of which had restored the imperial house to power, and the mikado's reasons for ordering the territorial princes to restore their fiefs, were tersely and eloquently recounted. In conclusion, he adjured all his followers to transfer their allegiance wholly to the mikado and the imperial house. Then, wishing them all success and prosperity in their new relations, and in their persons, their families, and their estates, in chaste and fitting language he bid his followers solemn farewell.

On behalf of the samurai, one of their number then read an address, expressive of their feelings, containing kindly references to the prince as their former lord, and declaring their purpose henceforth to be faithful subjects of the mikado and the imperial house.

This terminated the ceremony. The ex-daimiō and his ministers then left the castle hall, and he proceeded to the residence of the American instructor. I met and welcomed him, and he sat down for a few minutes. He thanked me cordially for my efforts to instruct the young men of Fukui, and invited me to visit him in Tōkiō. In return, I expressed my indebtedness for his many kindnesses to me, and then, after the manner of American politeness and Japanese courtesy, we exchanged farewells.

October 2d.—The whole city seems to be astir to-day. The streets are crowded with citizens in their best clothes, and thousands are in from the country. They have come to see their prince for the last time. It is a farewell gathering. Many hundreds of old men, women, and children are weeping. A regiment of one thousand men escort him to Takéfu, twelve miles off. A few faithful retainers, his physician Hashimoto, and his body-servants accompany him to Tōkiō. A similar scene to that of to-day has probably been witnessed in many castled cities in Japan during this month.*

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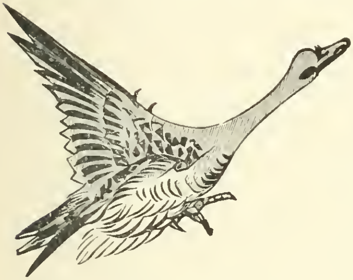
* In a few hans the people rebelled against the orders of the Imperial Government, refusing to let their prince depart; but in general every farewell and departure was sad, quiet, and decorous.

December 1*st.*—Great changes have taken place in the city since the departure of the prince, and the change of the *han* (feudal tenure) into *ken* (prefecture of the Imperial Government). Most of the high officers have been called by the Imperial Government to Tōkiō. Mitsŭöka is now mayor of Tōkiō. Ogasawara, Tsutsumi, and several others have been made officials of other *ken.* It is the policy of the government to send the men of one *ken* to act as officers in another, and thus break up local prejudices. It is a grand idea. Sasaki Gonroku has been called to a position in the Department of Public Works. Many of the best teachers in the school have been given official places in the capital. My best friends and helpers have left Fukui; and now my advanced students, their support at home being no longer sufficient, are leaving to seek their fortune in Yokohama or Tōkiō. My classes are being depleted. Fukui is no longer the capital of a prince. It is simply an inland city. I can not blame the young men for wishing to see the new life and civilization of the nation at the ports and capital, but my loneliness and sense of exile increase daily. Since the summer—so I am told—over seven hundred families have left Fukui. Tōkiō is making up in population the loss of Yedo in 1862, when the daimiōs withdrew. I have not over half of my best students left. The military school has been disbanded, and the gunpowder works and the rifle factory removed. Three companies of imperial troops, in uniform of French style, with the mikado's crest on their caps, and the national flag (a red sun in a white field) as their standard, now occupy the city barracks. The old local and feudal privileges are being abolished. Taxes are being made uniform all over the country. The Buddhist theological school has been broken up by orders from Tōkiō. Shintō lecturers are endeavoring to convert the people to the old faith. All the Shintō temples which have been in any way influenced by Buddhism are being more vigorously purged and restored in pure Shintō style. The outer wall of the castle has been leveled, and the moat filled up. The gates have been sold for their stone, wood, and copper. Many old yashikis of ancient and once wealthy families have been torn down and converted into shops. The towns-people and shop-keepers are jubilant at getting a foot-hold on the sites hitherto reserved to samurai. Old armor, arrows, spears, flags, saddlery, dresses, norimonos, and all the paraphernalia of the old feudal days can now be bought dirt cheap. The prince's mansion has been demolished, and every thing left in it sold. I got from it a pair of bronze stirrups and a marble model of Fuji. All the horses in the stables of the clan have been disposed of at auction. Every thing pertaining to feudal Fukui is passing away. Japan is becoming unified. Nevertheless, it causes some local suffering, and the poverty of many families, once in comfort, is increasing.

December 15th.—The wild ducks and geese have come back from Yezo, and are thick in the fields. Great numbers of them are captured by the samurai, who go out at early morning and at sunset, on the hills around the city, armed with a huge triangular net, set in a bamboo frame and pole. A dexterous hunter can throw this up twenty feet in the air. Thus outspread, the flying birds are entangled. This is called *sakadōri* (hunting on the heights). Some men can take two ducks at once, or snare a fat goose at a throw, but many fail or wait in vain. The eligible places of vantage are bought for a trifling tax from the *ken.* To ward off the damp, the fowlers dress in grass coat and wide rush hat. Every morning I see them coming over the bridge. With pole, tunic, and hat slung on back like shields, they appear as old warriors in battle array. It is said that on certain nights the headless ghosts of Shibata and his warriors ride on horseback over this bridge into his old castle grounds. The country people imagine they can hear the clatter of hoofs, and see this troop of headless horsemen, on certain still nights; but, although I have lived seven months on the site of his old castle in which he died, I never beheld the old hero's shade; nor have I been tempted to scare any native Ichabod Crane by playing Brom Bones, though pumpkins are plentiful here.



Wild Goose in Flight.

December 25th.—Yesterday a party of students cut down young pines, hemlock boughs, cryptomeria, arbor-vitæ, and other greenery, and decked my house, in and out, in Christmas garb. The large steel plate of "American Authors" received especial honor. My cook and his family and the students last night hung up their *tabi* (mitten-socks, or "foot-gloves"), in lieu of stockings. This morning they found them overflowing with American good things, both sweet to the palate and useful to the hand. Santa Claus did not even forget the tiny white socks of little Chenkey, who is alternately dumfounded and uproariously merry.

Officers, citizens, and students visited me during the day, in accordance with my invitation. I kept open house for all, and told them of Christ's birth, life, work, and death. Many had never heard of Christ except as part of the *Jashumon* (corrupt sect), on the kosatsu, which hang near the main gate of the city. One bright boy, after peering around the house, vainly seeking something, finally whispered in my ear, "Where is your god-house?"

January 7th, 1872.—The city to-day swarms with country people. An immense festival in honor of Shinran is being held. The streets are crowded, and the shops in full blast. The Shin temples are packed with people. Even the porch and steps and temple yards are full of pious folk. In the large kitchens attached to the temple are a number of iron boilers, each containing several bushels of rice. Vegetables are being cooked in other pots, and many hundreds of hungry folks are eating in the refectory, some bringing their own food. The priests very politely took me through the rear part of the temple, beyond the splendid altar, where I could see the vast crowd, and through the quarters occupied by the resident bonzes. The sight of so many thousand faces of people with hands clasped in prayer, with their rosaries, murmuring their petitions ("Namu Amida Butsŭ") in the great hall; then of the hundreds of hungry people feeding; children and families resting—many of them had walked from ten to twenty miles; the cooks in the fire-light, begrimed with the smoke and sweat of the kitchen; the waiters hurrying to and fro; the receiving and counting of money, made a picture of Buddhism in its popular phases I can never forget.

January 10th.—Some months ago I addressed a communication to the Minister of Public Instruction in Tōkiō, urging the establishment of a polytechnic school, giving plans and a few details. Evidently such an enterprise has already been determined upon. To-day I received a letter from the Mayor of Tōkiō, intimating that I was to be invited to the capital to fill a position in such a school. Another letter, by the same mail, from the Minister of Education, through the foreign superintendent of the Imperial College, invited me to fill one of the professorships in the polytechnic school (Shem Mon Gakkō) about to be formed. An immediate answer is expected.

January 11th.—I was called to the *ken-chō* to-day, the sanji expressing their urgent wish that I should remain in Fukui, stating also that the citizens of Fukui, anticipating the invitation from Tōkiō, had petitioned the *ken-chō* officials to keep the American teacher in Fukui, if possible. Having, however, lost most of my best friends and advanced students from the city, and the loneliness having become almost intolerable, I have resolved to go to Tōkiō. For over six months I have not seen one of my own race. The tax on the nervous system of being isolated, looked at as a stranger and a curiosity, made the target of so many eyes, and the constant friction and chafing of one Caucasian against a multitude of sharp angles of an Asiatic civilization, as represented by servants, petty officials, and ignorant people; and the more delicate work of polite fencing with intellectual rapiers against cultured men educated under other systems of morals and ideas; the ruin of temper and principle which such a lonely life threatens, are more than I wish to attempt to bear, when duty as well as pleasure seems to invite me to the capital.

From the people, officers, and students I have received kindness and attentions both unexpected and undeserved. I find in them most of the tenderest feelings that soften and adorn human nature. Confidence, sympathy, respect, even affection from my students, have been lavishly bestowed. I have never had a quarrel with any one, nor have I been injured or insulted in any way.

January 21st.—From morning till night my house was thronged with people in the city—students, officials, mothers, fathers, and children, relatives of the students—who came to bid me good-bye. Every one of them, according to custom, brought a present, sometimes handsome and costly. In return, each received a trifle or refreshments, of which the solid remnants were wrapped in white paper, put into the sleeve, and carried away, as is the habit. "Leavings are lucky," saith the Japanese proverb.

During my life in a feudal city in Japan far away from foreigners, I have seen the Japanese at home. It has sometimes seemed to me, in my walks through the old castle, or along the moats, or upon the ramparts, in the cemeteries, in the houses of the people, on the mountains, in my rides through the villages, that I was in fairy-land or in a dream. Yet these people are just like ourselves, their hearts the same as ours. Their emotions and traits, both noble and despicable, are twin to those which belong to mankind between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. This is a trite truism. Yet in its truth consists its novelty. When men of differing climes and nations see behind each other's mail of codes, manners, education, and systems their common humanity, the hope of their dwelling in peace, as children of one Father is no longer a chimera.

Fukui and Echizen must decrease that Dai Nippon may increase. People complain that the empire is becoming too much centralized. The capital and ports are absorbing the strength of the whole country. It is best. Only by centralization at this time can true nationality be attained. Make the heart strong, and the blood will flow to all the extremities.

Japan's record of progress for 1871 is noble. The mikado's government is no longer an uncertainty. A national army has been formed; plots and insurrections have been crushed; the press has become one of the motors of civilization; already several newspapers are established in the capital. The old local forms of authority are merged into the national, and taxes and government are equalized throughout the country. Feudalism is dead. An embassy has been sent to Europe, not composed of catspaw officials of low rank to represent the "tycoon," but nobles and cabinet ministers of the mikado's empire, to plead for Japan and the true sovereign. The mikado, casting away old traditions, now appears among his people, requiring no humiliating obeisance. Marriage among all classes is now permitted, and caste is to disappear. The *eta* and *hinin* are now citizens, protected by law. The swords of the samurai are laid aside. The peace and order throughout the country appear wonderful. Progress is everywhere the watchword. Is not this the finger of God?

Midnight.—It has been snowing steadily for seven days. All the objects five or six feet high are covered up. The landscape is a sea of white. A great many students wish to go with me to Tōkiō, but the sanji have laid an interdict on all for one month. The three students from Higo will, however, accompany me. I rely much on the fertile mind, calm skill, and enthusiastic regard of "Bearded Higo." Sahei, my servant, will attend me, and Inouyé will be my escort. All my baggage is now packed up. It will be carried on men's shoulders over mountain and valley for three hundred and thirty miles to Tōkiō.

In vain croakers and sincere friends have endeavored to dissuade me from this severe winter journey, or frighten me with stories of wolves, robbers, or the dangers of mountain passes, avalanches, or of being lost in the snow. I wish to see a Japanese winter in the highlands, and to tramp over the Tōkaidō, and visit Shidzŭōka. God willing, I shall be in Tōkiō by February 4th. Farewell, Fukui, thou hast been a well of blessing; for in thee I have found some truth.

XVI.

A TRAMP THROUGH JAPAN.

January 22*d*, 1872.—A pitiless blast. Snow drifting in heaps, and whirling fine dust. Baggage-carriers have gone ahead. Forty students wait to escort me to Morinoshita (Beneath the Grove), three miles distant. On Daimiō Avenue a crowd of officials, citizens, and lads wait to say farewell.

Sayonaras and good wishes are exchanged with mutual regret. The line of march is over New Bridge. In Boat-landing Street snow lies eight feet deep, with constant additions from the house-tops. Out on the plain, past the city, the blast is horizontal, its force overpowering, its sting terrible. It is difficult to keep the path. The cold is intense. Yet the students jest, laugh, and sing lively songs, as though on a summer's day.

At Morinoshita we halt. The younger students return to Fukui. Our party and six others push on to Takéfu. Here a farewell banquet is given me. Fourteen tables are set. Two hours of fun and cozy comfort pass. The hotel is warm. It seems madness to go out in the storm. Yet I will go.

We send out for kagos or horses. We can get neither. Not a man will venture, even a ri, for triple the price. We lose two hours in waiting, and at four o'clock set out on foot. One mile of floundering, and our strength is strained. It is getting dark. The landscape is level white. Even the stone idols are snowed up. No field, water-course, house, bush, or shrine is in sight. We can not see a hundred feet before us, even where the furious wind allows us to look ahead. We have lost the path. Our case is desperate. To advance or return is alike impossible. Total darkness is imminent. To spend the night here is to freeze. But look! a lantern glimmers in the distance. We shout. The sounds are twisted out of our mouths, and swept into the snow-drift. Slowly the lantern vanishes, and with it our hopes disappear.

Night swoops on us. For another hour we flounder, vainly seeking the path. We are on the edge of despair. "Bearded Higo," calm and brave, is vigorously punching the snow to find bottom. Eureka! He has struck the path. No pick of miner or drill of engineer ever struck gold or oil with intenser joy. We mount the crest of safety from our white abyss. Our leader keeps the ridge: we follow. We are often blown off or fall out, but his cane is surer than witch-hazel or divining-rod. We wade a mile farther. A shout from "Bearded Higo" announces a village. We peer through the blast. A house-gable looms up. Well named is Imadzuku (Now we rest). We crouch under the porch while one hies in quest of an inn. We enter not a palace; but cheery welcome glorifies host and house. We shake off, doff, and sit at the hearth, watching the cookery. Rice, bean-cheese, daikon, mushroom, fish, are served. Then we take up our beds and walk. With feet under kotatsu, come rosy slumbers and dreams of home.

January 23*d.*—Snow, snow, snow. Inouyé has hired for me eight stalwart men, grasping staves, and shod with snow-shoes of birch boughs, two feet long, one foot wide, and well wattled, who wait at the door. Their leader punches the drifts for a footing, which on the mountains is tolerable, on the plains fearfully bad, often through slush and icy water. I wear straw boots: though wet, they keep the feet warm. After some miles, we tug up a steep pass with a warm name, Yunoö (Hot-water Tail). Chattering girls, in rival inns, give us noisy welcome. We sit down, drink tea, and gossip. A priest on his way to Takéfu last night lost his path, and froze to death. A postman was struck by an avalanche, knocked down, hurt, and nearly smothered.

We resume our march. Many tracks of avalanches, twenty feet wide, are seen. One crashes and tumbles just in front of us. I notice that the clapboard roofs of houses are weighted down by stones, like those on Swiss châlets. The tracks of boar, bear, foxes, and monkeys are numerous. It is the hunter's harvest-time. Dressed carcasses are on sale in every village. I wonder how a Darwinian steak would taste. "No, thank you; no monkey for me!" is my response to an invitation to taste my ancestors. Good people, you need "science" to teach you what cannibals you are.

At 1.30 P.M. we reach Imajō. At the huge fire-place, I warm and smoke myself till I learn how it feels to be a dried herring. Our food is sauced with hunger and hospitality. Verily, it is delightful to meet unspoiled Japanese, who have never encountered civilization or drunken sailors.

At 3.30 I mount a horse who has two legs and no tail. The saddle—a bundle of straw—rests on the man's loins. I bestride him, my legs on his hips, and arms round his neck. I can choke him if I like. I grip him tightly at dangerous places. These mountaineers think nothing of this work of carrying a man of sixteen-stone weight. Each man has a staff to prop me up when he stops to blow and rest. Riding man-back is pleasant, unless the animal (*ippiki*) is extravagant with pomatum, or his head-kerchief and the wash-tub are strangers. The horse-men carry us one ri. Snow is too deep: I dismount and plod on. Among solemn groves of pine, walls of rocks and hills, darkness falls; but the moon silvers the forest, burnishes the snow, reveals mystic shadows. Our six bearers light four huge torches of rice-straw leaves and twigs, ten feet long and six inches thick. The lurid glare lights up the gorges. Prismatic splendors dance in the red fire-light. Snow crystals and pendant icicles become chandeliers. Intense fatigue can not blind me to the glories of this night-march.

At nine o'clock the path is but a few inches wide. To miss a step is a serious matter. It plunges me to my waist in soft snow. The bearers pull or pry me out. Every step is misery. Another seems an impossibility. Yet none else of the party says a word. Admirable is the spirit of the Japanese in hardship. The last ri is torture to me. At last a light gleams above us. We file through the village street. Kindly welcome and tender care are mine from all. Sahei undresses me like a child. My limbs no sooner free, I sink, exhausted, asleep.

January 24*th.*—I am too stiff to stand. I feel like singing the college-song, "Saw my leg off," and with emphasis on the word "short." I hobble about for a few minutes. My joints relax. Our path lies through glorious valleys charged with vitalizing air. Amidst such scenery I forget my limbs. We hear the shouts of hunters. At ten o'clock we leave Echizen and enter Ōmi. In the village, at which we dine on wild-pork steaks, omelet, rice, and turnips, snow lies level with the eaves, shields of bamboo making a corridor between snow and houses. Our host, Nakano Kawachi, has speared eight hogs since snow fell. Strings of dried persimmons hang from his rafters like dried apples in an old-time New England kitchen. They look and taste like figs. The small boys are crazy with delight at the strange sight of a foreigner. A feint to scare them scatters the crowd and leaves a dozen sprawling in the snow. At Tsubaë we spend the night. The inns are full. Our rooms are poor. The *nomi* (*Pulex* *irritans*) bite unusually hard. This is a rare behavior for them in winter.

January 25th.—Breakfast is flavored with fun and bright eyes. An extremely pretty, pearly-teethed, sweet-voiced, and bright eyed girl waits on us. Her merry laugh and chatter make amends for shabby quarters. An unusually generous fee from the foreigner is on account of her reminding him of bright eyes in the home land. Faces here in Japan recall familiar faces long known, and every phase of character in New York is duplicated here.

We are descending the highlands of Echizen and Ōmi to the plains of Mino and Owari. Weather grows warmer, villages more numerous, road more regular. We are in a silk region. Plantations of mulberry-trees, cut to grow only six feet high, abound. Lake Biwa lies in the distance, a picture of blue massively framed in mountains. Dining at Kinomoto (Foot of the Tree), we embark in kagos. In these vehicles I always fall asleep at the wrong end; my head remaining wide awake, while my feet are incorrigibly somnolent. I lie in all shapes, from a coil of rope to a pair of inverted dividers, with head wrapped from the cold and hardly enough face visible to make a monkey. In the fine hotel at Odani, the old lady hostess is very motherly to her first foreign guest, until I settle in kotatsu in the "daimiō's chamber," with maps and books on the floor, when she resumes her spectacles and sewing. Round the room hang gilt and lacquered tablets of the lords and nobles who have lodged at this house. My prince's card is among them. The old lady brings me sheets of paper to write my name, poetry, wise saws, etc., upon, as mementoes. After supper, Inouyé "fights his battles o'er." A bullet grazed his fore-

How we rode to Odani.

head in the campaign of 1868–'70. The students recount the lore of the places passed, and the *Guai Shi* narratives. "To-morrow," says Inouyé, "we shall cross the battle-field of Sékigahara."

January 26th.—We have left the snow behind us. Through mulberry plantations, over dark and loamy soil, we pass under the shadow of Ibuki yama, his glorious form now infolded with clouds, now revealed in sunshine. We pass the tomb of beautiful Tokiwa, mother of Yoritomo. Every step is historic ground. The study of topography is a wonderful help to the imagination. We are now on Japan's greatest battle-field. The war panorama of October, 1600, appears before me. Here stood the head-quarters of Iyéyasŭ; there were the lines of battle; over that road the army of the league marched to take up their position; and beyond stood the Jesuit monastery where, botanists say, Portuguese plants grow, and flowers bloom. Here sat the victor who knotted the cords of his helmet.

We are now on the Tōkaidō. This I see at once, from its width, bustling air, and number of tea-houses. Over this road tramped the armies of Iyéyasŭ, plodded the missionaries of the Cross and Keys, moved the processions of the daimiōs, advanced the loyal legions from Fushimi to Hakodaté. To-day a different sight makes my heart beat and my eyes kindle. Emerging from a year's exile, here, in the heart of Japan, I see before me telegraph-poles; their bare, grim, silent majesty is as eloquent as pulses of light. The electric wires will soon connect the sacred city of the Sun Land with the girdle that clasps the globe. Verily, Puck, thou hast kept thy word even in Japan. Morse, thou hast another monument.

A glorious sunset writes in prophecies of purple and gold the weather "probabilities" for the remainder of my journey. At Ōgaki—the persimmon of Iyéyasŭ—"the splendor falls on castle walls," and evening glow gilds the old towers as we enter the historic gate-ways. We spend the night here.

January 27th.—I meet many of the jin-riki-shas of modern, and pass a grassy mound of skulls and skeletons, the memorial of some battle in ancient, Japan. The road, lined with pine-trees, which overarch and interlace, seems like a great cathedral aisle. We pass over long embankments, eighteen feet high and forty feet wide, made to keep off the tidal waves which sometimes arise. At Okoshi, we leave Mino, and enter Owari, with its many large towns and cities. At Kujosu we visit Nobunaga's old castle. At 4 P.M. we enter Nagoya, the fourth largest city in Japan, with the finest castle outside of Tōkiō.

Two of its towers were formerly surmounted with huge fish made of copper, covered with plates of gold. A robber, who mounted on an immense kite in a gale at night and tried to steal the gold scales, was detected, boiled to death in oil, and the raising of large kites ever afterward prohibited in Owari. Nagoya is noted for fans, porcelain, and *cloisonné* enamel-ware. Miya is its sea-port.

January 28*th.*—Leave Chiriō at bright starlight, witnessing a glorious sunrise. At 9 A.M. I met an American gentleman, with five betté, on a walk from Tōkiō to Kobé. Our meeting is mutually pleasant. His is the first white face I have seen for some months. Night spent at Shirasŭka, in Tōtōmi.

January 29*th.* — White Fuji, sixty miles distant, rises before me like a revelation. Almost simultaneously on my right I behold the sea, broad, blue, myriad-smiling. *Thalatté! Thalatté!* I have not seen the Pacific, nor Fuji, for very nearly a year. At Araii, we take boat and cross an arm of the sea, to a town famous for its shell-fish. I send a letter to Clark at Shidzŭöka. We are now in the coldest part of the year, called *kan*, but when near Hamamatsu (Strand-pine) two runners, naked to the breech-cloth, whizz past me. On the shoulders of each is a live fish wrapped in straw. Epicures in Hamamatsu like to eat fish fresh from the net, within an hour of capture, and human legs take the place of the lightning express. The fleet postman is also clothed only in a suit of cuticle with loin-strap. A bundle of letters is slung on a pole over his shoulder. In the city we meet many natives between boots and hats, in the toggery, or a travesty of the tight clothes, of civilization. I see condensed milk, beer, Yankee clocks, buttons, petroleum; pictures of Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck, George Washington, Gladstone; English cutlery and umbrellas; and French soap, brandy, and wine.

Fishermen seem to comprise the bulk of population in Tōtōmi. Millions of small fish lie drying along shore, to be used as manure. The women are busy weaving cotton cloth in narrow breadths on rude looms. The salt-makers go to the surf with buckets, saturate patches of sand repeatedly with sea-water, which, evaporated by solar heat and wind, leaves a highly impregnated sand, which is leached, and the strong brine boiled down or sun-evaporated. In the morning, fishermen keep watch on the hills till they descry the incoming shoals, when they descend and catch them. Sweet-potatoes are plentiful here, and the orange-trees glitter with their golden fruitage. We are within a few days of New-year's. All womankind in Japan is busy at housecleaning. To us travelers, who are usually at windward of the mat-beaters and sweepers, it occasions much dust, and more disgust. In a village noted for silk, crapes, and embroidery, I make purchases, as souvenirs of my journey, as the Japanese invariably do. I also meet two signs of the new national life; they are postage-stamps and silver yen, or dollars.

January 30*th*.—Start from Matsuyama. Clark will be coming from Shidzŭöka to-day to meet me. Who shall catch first sight of the other? At 3.30 P.M., while passing over a long mountain pass, I roll out of my kago, to relieve the bearers and enjoy the exercise. I walk far ahead of my party. As I turn a rocky angle, I see him far ahead, leading his horse down a slippery path. A shout is answered by a halloo. In a moment more two old college chums, fellow-travelers in Europe, and co-workers in Japan, are in each other's arms. Our parties soon meet, and Shimojo, Clark's interpreter, exchanges his horse for my kago. Two "tō-jins," instead of one, astonish the natives as we gallop over the Tōkaidō into Shidzŭöka,* the exile city of the Tokugawa. (Poor Shimojo, "one of the sweetest and gentlest spirits that ever quitted or tenanted a human form," now sleeps in one of the grave-yards in Tōkiō.) Old memories and new experiences make busy tongues. Our chat is prolonged far into the night. My sleep is untroubled with dreams or earthquakes.

January 31*st*.—To-day is for sight-seeing. I visit Iyéyasŭ's old castle, the school, the temples. I see the presents brought by Commodore Perry. Here is a sewing-machine with tarnished plates and rusty shuttles. There are maps, one of my native Pennsylvania and of Philadelphia, as they were in 1851. Here is a spectroscope, given before Bunsen and Kirchoff added to the alphabet of elements or analyzed the sun. There is also a miscellaneous array of English and other presents, including a gilt model of Victoria's crown. It awakes a curious medley of feelings to see this "old curiosity shop" in this "St. Helena of Tokugawaism."

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive."

The labels seem the gibes of fate. I meet many once prominent retainers of Tokugawa, men who have led fleets and armies, or headed embassies. Others live in poverty and obscurity. Some bear sabre-scars and bullet-marks as proof of their loyalty. Clark is extremely fortunate in having so many cultivated gentlemen, famous characters, and educated, intelligent helpers. The school was founded by Fukuzawa. Nakamura Masanawo, professor of Chinese, and also educated in London, his right-hand man, is printing his translation of "Mill on Liberty." He has shown me some of the cut wooden blocks; for the author is very often his own publisher in Japan. In his memorial on Christianity, some months ago, in which he urged toleration, he argued that without the religion of Christ the Japanese are plucking only the showy leaves, while they neglect the root of the civilization of Christendom.

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* Formerly called Sumpu, from *sun* in Sunshiu, the Chinese form of Suruga, and *fu*, capital. Sun-fu becomes by euphony Sumpu, the capital of Suruga. On old maps it is marked as Fuchiu.

My host spreads a gorgeous American dinner in honor of his guest. Hattori, the governor of the ken, Nakamura, Yatabori, the school-officer, two Tokugawa ex-magnates, and two interpreters are present, the party numbering twelve in all. Mr. Katsŭ is unfortunately absent in Tōkiō, and Mr. Ōkubo Ichiō unwell. The latter sends me a fan inscribed with his congratulations, poetically expressed. A great many gifts, rather compliments, are showered upon me by officials and citizens, who seem endlessly grateful for securing them so good a teacher. Unable to carry away the load of sponge-cake, confectionery, fowls, eggs, etc., I leave them to Sam Patch,* the veritable Sam, whom Commodore Perry brought back as a waif to Japan in 1853. He is now officiating as cook to Mr. Clark. Sammy's notoriety has somewhat spoiled his pristine modesty, and his head, having never been ballasted with over two-thirds the average quantum of wit, is occasionally turned, to the annoyance of his master.

February 1st.—From Shidzŭöka the journey is rapid, jin-riki-shas being numerous. Mishima and the castled town of Numadzŭ are passed. The Hakoné Mountains are ascended and enjoyed. The path is one long aisle under mossy monarch pines, through superb scenery. At dark, Sahei lights the *tai-matsu* (great torch), and the village people kindle fire-brands in the streets to guide the travelers—

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* His real name was Sentaro. He was a native of Iyo. On a return voyage from Yedo to Ōzaka, the junk lost its rudder and mast, drifted fifty days at sea, and was picked up by the American brig *Auckland.* The crew consisted of seventeen men; among them were Heko and Denkichi (see Dankirche, Alcock's "Three Years in Japan;" see, also, "Perry Expedition"). What is mortal of Sammy now rests in a temple cemetery at Oji, near Tōkiō. He fell a victim to that scourge called kakké, in 1874. A plain stone cross, with the words "Sam Patch," marks his tomb.

a most hospitable custom. In these Swiss-like highlands I stop to buy specimens of the carved and mosaic wood-work of exquisite neatness and delicate finish. We sleep in castled Odawara.

February 2d.—Arrive in Yokohama at 2.30 P.M. My year's residence has given me the ken of a native. My eyes have not altered their angle, yet I see as the Japanese see. The "hairy" foreigners are ugly. Those proud fellows, with red beards and hair, look hideous. What outrageous colors, so different from uniform black! How ugly those blue eyes! How deathly pale many of them look! How proud, how overbearing and swaggering, many of them appear, acting as if Japan were their own! The white people are as curious, as strange, as odd as the Japanese themselves.

Yokohama has greatly increased in size since I last saw it. I spend the night in a Christian home. After supper, at which sit father, mother, and children, some of the old sweet music, played for me on the piano, recalls all the dear memories of home and the home-land. The evening is closed with worship, in which the burden of prayer is for the rulers and people of Japan. A sense of gratitude in place of loneliness is uppermost in my mind as I lie down to rest. I have escaped many dangers since I first left home, more than a year ago. A summary of these, as they flit across my drowsy consciousness, comprises great variety. No steamer on the Pacific or Lake Biwa has burned (as the *America* afterward), foundered, wrecked, broken machinery, or blown up (as one afterward did on Lake Biwa), with me on board. No stray gun-shot from bird-shooters in the rice-fields of Echizen has hit me. No rōnin's sword has slit my back, or cloven my head, as I was told it would. No red-capped, small-pox baby has accidentally rubbed its pustules or shed its floating scales on me. A horse has kicked, but not killed me. No fever has burned my veins, or ague, like an earthquake, shaken me back to dust again. No kago has capsized over a precipice, or come to pieces while crossing a log-bridge over a torrent. No seismic throes have ingulfed me, or squashed my house upon me, nor flood overwhelmed me, nor typhoon whirled or banged me to pieces, nor fires burned me. No kappa or any other mythic reptile has grabbed me. No jin-riki-sha has smashed me. I have not been poisoned to death by fresh lacquer. My still sufficiently sensitive nose has not, for agricultural necessities, been paralyzed by intolerable odors or unmentionable buckets. No charcoal fumes have asphyxiated me (alas! my poor, gentle friend Bates!). I have not been seethed to death in hot water by jumping unwittingly into the boiling baths so often prepared for me. My temper, though badly damaged, has not, I hope, been utterly spoiled by Asiaticisms. No centipedes or scorpions have bitten me within a thread's-width of my life; neither have the fleas in mountain inns, though they have taken more than Shylock's portion, utterly devoured me. No drunken soldier has quarreled with me, nor skewered me with his sabre. Neither did I use chemicals till I had proved them, testing before tasting. No carbonate of soda has entered my mouth till I happily showed the label a libel by a drop of sulphuretted hydrogen water, and found it to be arsenide of sodium (Na_3As.). I have proved many, and discovered a few, things. The best trovers of all are the human hearts and kindly nature of the Japanese. God bless the people of Japan!

February 2d.—At 9 30 I take the steamer to Tōkiō. A white and driveling drunkard, his native mistress, and a Briton indulging in brandy and tobacco, occupy the cabin. I go on deck. Landing at Tsŭkiji, I finish my winter journey of three hundred and thirty miles. At the French hotel, a good square meal seems such a triumph of civilization that I wonder how any one could ever commit *hara-kiri.* Tōkiō is so modernized that I scarcely recognize it. No beggars, no guard-houses, no sentinels at Tsŭkiji, or the castle-gates; city ward-barriers gone; no swords worn; hundreds of yashikis disappeared; new decencies and proprieties observed; less cuticle visible; more clothes. The age of pantaloons has come. Thousands wearing hat, boots, coats; carriages numerous; jin-riki-shas countless. Shops full of foreign wares and notions. Soldiers all uniformed, armed with Chassepot rifles. New bridges span the canals. Police in uniform. Hospitals, schools, and colleges; girls' seminaries numerous. Railway nearly finished. Embassy rode in steam-cars to Yokohama. Gold and silver coin in circulation. Almshouses established. A corps of medical German professors occupy the old monasteries of Uyéno. General Capron and his staff of scientific American gentlemen are housed in the shōgun's Hall of Rest at Shiba. A commission of French military officers live in the yashiki of Ii Kamon no kami, whose son is studying in Brooklyn. Three hundred foreigners reside in Tōkiō. An air of bustle, activity, and energy prevails. The camp of the chief daimiō of a hermit nation is no more. Old Yedo has passed away forever. Tōkiō, the national capital, is a cosmopolis.

Now begins a three years' residence in the great city.

XVII.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN.

No one who is interested in the welfare and progress of the Asiatic nations can approach the question of female education without feelings of sadness as profound as the need of effort is felt to be great. The American who leaves his own country, in which the high honor paid to woman is one of the chief glories of the race to which he belongs, is shocked and deeply grieved at beholding her low estate in pagan lands. He is scarcely surprised at the wide difference between the Eastern and the Western man; for this he has expected. He can not, however, explain the low condition of woman by the corresponding state of civilization. He sees that the one is out of all proportion to the other. An inferior grade of civilization does not necessitate the extreme subjection of woman. If Tacitus records rightly, the ancient barbarians, whose descendants are the Germanic races, surpassed even the civilized Romans in the respect paid to their women. The Western man in Asia sees that abject obedience as daughter, wife, and widowed mother is the lot of woman, as ordained by the wisdom of the ancients and fixed by the custom of ages. He sees the might of physical force, and the power of government and society, in league to keep her crushed as near to the level of the unreplying brute as possible. He finds that the religious systems agree in denying her a soul; the popular superstitions choose her as the scapegoat for all tempted and sinning men; and that spirit of monastic asceticism whose home is in the East selects her as the symbol of all that is opposed to the peace and purity of the aspiring saint.

The student of Asiatic life, on coming to Japan, however, is cheered and pleased on contrasting the position of women in Japan with that in other countries. He sees them treated with respect and consideration far above that observed in other quarters of the Orient. They are allowed greater freedom, and hence have more dignity and self-confidence. The daughters are better educated, and the national annals will show probably as large a number of illustrious women as those of any other country in Asia. In the time of their opportunity—these last days of enlightenment—public and private schools for girls are being opened and attended. Furthermore, some of the leaders of New Japan, braving public scandal, and emancipating themselves from the bondage of an etiquette empty of morals, are learning to bestow that measure of honor upon their wives which they see is enthusiastically awarded by foreigners to theirs, and are not ashamed to be seen in public with their companions. A few have married wives on the basis of a civil contract, endowing them with an equal share and redress before the law. Still better, Christian Japanese lead their brides to Christian altars, to have the sanctions of religion, though not the despotism of a hierarchy, to cement their marital union. In Christian churches, Japanese father, mother, and children sit together—a strange sight in Asia. The mikado's Government has made direct efforts to improve the condition of his female subjects. The *eta* women, with the men, have been lifted to the level of citizenship. The marriage laws have been so reformed as to allow the different classes of society to intermarry.

The abolition of beggary, though a general public benefit, deserves to be spoken of in this place. The introduction of improved silk-reeling machinery and the increasing area of tea-producing territory, by widening the field of female employments, have tended to swell the number of virtuous women, and diminish the ranks of the courtesans. Above all, the grand scheme of educating the girls as well as the boys throughout the country, and the establishment of schools of a high grade for young women, are triumphant evidences of a real desire to elevate the position of women in Japan, and to develop the capabilities of the sex.

But what has thus far been done can not be looked upon as any thing more than mere indications of the better time to come—the gray light before the far-off full day. As yet, the country at large has felt only the faint pulses of the new ideas. The bondage of enslaving theological tenets is to be cast off, popular superstitions are to be swept away, and the despotism of the Chinese classics—if Japan wishes to rise higher in the scale of civilization than China—is to be relaxed, before the Japanese woman becomes that factor of invincible potency in the progress and regeneration of Japan which it is possible for her to be.

That the progress of the nation depends as much upon the condition of woman as upon that of man, is a principle not yet current in

Asia. The idea that still remains as a lingering superstition, and the grossest relic of barbarism among Western nations, that might makes right, makes religion, makes every thing, is the corner and cap stone of Asiatic civilization. The gentle doctrines of the Indian sage have mollified the idea somewhat; but in China and Japan, the hand that holds the sword is the sole arbiter of the destinies of woman. The greatest dread which the extreme conservatives of the *Yamato damashi* feel is that Western notions of the equality of man and woman should prevail. Such ideas, they imagine, will subvert all domestic peace, and will be the ruin of society and the nation. For the state of things to be "as if a hen were to crow in the morning," seems that point in the sea of troubles beyond which the imagination of man (in Japan) utterly fails to go.

The whole question of the position of Japanese women—in history, social life, education, employments, authorship, art, marriage, concubinage, prostitution, religion, benevolent labor, the ideals of literature, popular superstitions, etc.—discloses such a wide and fascinating field of inquiry, that I wonder no one has yet entered it. I resist the temptation to more than glance at these questions, and shall content myself with a mere sketch of the position and education of woman in Japan. The roots of this subject are not reached by a peep into a public bath-house. We must consult history, literature, art, and ideals. Our ideas and prejudices must not be the standard. Japanese see, with true vision, much to condemn among us that passes for purity and religion. Let us judge them fairly.

Of one hundred and twenty-three Japanese sovereigns, nine have been women. The custodian of the divine regalia is a virgin priestess. The chief deity in their mythology is a woman. Japanese women, by their wit and genius, made their native tongue a literary language. In literature, art, poetry, song, the names of women are among the most brilliant of those on the long roll of fame and honor on whose brows the Japanese, at least, have placed the fadeless chaplet of renown. Their memory is still kept green by recitation, quotation, reading, and inscription on screen, roll, memorial-stone, wall, fan, cup, and those exquisite works of art that delight even alien admirers east and west of the Pacific.

In the records of the Japanese glory, valor, fortitude in affliction, greatness in the hour of death, filial devotion, wifely affection, in all the straits of life when codes of honor, morals, and religion are tested in the person of their professors, the literature of history and romance, the every-day routine of fact, teem with instances of the Japanese woman's power and willingness to share whatever of pain or sorrow is appointed to man. In the annals of persecution, in the red roll of martyrs, no names are brighter, no faces gleam more peacefully amidst the flames, or on the cross of transfixing spears, or on the pyre of rice-straw, or on the precipice edge, or in the open grave about to be filled up, than the faces of the Christian Japanese women in the seventeenth century. Such is the position of woman in Japan in the past.

So far of herself. The foreign reader must remember that I have not formed these opinions by a hasty glimpse of life at the sea-ports of Japan, where the scum of the world meets the dregs of that country, but after several years of residence in an interior city and in the capital. Further, I am placing the average woman in Japan against the average woman in other lands. I am stating the position of woman in her relation to man and society in Shin Koku. In comparing all other Asiatic nations, I am inclined to believe that Japan, in respect and honor to women, is the leader of them all.

The foreign resident of India, Burmah, or China, coming to Japan, is surprised and pleased to find the Japanese accord to their women so large a measure of respect and considerate care. No woman's feet are ever bound, and among the middle and lower classes she is almost as much at liberty to walk and visit as in our own land. An amount of social freedom prevails among womankind in Japan that could hardly be expected in a country at once Asiatic, idolatrous, and despotic. No foreign reader can accuse me of undue eulogy of the Japanese after including them within the pale inclosed by the three adjectives just penned, "Asiatic, idolatrous, and despotic"—the educated, the enlightened, the rising men of Japan loathe the words. The writer who applies these stinging epithets to them will receive any thing but thanks. They do not like to be called Asiatics; they despise idolatry (Buddhism); and they are even now emerging from despotism to constitutional monarchy and representative government. Nevertheless I have written it, and it explains woman's position and character in Japan, and brings us to the standing-point where we may note the shadows in the picture.

I shall not dwell upon the prevalent belief of foreigners that licentiousness is the first and characteristic trait in her character, nor upon the idea that ordinary chastity is next to unknown in Japan, for I do not believe that such is the case. That the idea of spiritual purity as taught by Christ—of the sin of defilement without reference to any thing physical or external, the commission of sin by the mere thought of, or looking upon, lust—is generally unknown, I believe fully. That the loftiest teachings of Buddhism or Shintō have failed utterly to purify them of this phase of their low moral status, I also believe. On the other hand, it must be stated that the chief patrons of human flesh let out on hire in Japan are from Christendom.

It is the heathen religion itself that we are to arraign for the low state of woman in Japan as compared with that in Christian lands. The only religion in Japan worthy of a name, in the sense of a binding system of dogmatics, or a purifying and elevating moral power, is Buddhism. Yet even in this there is no hope of immortality for a woman unless she is reborn as a man, which means that there is no salvation for a woman. In the eye of Buddhist dogma, ecclesiastical law, and monkish asceticism, woman is but a temptation, a snare, an unclean thing, a scape-goat, an obstacle to peace and holiness. Shintō, a religion so called, seems to accord her a higher place; but Shintō can never sway the heart and mind of modern Japanese people.

A great principle and an Asiatic institution are the causes of the degradation of the Japanese women. The one is filial obedience, the other polygamy. The idea that filial obedience should be the cause of woman's degradation may strike the American reader as passing strange. In this land of irreverent children the assertion may be doubted, yet it is true. The exaggeration of this principle in China has kept that great nation stagnant for tens of centuries, and to-day blocks the advance of Christianity and of civilization. Duty to parents overshadows all other duties.

The Japanese maiden, as pure as the purest Christian virgin, will at the command of her father enter the brothel to-morrow, and prostitute herself for life. Not a murmur escapes her lips as she thus filially obeys. To a life she loathes, and to disease, premature old age, and an early grave, she goes joyfully. The staple of a thousand novels, plays, and pictures in Japan is written in the life of a girl of gentle manners and tender heart, who hates her life and would gladly destroy it, but refrains because her purchase-money has enabled her father to pay his debts, and she is bound not to injure herself. In the stews of the great cities of Japan are to-day, I doubt not, hundreds of girls who loathe their existence, but must live on in gilded misery because they are fulfilling all righteousness as summed up in filial piety.*

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* More than one European writer has attempted to shed a poetical halo around

So long as the institution of concubinage exists in Japan, home-life can never approach in purity and dignity to that in Christian countries. It is often asked, "Are the Japanese polygamous?" The question has two answers. A Japanese has but one legal wife, but he may have two or three more women if he chooses, or can support them.

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the Yoshiwara system of Japan, while, on the other hand, well-meaning people have extensively circulated the absurd statements that the Japanese do not regard the business of these places as immoral; that it is quite common for Japanese gentlemen to make wives of the inmates; that they exist in every city; and more and worse. Not a few foreigners believe that "there is not a virtuous woman in Japan"—a slander that well befits the mouths of the ignorant bigots and seared libertines who alike utter it. It is true that in Japan there is not that sensitiveness on this subject that exists among English-speaking people, and that an ambitious young man in the lower social ranks, who aspires to wed an intellectual wife, will occasionally marry one of the bright, witty, educated girls who may have fascinated him in the Yoshiwara. This is rather her conquest than his. It is true that the yearning of these poor prisoners who have women's hearts is to win the love of a good man, to be a virtuous wife, to keep house, to be the joyful mother of children, and enter the path of purity; and that Japanese society applauds the aspiration, forgives the past, and welcomes the person. Many a book of poems written by inmates of the Yoshiwara will show this, even if there was no other proof. On the other hand, the social evil in Japan is shorn of some features so detestably conspicuous in other countries. The street-walker is unknown. The place set apart for the vile business is rarely inside the city, but in its suburbs. A man may live for years in a Japanese city, and see none of the moral leprosy, such as nightly floods Broadway, the Haymarket, and Boulevard des Italiens. I have known American gentlemen, thoroughly at home in the language, who in years of intercourse with the people have never received an improper proposal. It is also true that the Yoshiwara, so far from being what some European writers make it, is only another name for misery, degradation, and vice, in which suicide, disease, premature old age, abandonment, or blight wastes the lives of thousands of victims. The real opinion of Japanese people is expressed by their proverbs: "There is no truth in a courtesan;" "When you find a truthful prostitute and a four-cornered egg, the moon will appear before her time." There are tens of thousands of young men in Japan who have never entered the Yoshiwara. The common word among the students for what pertains to them is *dokiu* (poison). The unlicensed are called *jigoku onna* (hell-women). The opinion of the Government of these places is shown in the fact, that after a defalcation, murder, or gross crime, detectives are sent first to them. The Yoshiwara is a fenced plague spot, a moral quarantine, found only in the very large cities and sea-ports, not in the old daimiō's capitals. The truth is, that the Japanese have the same problems of social evil to deal with as other nations. They have tried to solve them in the best way they know. It must be confessed that, in some respects, they have succeeded better than we have. The moral status of the Japanese is low enough, and every friend of Japan knows it; but let us tell the truth, even about the heathen. So far as they try to bridle crime, or solve mighty problems, they are deserving of sympathy, not censure. How far the placing of the Yoshiwara under rigid medical inspection will improve or degrade the moral status of the community, is yet to be proved.

One wife, if fruitful, is the rule. In case of failure of an heir, the husband is fully justified, often strongly advised even by his wife, to take a handmaid to raise up seed to preserve the ancestral line. To judge of the prevalence of concubinage in Japan, we must not select either Tōkiō or the sea-ports. The one is the capital, as full of political and social corruption as our own; the others are abnormally luxurious places. After careful examination of the facts, I believe the actual proportion of men who have concubines in addition to their true wives is not over five per cent. of the whole population. Of those financially able to maintain the indulgence, the percentage is probably twenty.

The husband holds the power of the sword. The divorced wife has little or no redress. Yet the facility of divorce is not availed of as much as if there were no father-in-law, brothers, male friends, or female neighbor's tongues in the question. Seven causes for justifiable divorce are laid down in the classics of Confucius, which are the basis of legal morals in Japan as in China, or as those of Justinian are with us. The wife may be divorced—

1. If she be disobedient to her parents-in-law. (After marriage, in her husband's home, his parents become hers in a far more significant sense than among us.)

2. If she be barren. (If the husband loves his childless wife, he keeps and supports her.)

3. If she be lewd or licentious. (She must not be given to loose talk or wine. It is not proper for her even to write a letter to any other man.)

4. If she be jealous (of other women's clothes, or children, or especially of her husband).

5. If she have a loathsome or contagious disease. (If dearly beloved, she may be kept in a separate room and cared for.)

6. If she steal.

7. If she talk too much.

It is needless to say that the seventh and last reason is the one frequently availed of, or pretended. The Japanese think it is a good rule that works but one way. The husband is not divorced from the wife for these equal reasons. Of course, woman in Japan, by her tact, tongue, graces, and charms, is able to rule her husband generally by means invisible to the outer world, but none the less potent. Though man holds the sword, the pen, and divorce, and glories in his power, yet woman, by her finer strength, in hut as in palace hall, rules her lord.

In the Japanese home, in which there is more that is good and morally wholesome than most foreigners who live only in the open ports are willing to acknowledge, may be found the place, by excellence, of the training of the female children. The rudimentary literary training of girls in the higher classes was exclusively there, at the hands of private tutors or governesses. The female children of the lower classes received tuition in the private schools so generally established throughout the country during the last two centuries. After the elementary training came the study of those books for the special use of the Japanese women, which are to be found in every Japanese household pretending to respectability. These books collectively are called *Ōnna Yushoku Mibaë Bunko.* They constitute a library of works on the duties of women, but are often bound up in one volume. If the reader will imagine a volume composed of the Bible, "Ladies' Letter-writer," "Guide to Etiquette," "The Young Ladies' Own Book," Hannah More's works, Miss Strickland's "Queens of England," a work on household economy, and an almanac, he will obtain some idea of the contents of the *Bunko*, or "Japanese Lady's Library." With text and illustrations, the volume is very large; but if translated and printed in brevier with the cuts, it would not probably occupy more space than one of our largest monthly magazines. The books composing it, in their order of importance, are the *Ōnna Dai Gakŭ* ("Women's Great Learning"—the moral duties of woman, founded on the Chinese classics); *Ōnna Shō Gakŭ* ("Woman's Small Learning"—introduction to the above); *Ōnna Niwa no Oshiyé* ("Woman's Household Instruction"—duties relating to furniture, dress, reception of guests, and all the minutiæ of indoor life, both daily and ceremonial); *Ōnna Imagawa* ("Moral Lessons" in paragraphs); *Ōnna Yōbunshō* ("Lady's Letter-writer"); *Nijiu-shi Ko* ("Twenty-four Children"—stories about model children in China). Besides these works of importance, there are *Hiyaku Nin Isshiu*—a collection of one hundred poems from as many poets, written in the old Yamato dialect, and learned in every household, and perpetually repeated with passionate fondness by old and young; a collection of lives of model women; household lore; almanac learning; rules and examples to secure perfect agreement between man and wife; and a vast and detailed array of other knowledge of various sorts, both useful and ornamental to a Japanese maiden, wife, widow, or mother. This book is studied, not only by the higher classes, but by the daughters in almost every respectable family throughout the country. It is read and reread, and committed to memory, until it becomes to the Japanese woman what the Bible is to the inmate of those homes in the West in which the Bible is the first, and last, and often the only book.

Only a small proportion of Japanese girls attain an advanced knowledge of Chinese characters, though many of the samurai daughters have read the standard Japanese histories; and in the best native schools at present a certain amount of the reading and writing of Chinese characters is taught, and one or two good histories of Japan are read. In the national, traditionary, heroic, and historic lore of their own country, I doubt very much whether the children of any country in the world are better instructed or informed than the Japanese children.

The fruits of this education, as modified or strengthened by social circumstances and religion, are seen in the present type of the Japanese woman. As compared with her sister in Western lands, and as judged by her own standards, she is fully the peer in that exquisite taste for the beautiful and becoming as displayed in dress and personal adornment; nor is she inferior in the graces of etiquette and female proprieties.

No ladies excel the Japanese in that innate love of beauty, order, neatness, household adornment and management, and the amenities of dress and etiquette as prescribed by their own standard. In maternal affection, tenderness, anxiety, patience, and long-suffering, the Japanese mothers need fear no comparison with those who know the sorrows and rapture of maternity in other climes. As educators of their children, the Japanese women are peers to the mothers of any civilization in the care and minuteness of their training of, and affectionate tenderness and self-sacrificing devotion to, offspring, within the limits of their light and knowledge. Though the virago and the shrew are not unknown characters in this Land of Great Peace, yet the three fundamental duties of woman, which include all others, and as laid down in the Chinese classics, are almost universally fulfilled without murmurings or hesitation. These duties are, first, obedience to her parents (the father) when a child; second, obedience to her husband when a wife; third (at least formal), obedience to her eldest son when a widow. Indeed, the whole sum of excellencies and defects of the Japanese female character arise from one all-including virtue, and the biography of a good woman is written in one word—obedience. Japanese biographies, let me add, contain quite as much truth as the average lives of dead people written in English. If unvarying obedience, acquiescence, submission, the utter absorption of her personality into that of her husband, constitute the ideal of the perfect woman, then the Japanese married women approach so near that ideal as to be practically perfect, and in this respect are, as foreign women will cheerfully grant to them, unquestionably superior.

The Japanese maiden is bright, intelligent, interesting, modest, ladylike, self-reliant; neither a slave nor a wanton. What the American girl is in Europe, the Japanese maiden is among Asiatics. Both are misunderstood. A Japanese virgin may act in a way not reconcilable with our standards. She may expose her charms so as to shock our exalted and chaste masculinity. Lighter-skinned womankind may see moral obliquity in an eye not perfectly horizontal, when there is none. The Japanese virgin knows nothing of the white lady's calculated limits of exposure, or of scientific dress-making, which by an inch of affluent economy exerts a more wicked influence than a nude bust empty of intent to charm.

The importance of the new education of Japanese girls to their country can not be overestimated. The revolution through which the nation is passing requires completion. The new reforms, of the necessity of which the leaders of Japan are convinced, and to which they are pledged, require to be certified, and to become part of the home-life of the people. The work of the Government must be done in the homes. The foundations of society are there; and as the home is, so will the State be in every land. All governments, in their various forms, are but households of a larger growth. Given a complete knowledge of the average household in any land, and the real government is easily known and understood.

Looking at the question of female education even from the vulgar concrete standing-point — that woman is merely the supplement of man, and that the end and aim and Almighty purpose of a woman's creation is that she shall become some man's wife — the question is all-important. The rising generation, who are to take the places of the present leaders of Japan, are being educated in Western ideas, and are passing through a developing process which will tend to exalt the mental powers at the expense of the animal instincts. The decay of the old feudal frame-work of society, and the suppression of government pensions and hereditary revenues, by removing all actual necessity for marriage, will create in the minds of the increasing numbers of those who marry from the higher motives a desire for a congenial life-companion and helpmate, and not for a mere female of the human species. Though some of the present generation of students may marry ordinary native women, those who wish for happiness in their home-life, who aspire to rise out of the old plane of existence and dwell permanently on the higher levels of intellectual life, will seek for educated women as wives. The new civilization will never take root in Japan until planted and cultivated in the homes, and, to secure that end, the thorough education of woman is an absolute necessity.

In conclusion, I must add my testimony and offer my plaudit to the earnest diligence and rapid progress of the girls in the national schools, of whose efforts and successes I have been witness, and which must be extremely gratifying to those who organized or who are interested in them. Of the signal success, far-reaching influence, and exalted teachings of the Christian missionary schools for girls, I can not speak in too high terms. In this good work, American ladies have led the way. By them the Japanese maiden is taught the ideals, associations, and ordering of a Christian home, a purer code of morals, a regenerating spiritual power, of which Buddhism knows nothing, and to which the highest aspirations of Shintō are strangers. Above all, an ideal of womanhood, which is the creation and gift of Christianity alone, eclipsing the loftiest conceptions of classic paganism, is held up for imitation. The precept and example of Christian women in these labors are mightily working the renovation of the social fabric in Japan.

I think none will accuse me of failure to see the best side of the Japanese character, or of an honest endeavor to estimate fairly the force and capability of the religions of Japan. Fully conscious of my liability to error in all that I have written in this book, I yet utter my conviction that nothing can ever renovate the individual heart, nothing purify society, and give pure blood-growth to the body politic in Japan, but the religion of Jesus Christ. Only the spiritual morality, and, above all, the chastity, taught by Him can ever give the Japanese a home-life equal to ours. With all our faults and sins, and with all the impurities and failures of our society, I believe our family and social life to be immeasurably higher and purer than that of Japan.

The religion of the Home-maker, and the Children-lover, and the Woman-exalter, is mighty to save the Japanese mother, and must be most potent to purify and exalt the Japanese home. Of all the branches of missionary labor in Japan, none, it seems to me, is of greater importance, or more hopeful of sure results, permanent and far-reaching in its influence, than the work of Christian women for women in Japan.

XVIII.

NEW JAPAN.

The history of Japan from 1872 to 1876 is intimately connected with that of the mikado. On the 1st of January, 1872, he visited the imperial navy, dock-yards, and machine-shops at Yokosŭka, displaying the liveliest interest in all he saw. By his conduct throughout the entire day, and coolness and self-possession during a critical moment, when a damp mold, full of molten iron, exploded and bespattered the imperial person, he proved himself more than a petty pseudo-divinity. He showed himself a man. The last act of the mystery-play was over. As a god, the mikado is a failure; as a man, he is a splendid success. If he has any divinity, it is the divinity of common sense. From dwelling in mediæval seclusion in the palace, steeped in sensual delights, degraded in body and mind to the intellectual level of a girl, the sovereign of Japan has taken his place among men of thought and action, a student, a thinker, an earnest and enlightened ruler. In April, Mutsŭhito visited the Imperial College; and, being in his presence several hours, and immediately before him during the performance of experiments and recitations by the students, I was enabled to study his countenance as he sat surrounded by princes of the blood, court nobles, and ministers of the cabinet, all robed in variegated brocade. He was then dressed in flowing robes of crimson and white satin, with black cap or crown, bound by a fillet of fluted gold, with a tall, upright plume, or stiff ribbon of gold. He appeared as the picture on page 102 represents some one of his ancestors. I afterward (January 1st, 1873) had the pleasure of an audience in the imperial palace, seeing him sitting on a chair, or throne, richly ornamented with golden dragons and lions, flanked by his sword-bearer and train of courtiers, in all the gorgeousness and variety of silk robes and ceremonial caps, so characteristic of rank in Dai Nippon. At the opening of the new buildings* of the

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* These are built in modern style, in three wings, each 192 feet long, joined to

Imperial College—thenceforth called the Imperial University of Japan—I saw him dressed in the costume shown in the portrait on page 37, thoroughly Europeanized in dress and person. I consider the likeness in photograph and wood-cut to be a capital one.

On the 3d of April, 1872, at 3 P.M., during the prevalence of a high wind, a fire, breaking out inside the castle circuit, leaped wall and moat, and in five hours swept Tōkiō to the bay. Five thousand houses and hundreds of yashikis and temples—among them the great Monzéki, in Tsŭkuji—were destroyed. The foreign hotels were left in ashes, which covered many square miles. Out of this calamity rose the phenix of a new plan with a new order of architecture. The main avenues were widened to ninety feet, the smaller ones to sixty feet. Rows of fine houses in brick and stone, and new bridges, in many cases of stone or iron, were built. Tōkiō is now thoroughly modernized in large portions. The foreign residents joined in the work of alleviating the distress. As bearer of their silver contributions to the mayor of the city, I found my old friend, Mitsŭöka (Yuri), of Fukui, sitting amidst the ashes of his dwelling, but happy in the possession of an imperial order to visit America and Europe, to study municipal government and improvements.

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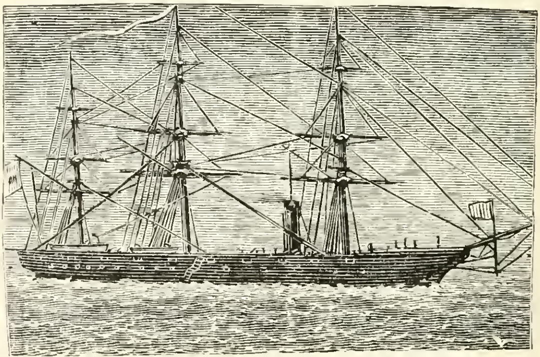
the main building, 324 feet long. They contain 79 rooms. The students, who wear uniform as in American schools, number 350, taught by 20 foreign professors. The Foreign-language School, in which students learn the English or other language preparatory to entering the college, is on Hitotsŭbashi Avenue, opposite. It has 600 students and 20 foreign teachers. Both are well equipped with books and apparatus. At the banquet given October 9th, Higashi Fushimi no Miya, prince of the blood; Sanjō Sanéyoshi, Dai Jō Dai Jin; Eto Shimpei, Ōki, and Itagaki, Counselors of State; Saigō Yorimichi, Yoshida Kiyonari, and many others, were present, all of whom I met. The empire is, for educational purposes, divided into eight districts, in each of which is to be a university, supplied by 210 schools of foreign languages. The elementary vernacular schools will number 53,000, or one for every 600 persons in the empire. They are supplied by native teachers trained in normal schools. At present, nearly 3,000,000 youths of both sexes are in school. With such excellent provision at home, the Government, having found out their expensive mistake of sending raw students abroad to study, and the political objects of the movement having been secured, recalled most of them in 1873—an order that was curiously misunderstood in America and Europe to mean reaction. This, however, is a mistake. Trained students versed in the languages and science have taken the place of many of those recalled. While the embassy was in America, David Murray, A.M., Ph.D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Rutgers College, was appointed Superintendent of Schools and Colleges in Japan. Dr. Murray, by his quiet vigor, unassuming manners, thorough competence, ability, and industry, has done much to improve and perfect education in Japan. He was, in 1875, also appointed Commissioner to the Centennial Exhibition.

During the summer, Mr. Katsŭ Awa was made Minister of the Navy, and Mr. Ōkubo Ichiō, Mayor of Tōkiō. A large number of ex-Tokugawa vassals were called into the service of the Government, and the old lines of division obliterated. The head of the Tokugawa family appointed by the mikado's court in 1868, is Jinsammi Tokugawa Kaménosŭké, whom I often met in Tōkiō. The Tokugawa clansmen are now among the loyal upholders of the throne and the new order of things. Mr. Katsŭ devoted himself to the thorough organization of the navy (see page 597). The British model had already been selected. In the accompanying cut is given a specimen of the national fleet, the *Tsukuba Kan*, which visited San Francisco during 1875. The portrait of the commander shows the Japanese naval officer of the period in modern tonsure and uniform. The sun-flag of Japan floats astern.

Japanese Naval Officer.

In the latter part of June, 1872, the mikado left Tōkiō in the flagship of Admiral Akamatsŭ, who was trained in Holland with Enomoto, and made a tour in Kiushiu and the South and West of the empire. For the first time in twelve centuries, the Emperor of Japan moved freely and unveiled among his subjects, whose loyalty and devotion were manifested in the intense but decorous enthusiasm characteristic of a people to whom etiquette is second nature. In several ancient places the imperial hands opened, in anticipation of the Vienna Ex-


The Japanese Steam Corvette *Tsukuba Kan*.

position, store-houses which had been sealed since the time of Seiwa Tennō (A.D. 859–876). *Vienna* was already engaging the attention of the Government. The mikado visited Nagasaki, Kagoshima, Nara, Kiōto, Ōzaka, and other places, returning to Tōkiō, August 16th, riding from Yokohama by railway.

The 14th of October was a day of matchless autumnal beauty and ineffable influence. The sun rose cloudlessly on the Sunrise Land. Fuji blushed at dawn out of the roseate deeps of space, and on stainless blue printed its white magnificence all day long, and in the mystic twilight sunk in floods of golden splendor, resting at night with its head among the stars. On that auspicious day, the mikado, princes of the blood, court nobles, the "flowery nobility" of ex-daimiōs, and guests, representing the literature, science, art, and arms of Japan, in flowing, picturesque costume; the foreign Diplomatic Corps, in tight cloth smeared with gold; the embassadors of Liu Kiu, the Ainō chiefs, and officials in modern dress, made the procession, that, underneath arches of camellias, azaleas, and chrysanthemums, moved into the stone-built dépôt, and, before twenty thousand spectators, stepped into the train. It was a sublime moment, when, before that august array of rank and fame, and myriads of his subjects, the one hundred and twenty-third representative of the imperial line declared the road open. The young emperor beheld with deep emotion the presence of so many human beings. As the train moved, the weird strains of the national hymn of Japan, first heard before the Roman empire fell or Charlemagne ruled, were played. Empires had risen, flourished, and passed away since those sounds were first attuned. To-day Japan, fresh and vigorous, with new blood in her heart, was taking an upward step in life. May the Almighty Disposer grant the island empire strength, national unity, and noble purpose while the world stands!

These were my thoughts as the smoke puffed and the wheels revolved. Past flower-decked stations, the train moved on. When at Kanagawa, puffs of smoke and tongues of flame leaped from the fleet of the foreign war-ships as their broadsides thundered the congratulations of Christendom to New Japan. But all ceremony, pageant, and loyal hosannas paled before the sublime significance of the act of the mikado, when four of his subjects, in the plain garb of merchants, stood in the presence of majesty, and read an address of congratulation, to which the emperor replied. The merchant face to face with the mikado? The lowest social class before traditional divinity? It was a political miracle! I saw in that scene a moral grandeur that measured itself against centuries of feudalism. What were war's victories, or the pomp of courts, compared with that moment when Japanese social progress and national regeneration touched high-water mark? It foreshadowed the time to come when the merchant, no longer despised, should take his place in the council-halls of the nation.

When representative government comes, as come it must, the merchant, becoming senator, will help to sway the national destinies. The emperor in whose reign the eta were made citizens—an act as morally grand as the emancipation of slaves—now dwells at times the guest of a merchant. Before the end of this century, it may be, the throne, no longer stilted on the effete fiction of petty divinity, may rest wholly upon constitution, law, and intelligent patriotism.

The doctrine of the divine descent of the mikado has been very useful in times past; but its work is done. Its light is paling; it is time for its wane; it can not long remain above the horizon. There are so many Sons of Heaven, so many Centres of the Universe, Infallibilities, etc., in Asia, where the fashion still lingers of making gods of men for the purposes of political machinery, that the very mention of such an idea is an evidence of weakness, even of imbecility. Japan will win the respect of civilization by dropping the fiction.*

Again, in the same year, Japan challenged the admiration of Christendom. The coolie trade, carried on by the Portuguese at Macao, in China, between the local kidnapers and Peru and Cuba, had long existed in defiance of the Chinese Government. Thousands of ignorant Chinese were yearly decoyed to Macao, and shipped, in sweltering ship-holds, under the name of "passengers." In Cuba and Peru, their contracts were often broken, they were cruelly treated, and only a small proportion of them returned alive to tell their wrongs.

The Japanese Government had, with a fierce jealousy, born of their experiences of slave-trade in the sixteenth century, watched the first beginnings of such a traffic on their own shores. Certain "Christian" nations seemed to have a special inclination to trade in human flesh. The Dutch at Déshima during two centuries gave them examples of sordid greed that stops not at selling men. Even their own pagan morals taught them the iniquity of the traffic. The works of

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* The propriety of giving the title "The Mikado's Empire" to this book has been challenged by several modernized Japanese, who believe that the life of the nation is more than the meat of a title, and the body more than its raiment of imperialism; but the vindication of its use is abundantly shown in Japan's past and present.

Japanese authors condemn the crime in unsparing terms, and load those guilty of it with obloquy. In the last days of the bakufu, coolie traders came to Japan to ship irresponsible hordes of Japanese coolies, and women for a viler purpose, to the United States. To their everlasting shame, be it said, some were Americans. A few cargoes were sent to Hawaii and California, and natives of Japan were actually sold for contemptible sums to task-masters. Of those who returned were some of my own students. Among the first things done by the mikado's Government after the Restoration was the sending of an official who effected the joyful delivery of these people and their return to their homes. No Japanese are ever allowed to go abroad, except as responsible, competent, and respectable citizens, who will do credit to their country.

The story of the *Maria Luz* is a long one. I hope to condense it justly. The Peruvian ship, loaded with Chinese, put into the port of Yokohama. Two fugitive coolies in succession swam to the English war-ship, *Iron Duke.* Hearing the piteous story of their wrongs, Mr. Watson, the British chargé d'affaires, called the attention of the Japanese authorities to these illegal acts committed in their waters. A protracted inquiry was instituted, and the coolies landed. The Japanese refused to force them on board in duress against their will, and later, shipped them to China, a favor which was gratefully acknowledged by the Peking Government. This act of a pagan nation achieved a grand moral victory for the world and humanity. Writing now, in 1876, we see the coolie-traffic—a euphemism for the slave-trade—abolished from the face of the earth, and the barracoons of Macao in ruins. China, shamed into better care of her people, has sent commissioners to Cuba and Peru, and has refused to enter into any treaty obligation with any South American State so long as a single Chinaman remains in the country against his will. Instead of a bombardment by Peruvian iron-clads, and war, so generously threatened, Japan and Peru have clasped reconciled hands in friendship. The case of the *Maria Luz*, referred to the Emperor of Russia for arbitration, was decided by him in favor of Japan. A Peruvian legation is now established in Tōkiō. Yet the act of freeing the Chinese coolies in 1872 was done in the face of clamor and opposition and a rain of protests from the foreign consuls, ministers, and a part of the press. But abuse and threats and diplomatic pressure were in vain. The Japanese never wavered. As straight as Gulliver through the hail of pin-point arrows, the Japanese marched to the duty before them.

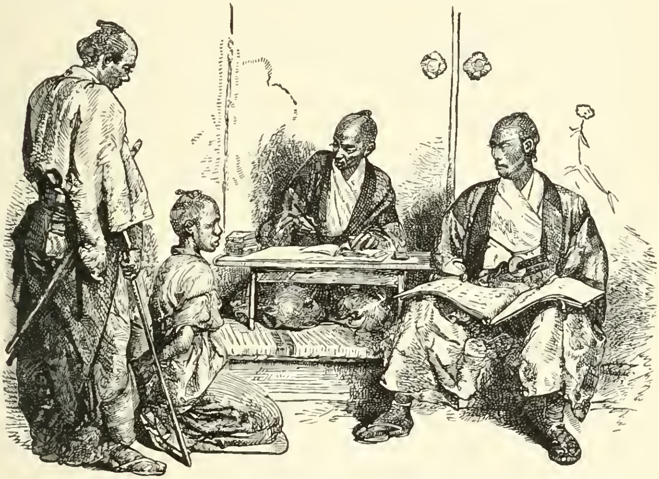
They had freed their eta; they now liberated the slaves. The British chargé and the American consul, Colonel Charles O. Shepherd, alone gave hearty support and unwavering sympathy to the right side.

During the year 1872, two legations and three consulates were established abroad. The number of these is now ten in all. At home the work of national consolidation went on, occasionally interrupted by sporadic uprisings of peasantry, too ignorant to see that local abuses or privileges were being adjusted to a national basis of just equality. The press of Japan passed from the realm of experiment into that of an estate. The wondrous growth of this civilizing force is best seen by a study of the postal statistics on page 590. Ten daily newspapers in the capital, and two hundred publications in the empire, furnished with metal type and printing-presses, are flooding the country with information and awakening thought. The editors are often men of culture, or students returned from abroad, and special scholars are found on the editorial staff. The surprisingly large measure of liberty of the press granted in 1872, 1873, and 1874 was severely curtailed in 1875, and the problem of allowing newspapers in a country still governed by a despotic monarchy remains unsolved. The Japanese statesmen seem to imagine that a people may be educated thoroughly, and yet be governed like children. To show the power possessed by the Government over the people, it is enough to say that the whereabouts of ninety-nine hundredths of all the citizens during any given past twenty-four hours can be told with great certainty.

The establishment of the press has also exposed the fact that in these isles of the blest, in which some foreigners supposed existed only innocence, gentleness, or good-mannered poverty, reeks every species of moral filth, abomination, crime, and corruption. To scan the columns of an average Japanese newspaper is to read a tale of horror and nastiness that puts to the blush the obscene calendars in the sensational dailies and illustrated *Police Gazettes* of New York, which find their way only too plentifully into the editorial rooms of Japanese cities. As one measure of crime in Dai Nippon, I believe the number of executions and deaths in the native prisons averages three thousand per annum. There is scarcely a form of sin known to Sodom, Greece, Rome, or India, but has been, or is, practiced in Japan, which has sorest need of moral renovation.

Yet in the department of jurisprudence vast progress has been made. I doubt whether any nation on earth can show a more revolting list of horrible methods of torture and punishment in the past with so great amelioration in so short a time. Their cruel and bloody codes were mostly borrowed from China.

Since the Restoration, revised statutes and regulations have greatly decreased the list of capital punishments, reformed the condition of prisons, and made legal processes less cruelly simple, but with elaboration of mercy and justice. The use of torture to obtain testimony is now entirely abolished. Law schools have also been established, lawyers are allowed to plead, thus giving the accused the assistance of counsel for his defense. The cut represents the old style of trial.



Court Scene. Old Style.

The prisoner, the torturer, secretary, and judge were the chief or only personages at the trial. A museum as curious as any to be found in Europe might be made of the now obsolete instruments of torture. Let us hope that the system of jurisprudence founded on Roman law, infused with the spirit of Christianity, may be imported, and flourish in Japan. This is now being done.

In moral character, the *average* Japanese is frank, honest, faithful, kind, gentle, courteous, confiding, affectionate, filial, loyal. Love of truth for its own sake, chastity, temperance, are not characteristic virtues. A high, almost painful, sense of honor is cultivated by the samurai. In spirit, the average artisan and farmer is a sheep. In intellectual capacity the actual merchant is mean, and in moral character low. He is beneath the Chinaman in this respect. The male Japanese is far less overbearing and more chivalrous to woman than any other Asiatic. In political knowledge or gregarious ability the countryman is a baby, and the city artisan a boy. The peasant is a pronounced pagan, with superstition ingrained and dyed into the very finest fibre of his nature.

In reverence to elders and to antiquity, obedience to parents, gentle manners, and universal courtesy and generous impulses, the Japanese are the peers of any, and superior to many, peoples of Christendom. The idea of filial obedience has been developed into fanaticism, is the main prop of paganism and superstition, and is the root of the worst blot on the Japanese character—the slavery of prostituted women.

To sum up: Japanese are simply human, no better, no worse than mankind outside. The attempts of good people, with eyes jaundiced by theological dogmatics, to put so heavy a coat of moral tar and feathers upon the Japanese as to make them sinners above all nations; or of hearty haters of all missionary labors, who are in love with the Utopia of their own creation, to make them guileless innocents, must alike fail before the hard facts.

The whole question of the ability of the Japanese to receive the highest form of civilization is intimately connected with their physical constitution.

The physique of the mountaineers and sailors, fishermen and steadily employed coolies, seems to be the finest. The average height of the men is five feet. The Japanese never smoke opium, like the Chinese; but the habit of filling the lungs with tobacco-smoke and exhaling it through the nose does not tend to pulmonary health, and, in comparison with the white nations, they are notably flat-breasted. The question has been raised as to whether the Japanese are a degenerate race. I think the evidence leans to the negative side. In their method of rearing infants, only the hardy ones can survive the exposure to which they are subject. Deformity is strikingly rare. Rheumatism, chills, and fever in the low-lying marshy districts, catarrh, and diarrhea are common, though not strikingly so. Nervous disorders are not general. Leprosy, or elephantiasis, is known, and kakké (leg-humor) is peculiar to Japan. It is probable that the people do not always take extraordinary pains to rear deformed infants. Exposure or desertion of children is an almost unheard-of thing. The maiming and breaking of limbs, caused by accidents—by falling, explosions, etc.—so frequent in countries where high buildings and machinery are in general use, are rare among the Japanese. Varicose veins, resulting from sans-culottism, furnish a curious argument in favor of a liberal supplement to Eden's costume, even to the donning of unpicturesque pantaloons. Since the introduction of the jin-riki-sha, the prevalence of heart-disease among the coolies has assumed frightful proportions. The almost national change for the better in the diet, clothing, and public hygienic protection and education of the people must bear good fruit for future generations, and greatly improve the average physique of the nation.*

The Corean war project had, in 1872, become popular in the Cabinet. It was the absorbing theme of the army and navy. The samurai burned to make "the glory of Japan shine beyond the seas." It has been said that "if Japan weighs one hundred pounds, Satsuma is fifty of them." This warlike clan, and that of Hizen, boiling over with patriotism, vexed their righteous souls daily because the revolution of 1868 had gone too far. The Yamato damashi and warlike policy were giving way to considerations of finance. They clamored for a general return to ancient ideals, principles, dress, tonsure, and side-arms, to which they still clung. During the Tokugawa period Corea had regularly sent embassies of homage and congratulation to Japan; but, not relishing the change of affairs in 1868, disgusted at the foreignizing tendencies of the mikado's Government, incensed at Japan's departure from Turanian ideals, and emboldened by the failure of the French and American expeditions, Corea sent insulting letters, taunting Japan with slavish truckling to the foreign barbarians, declared herself an enemy, and challenged Japan to fight. The divulging of this news, after vain attempts to repress it, acted like a moral volcano.

About this time, a Liu Kiu junk was wrecked on eastern Formosa. The crew were killed by the savages, and, as it is said, eaten. The Liu Kiuans appealed to their tributary lords at Satsuma, who referred the matter to Tōkiō. English, Dutch, American, German, and Chinese ships had, from time to time, been wrecked on this "cannibal" coast, the terror of the commerce of Christendom. Their war-ships vainly attempted to chastise the savages. Soyéjima, with others, conceived the idea of occupying the coast to rule the wild tribes, and of erecting light-houses, in the interests of commerce. China laid no claim to eastern Formosa, all trace of which was omitted from maps of the "Middle Kingdom." In the spring of 1873, Soyéjima went to Peking, and there among other things granted him was an audience with the Chinese emperor. He thus reaped the results of the diplomatic labors of half a century. The Japanese embassador stood upright before the Dragon Face and the Dragon Throne, robed in the tight black dress-coat, pantaloons, and white neck linen of Western civilization, bearing the congratulations of the young mikado of the Sunrise to the youthful emperor of the Middle Kingdom. In the *Tsung Li Yamen*, Chinese responsibility over Eastern Formosa was disavowed, and the right of Japan to chastise the savages granted. A Japanese junk was wrecked on Formosa, and its crew stripped and plundered, while Soyéjima was absent in China. This event piled fresh fuel on the flames of the war feeling, now popular even among the unarmed classes. The only thing waited for before drawing the sword was the arrival of the embassy.

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* *Medical Statistics, not including Naval and Military Medical Staff, Hospitals, and Students.*—There were in the empire in 1874: 1 Government hospital; 21 public hospitals (assisted by Government grants in aid); 29 private hospitals; 23,015 physicians practicing according to Eastern, and 5247 according to Western, science; 5205 apothecaries; 361 mineral springs; 944 patent medicines in use. There were, in 1875, as many as 25 foreign surgeons and physicians in Japanese Government employ, with 250 students in the Medical College in Tōkiō, and 75 in that at Nagasaki, instructed by German, Dutch, and English professors.

In its subordinate objects the embassy was a signal success. Much was learned of Christendom. The results at home were the splendid series of reforms which mark the year 1872 as epochal. Moral, social, legal, political, educational, and material changes were so numerous and sweeping as to daze the alien spectator on the soil, and cause him to ask again, "Can a nation be born at once?"

In its prime object the embassy was a magnificent failure. Beyond amusement, curiosity, thirst for knowledge, its purpose was constant, single, supreme. It was to ask that in the revision of the treaties the extra-territoriality clause be stricken out, that foreigners be made subject to *the* laws of Japan. The failure of the mission was predicted by all who knew the facts. From Washington to St. Petersburg, point-blank refusal was made. No Christian governments would for a moment trust their people to pagan edicts and prisons. While Japan slandered Christianity by proclamations, imprisoned men for their belief, knew nothing of trial by jury, of the habeas-corpus writ, or of modern jurisprudence; in short, while Japan maintained the institutions of barbarism, they refused to recognize her as peer in the comity of nations.

Meanwhile, at home the watch-word was progress. The sale of orphan female children to brothel-keepers, the traffic in native or European obscene pictures, the lascivious dances, even to nudity, of the singing-girls, the custom of promiscuous bathing in the public baths, and of the country coolies going naked or nearly without clothing, were abolished. Public decency was improved, and the standards of Christendom attempted. The law entered that the offense might abound. Many things absolutely innocent became at once relatively sinful. It was an earnest effort to elevate the social condition. With a basis of education and moral training in the minds of the people to underlie the Government edicts, complete success may be hoped for; but even in the mikado's empire the moral character of a people is not made or unmade by fiat. Marvelous progress has, however, been made. The slanderous anti-Christian *kosatsŭ* were also taken down, and the last relic of public persecution for conscience' sake removed. The engraving, page 368, represents a vanished curiosity. A noble step was still further taken in the face of a bigoted priesthood and fanatic conservatives. All the "Christians" torn from their homes at Urakami, near Nagasaki, in 1868 and 1869, and exiled and imprisoned in Kaga, Echizen, and other provinces, were set free and restored to their native villages. This measure had long been urged by Hon. Charles E. De Long, Sir Harry Parkes, Mr. F. O. Adams, and Count Turenne. In this year (1872) I made a tour of one month, over nine hundred miles, to Shidzŭöka, Kiōto, Fukui, and along the Sea of Japan, to near Niigata, thence through Shinano and Kōdzuké. I went to spy out the land and see how deeply civilization had penetrated. A week's journey was also made through Kadzusa and Awa, another in Shimōsa and Hitachi, and three separate trips for purposes of research in Sagami, Idzu, and Suruga. My intense enjoyment of the classic ground was shadowed by the vivid realization of the poverty of the country, the low estate of the peasantry, the need of something better than paganism, and the vastness of the task of regenerating an agricultural nation. The task, though great, is not hopeless. I was pleased to find education thoroughly extended, schools everywhere, and boys and girls alike studying with the help of such new improvements as slate and pencil, blackboard and chalk, charts and text-books on geography, history, reading, etc., translated from standard American school-books.

In Europe, Iwakura and his colleagues were cognizant of home affairs. With eyes opened by all they had seen abroad — mighty results, but of slow growth — they saw their country going too fast. Under the war project lay an abyss of financial ruin. It must be crushed. Shrewdly they laid plans, warily they kept silence, suddenly they struck the blow. The war scheme, brought up in a cabinet meeting, was squelched. The disappointment of the army was keen, that of expectant foreign contractors pitiable. The soldiers vented their rage in curses, the contractors in printed mud. Finding it useless to resist the crushing power of Iwakura, backed by Ōkubo, Kido, Katsŭ Ito, and Ōki, the ablest men of the cabinet, Goto, Soyéjima, and Eto resigned and retired to private life.

The volcano hardened to an outer crust. The war-loving samurai looked upon Iwakura as a peace-at-any-price man. He was also intimately connected with the financial scheme, now promulgated, of commuting, with a view to final extinction, the samurai pensions. The nation, groaning under this burden—the legacy of feudalism—must throw it off, become bankrupt, or go back to isolation. It was throttling the life of the nation.

It has been said that "the actual government of Japan is despotism, tempered by assassination." The old spirit was not yet dead. On the evening of January 14th, outside the castle moat, and near the palace-gates, the U Dai Jin was returning from an interview with the emperor. In the twinkling of an eye, his bettō was cut down, the driver wounded, and the sides of the carriage pierced and cut to ribbons with spear-points and sword-blades. Iwakura, wounded in two places, leaped out on the edge of the moat. He fell, and rolled into the water. The foiled assassins, in the pitch-darkness, not daring to linger for search, and unable to see or find their victim, made off. In spite of wounds, cold, and immersion, the U Dai Jin recovered. Soon afterward, nine rōnins — eight from Tosa and one from Satsuma—were arrested, and their crime proved. The U Dai Jin pleaded that mercy be shown them. In vain. The nine heads rolled into the blood-pit.

On the 17th of January, the ex-ministers, Goto, Soyéjima, Eto, Itagaki, with Yuri, of Fukui, and others, sent in a memorial, praying for the establishment of a representative assembly, in which the popular wish might be discussed. They complained that authority lay neither with the crown nor people, but with the officials in power. Their request was declined. It was officially declared that Japan was not ready for such institutions.

Hizen, the home of one of the great clans of the coalition of 1868, was now the chief seat of disaffection. With perhaps no evil intent, Eto, who had been head of the Department of Justice, had gone back to his home in Hizen, an example which many of his clansmen followed, among them Katsŭki Kéguro, a student educated in Albany and London. It was the old story of sectionalism against national interests. It was miniature secession. Scores of officials and men, but very few students, bound by oath and duty to the National Government, which had nourished or educated them, assembled with arms and traitorous intent in Hizen, and raised the cry of "On to Corea!"

Here was armed rebellion. Were the flames to spread, all Kiushiu would be involved. In the midst of the impending civil war, the foreign ministers pressed the payment of the last installment of the Shimonoséki indemnity, expecting that Japan could not or would not pay it, but would grant more one-sided concessions. In pride and anger, the Japanese passed over the money-bags, and closed the contemptible business forever.

The political barometer now began rapidly to fall. The Hizen war-cloud gathered blackness. The storm broke in war-fires and battle-blood. The rebels attacked the castle, and killed the garrison. Elated, they waited to see all Kiushiu join them. Their reckoning was fifty years behind the age. The days of Old Japan were passed. The era of steam, electricity, and breech-loaders had come. From the national capital darted the telegraphic lightnings. On the wings of steam, the imperial battalions swooped on Saga, as if by magic. The rebellion was annihilated in ten days. The leader, master-spirit, and judge was Ōkubo, modest in demeanor, wise in council, but in the field the lion-hearted hero that knows no fear. Eto, Katsŭki, and ten other ringleaders were sent to kneel before the blood-pit. The sword fell as each chanted his death-song. The heads of Eto and Shima were exposed on the pillory. The National Government was vindicated, and sectionalism crushed, perhaps, forever.*

The story of the Formosan affair is more familiar to my readers. Thirteen hundred Japanese soldiers occupied this island for six months. In the few skirmishes with the savages, breech-loaders prevailed over arrows and smooth-bores. The imperial troops were commanded by Saigō Yorimichi, brother of Saigō Kichinosuké. They built roads, and kept camps, and made fortifications in the style of modern engineering and military art. The attitude of China at first had been that of the sleeping crocodile that allows the tiny bird to enter its mouth to pick its teeth for food. Incited, however, by foreign influence in Peking, the sleepy nation woke in wrath and shame at the rebuke of Japan. The Chinese Government began to urge their claims on Formosa, to declare the Japanese intruders, and to menace hostilities. For a time, war seemed inevitable. Again the man for the crisis was Ōkubo, who went to Peking. The result of this was that the Chinese paid, in solid silver, an indemnity of seven hundred thousand dollars, and the Japanese disembarked. To outsiders in Europe, the whole affair seemed but a "tempest in two tea-pots;" but, morally, it was sublime. Japan, single-handed, with no foreign sympathy, but with positive opposition, had, in the interests of humanity, rescued a coast from terror, and placed it in a condition of safety. In the face of threatened war, a nation having but one-tenth the population, area, and resources of China, had abated not a jot of its just demands, nor flinched from the wager of the battle. The righteousness of her cause was vindicated. China now occupies Eastern Formosa. The expedition cost Japan five millions of dollars. Seven hundred victims of disease in peaceful graves sleep under the camphor-trees on the templed slopes of the Nagasaki hills.

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* In this campaign, over 40 villages and 1600 houses in Saga were burned, and 350 of the national troops and 400 of the insurgents were put *hors de combat*. About 500 persons thus lost their lives by war's accidents, and 195 were punished with hard labor, imprisonment, or degradation from the rank of samurai. Eto was discovered in disguise, by means of a photograph for which he had sat, to begin a "rogue's gallery," when Minister of Justice, in Tōkiō. Ōkubo proved himself a Jackson, not a Buchanan, and made Saga both the Sumter and the Petersburg of the Hizen secession.

The Corean affair ended happily. In 1875, Mr. Arinori Mori went to Peking. Kuroda Kiyotaka, with men-of-war, entered Corean waters. Patience, skill, and tact were crowned with success. On behalf of Japan, a treaty of peace, friendship, and commerce was made between the two countries, February 27th, 1876. Japan has thus peacefully opened this last of the hermit nations to the world.

Japan was among the first to accept the invitation to be represented at the centennial of American independence. A commission was appointed, of which Ōkubo was made president, and General Saigō Tsukumichi vice-president.

Let us now award to every nation due honor. The Portuguese discovered Japan, and gave her slave-traders and the Jesuits; the Spaniards sent friars, slavers, and conspirators; the Dutch ignobly kept alive our knowledge of Japan during her hermit life; the Russians, after noble and base failures to open the country, harried her shores. Then came Perry, the moral grandeur of whose peaceful triumph has never been challenged or compromised. The United States introduced Japan to the world, though her opening could not have been long delayed. The American, Townsend Harris, peer and successor to Perry, by his dauntless courage, patience, courtesy, gentleness, firmness, and incorruptible honesty, won for all nations treaties, trade, residence, and commerce. The Dutch secured the abolition of insults to Christianity. To the English was reserved a quiet victory and a mighty discovery, second to none achieved on the soil of the mysterious islands. English scholarship first discovered the true source of power, exposed the counterfeit government in Yedo, read the riddle of ages, and rent the veil that so long hid the truth. It was the English minister, Sir Harry Parkes, who first risked his life to find the truth; stripped the shōgun of his fictitious title of "majesty;" asked for at home, obtained, and presented credentials to the mikado, the sovereign of Japan; recognized the new National Government, and thus laid the foundation of true diplomacy in Japan. It is but fair to note that Americans have, in certain emergencies, derived no small advantage from the expensive show of English and French force in the seas of China and Japan, and from the literary fruits of the unrivaled British Civil Service.

Let us note what Americans have done. Our missionaries, a noble body of cultured gentlemen and ladies, with but few exceptions, have translated large portions of the Bible in a scholarly and simple version, and thus given to Japan the sum of religious knowledge and the mightiest moral force and motor of civilization. The standard Japanese-English and English-Japanese dictionary is the fruit of thirteen years' labor of an eminent scholar, translator, physician, and philanthropist, J. C. Hepburn M.D., LL.D. The first grammar of the Japanese language printed in English, the beginnings of a Christian popular literature and hymnology, the organization of Christian churches, the introduction of theological seminaries, and of girls' schools, are the work of American ladies and gentlemen. The first regular teachers in their schools, and probably half their staff in their colleges, are Americans. In the grand work of agricultural and mineral development, in the healing art, and in jurisprudence, education, and financiering, Americans have done valuable service.

Foreigners suppose the present Government to be modeled on the French system of ministries, whereas it is simply the modernized form of the constitution of the Osei era (see pages 103, 104): 1. the Emperor; 2. the Dai Jō Kuan; 3. the Sa In, Left Chamber; the Genrō In, or Council of State; 4. the U In, or Right Chamber, Council of Ministers or Heads of Department (Shō), which number ten (see page 598). The Dai Jō Kuan also directs the three imperial cities (*fu*) and sixty-eight ken, or prefectures. The "provinces" are now merely geographical divisions.

In accordance with the oath of the mikado in Kiōto, in 1868, that "intellect and learning should be sought for throughout the world, in order to establish the foundations of the empire" (see page 318), about four hundred foreigners, from many countries, have been in the Civil Service of the Government. All these, with but two exceptions, are simply helpers and servants, not commissioned officers, and have no actual authority. To their faithful and competent advisers they award a fair measure of confidence and co-operation. To the worthless, nepotic, or those who would play the lord over their employers, they quietly pay salary and snub. Whoever expects to be master will find himself a cipher. Nevertheless, whosoever would serve well will surely rule.

Can an Asiatic despotism, based on paganism, and propped on a fiction, regenerate itself? Can Japan go on in the race she has begun? Will the mighty reforms now attempted be completed and made permanent? Can a nation appropriate the fruits of Christian civilization without its root? I believe not. I can not but think that unless the modern enlightened ideas of government, law, society, and the rights of the individual be adopted to a far greater extent than they have been, the people be thoroughly educated, and a mightier spiritual force replace Shintō and Buddhism, little will be gained but a glittering veneer of material civilization and the corroding foreign vices, under which, in the presence of the superior aggressive nations of the West, Dai Nippon must fall like the doomed races of America.

A new sun is rising on Japan. In 1870 there were not ten Protestant Christians in the empire. There are now (May, 1876) ten churches, with a membership of eight hundred souls. Gently, but resistlessly, Christianity is leavening the nation. In the next century the native word *inaka* (rustic, boor) will mean "heathen." With those forces that centre in pure Christianity, and under that Almighty Providence who raises up one nation and casts down another, I cherish the firm hope that Japan will in time take and hold her equal place among the foremost nations of the world, and that, in the onward march of civilization which follows the sun, the Sun-land may lead the nations of Asia that are now appearing in the theatre of universal history.

BOOK III.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTERS, INCLUDING HISTORY TO THE BEGINNING OF 1912.

I.

JAPAN IN 1883.

Our record of events in the last chapter closed with a notice of the treaty made with Corea, February 27th, 1876, a diplomatic triumph which so silenced the disaffected, and so strengthened the power of the Government, that immediate advantage was taken of it to disarm the samurai. In response to a public sentiment already grown strong, and especially to the memorial of December 7th, 1875. from Yamagata, the Minister of War, the Premier Sanjō, on the 28th of March, 1876, issued a proclamation abolishing the custom of wearing two swords: "No individual will henceforth be permitted to wear a sword unless he be in court dress, a member of the military or naval forces, or a police officer." This measure, first advocated by Arinori Mori, in 1870, now became law throughout the land—even in Satsuma.

The Coreans responded promptly to their treaty obligations. A Japanese steamer was sent to Fusan; and the embassy from Séoul, numbering eighty persons in all, landed at Yokohama May 29th, the ambassador receiving audience of the mikado June 1st. These Coreans were the first accredited to Japan since 1835, and none had come as far east as Yedo since the last century. Then they were the guests of the shōgun; but now direct official relations with the mikado were resumed, after a lapse of nearly a millennium. These men, in huge hats, and white, blue, and pink cotton or silk robes, were profusely entertained in Tōkiō. They visited the public buildings, schools, founderies, and arsenals, inspecting the curious things of the nineteenth century, but avoiding all white foreigners as though they were reptiles, and embarked for home June 18th.

Meanwhile the mikado, accompanied by several members of his cabinet, set out on a tour overland to Yezo. No emperor of Japan had ever visited the northern provinces, and the delight of the people at seeing their sovereign was intense. Visiting Nikkō and the castled towns along the route, the emperor made himself everywhere visible, allowing no check to be placed upon the business or behavior of the people, except that which their own sense of respect imposed. Among the excellent fruits of this tour were: the erection of a monument to the patriot Rin Shihei;* the making public of the documents and relics of Father Louis Sotelo;† and the gracious reception of an address to his majesty from the Greek Church Christians of Sendai, which augured the near future of complete religious toleration. The imperial journey, begun June 2d, was continued until the middle of July. His return to the capital amid many demonstrations of popular joy was soon after signalized by another bold stroke of power. On the 5th of August the measure, long before conceived, of extinguishing the hereditary pensions and life-incomes of the samurai, was proclaimed. Commutation in Government bonds, at from five to fourteen years' purchase, was made obligatory upon all. The scheme provided that the largest incomes should be extinguished first, and, when completed, will relieve the national Treasury of an annual burden of about $20,000,000. This act of the Government, which lightened the enforced poverty of thirty millions of people, and compelled the privileged classes to begin to earn their bread, was warmly welcomed by the masses.

On the 21st of August another measure in the interest of public economy and of centralization was carried out: the empire was redivided, and the sixty-eight *ken* or prefectures were reduced in number to thirty-five.

These radical measures enforced by the mikado's advisers—an irresponsible ministry, possessing slight facilities for adequately gauging public opinion—were not executed without protest within and without the cabinet. In the south-west, especially, were many earnest men, narrow and unprogressive, perhaps, who grieved deeply over the decay of old customs, the secularization of the Divine Country, the arbitrary policy and personal extravagance of "the bad councillors of the emperor," and his "imprisonment" by them, the influence of foreigners, the toleration of Christianity, and the loss of their swords and pensions. Among the leaders of these conservatives were Mayébara and Uyéno—the one a discharged office-holder, and the other a man of seventy—whose followers organized clubs named Jimpu (Divine Breath, or Wind) and Sonno-Joi (Reverence to the Mikado, and Expulsion of the Barbarian).

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* Rin Shihei, a native of Sendai—whose work *San Koku Tsuran To-setsu* ("General View of the Three Kingdoms [tributary to Japan], *i. e.*, Corea, Yezo, and Riu Kiu"), was printed in 1785, and translated by Klaproth in 1832—was born in 1737. A far-seeing patriot, he studied military strategy while making pedestrian excursions over the whole of Japan, especially along the coast, and by learning from the Dutch at Nagasaki and the Russians in Yezo. He was keenly alive to the subject of national progress and defense. His maps and books fell under the eye of the censors (p. 295) of the shōgun, who ordered the plates of his publications to be destroyed, and had him thrown into prison, from which he never came out alive.

† Father Louis Sotelo was a Spanish Franciscan friar, who, with Hashikura Rokuyémon, a retainer of the daimiō of Sendai, sailed across the Pacific in a Japanese ship (p. 246) to Mexico in 1613, and thence reached Seville and Rome. They had audience of Pope Paul V., and Hashikura was made a Roman senator. They returned by way of Mexico to Japan; but Hashikura was compelled to renounce his faith, and Sotelo was martyred at Nagasaki. (See Hildreth's "Japan," pp. 158, 199.)

On the 24th of October a party of nearly two hundred of these fanatics, dressed in beetle-headed iron helmets and old armor made of steel and paper laced with silk, and armed with spears and swords, attacked the imperial garrison at Kumamoto, in Higo. They succeeded in injuring about three hundred of the troops before they were dispersed, taken prisoners, or had disemboweled themselves. Other uprisings, more easily quelled, took place in Kiushiu; while in Chōshiu, Mayébara led five hundred armed men vainly against the new order of things, in which rifles, cannon, telegraphs, and steamers played their part. As by some new Jove, with hands full of thunder-bolts, these Titans of a later day were transfixed by the lightnings hurled from Tōkiō in the form of steamers and rifled artillery. Quiet was entirely restored by December. A few heads were struck off, hundreds of the *chōtéki* were exiled or degraded, and another of the throes of expiring feudalism was over.

The next insurrections were by men equipped in calico, with rush hats and straw sandals, gathered under banners of matting inscribed with mottoes daubed on in ink, and armed with spears made by pointing and fire-hardening staves of bamboos. These embattled farmers were enraged because the taxes had been changed from kind to money, and, instead of being assessed on the produce, were laid on the soil. Assaulting the local magistrates' offices, they had to be dispersed by the military, in some cases only after bloodshed. Time, good roads, banking facilities, clearer understanding of the purpose of the Government, have already changed temporary distress, caused by innovations, into satisfied prosperity.

These violent expressions of the real grievances of the agricultural class, on whom the burdens of taxation mainly fall—three-fourths, or $50,000,000, of the total revenue of the empire ($69,000,000), being drawn from the tax on land—hastened another beneficial reform. On the 4th of January, 1877, the national land-tax was reduced from three to two and a half per cent.—a loss to the Treasury of about $8,000,000. The local tax, formerly amounting to one-third of the land-tax, was reduced to one-fifth, or nearly one-half. About the same time two other sweeping measures of economy, intended as an offset, were carried out. Besides thus directly relieving the people, the salaries of nearly all the Government officers and the expenses of the departments were reduced, several thousand office-holders were discharged, the Department of Religion (Kiō Bu Shō) and the Prefecture of Police were abolished, and their functions transferred to the Home Department, and a saving of about $8,000,000 annually effected, to balance the loss to the Treasury from reform in the tax on land. Such a movement in official circles, popularly called a *jishin* (earthquake), met with the keen satisfaction of the majority, the joy of the citizens and peasantry being "beyond imagination." The Government now began to be less afraid of Satsuma; less careful, also, perhaps, to keep informed of the state of public opinion, since the press laws were excessively stringent, and there was no safety-valve for discontent.

The year 1876 will ever remain memorable as the critical year in Japanese journalism, when the severity of the press laws and Government prosecutions was more than equaled by the courage, firmness, and patience of a noble army of editors and writers, who crowded the jails of Japan, and joyfully suffered fines and imprisonment in order to secure a measure of "the freedom of the press"—a phrase which is the watch-word of liberty, not only in Europe and America, but among the Japanese also, in whose language it has become domesticated in common speech, like the new words which science, religion, and advancing political knowledge require for their expression.

Closely connected with all measures of genuine reform is the name of Kido, "the finest intellect" and "the brain and pen" of the revolution. While other leaders were eager and able to break down, Kido was pre-eminently the builder-up, and his genius essentially constructive. Himself the purest representative of the mind of Japan, he had applied the logic of the cardinal doctrines of Japanese politics—the divine right of the mikado to govern his people—and feudalism fell. He believed in discussion, in the wisdom of the majority, and so he established newspapers and pleaded for representative assemblies. He incarnated the soul of peaceful progress. He opposed alike the Corean and Formosan war projects, and the too rapid capitalization of the samurai's pensions. He applied himself to master the details of local administration, and carefully studied the problems of taxation and municipal procedure, both at home and in Europe and America. To rare political ability he joined an unselfish patriotism and a stainless record. Amidst all the clash of opposing interests which the destruction of the old and the creation of new institutions called out the voice of Kido was ever authoritative. While Ōkubo represented the foreign side of the revolution, and Saigō the military genius of Old Nippon, Kido embodied in himself the best elements of New Japan. He had been especially earnest and influential in bringing about the reforms in taxation and governmental economy, and in the calling together of a deliberative body of the *ken* and *fu* magistrates, which, meeting in Tōkiō in 1875, was opened by the mikado in person, and presided over by himself. He was now hoping to conciliate the disaffected samurai of Kiushiu and the one man whom they trusted, after having been, as they believed, betrayed by Ōkubo and the irresponsible ministers in Tōkiō. Had Kido lived, the sad and costly civil war might not have broken out. In the moment of his country's greatest need this noble patriot, overwearied and wounded in spirit, was seized with a disease which soon made him understand that his work was nearly over. He died at Kiōto, May 27th, 1877.

Ever since 1868 Satsuma had remained the one portion of the empire unassimilated to the life of progressive Japan. The old clan which of old had awed the Yedo shōguns now terrified the rest of the country. Goaded by hatred and long-cherished revenge, the Satsuma men, without any sympathy with the nation at large, had led in the overthrow of their enemies, the Tokugawas. The political education of most of the clansmen was purely feudal. Their compass of duty, vibrating between reverence to the mikado and hatred to barbarians, pointed to personal loyalty as their lodestar. Anything broader in scope than the old elements of Japanese politics—loyalty to their chief, clan-fights, struggles between rival factions for the person of the mikado, the reign of the sword held by the idle and privileged classes, the grinding of the peasantry, and the expulsion or subordination of foreigners—in a word, the virtues and the vices of feudalism —was not within their horizon. As for Saigō, their leader, with all the qualities in his character so attractive to a Japanese, he lacked genuine patriotism, and probably aspired to be simply another "man on horseback," furnishing to history one more illustration of the Japanese variety of Cæsarism. Had not this ninth decade of the nineteenth century been one of steam and electricity, instead of armor and arrows, the Tōkiō ministers might have kneeled at the blood-pit as *chôtéki* while Saigō dictated to Dai Nippon as Sei-i Tai Shōgun. Providence meant it otherwise. The old style of Japanese Cæsarism was over.

After the revolution large numbers of Satsuma men had been appointed to posts of honor in the army, navy, and police force, while Saigō and Shimadzŭ Saburo were offered seats in the Cabinet; but one after another the liberal political measures were carried out against the sentiments of men steeped in the vices of feudalism. Peace with Corea, commutation of pensions, the abolition of swords, and the contempt cast upon the wearing of the top-knot—as significant of the feudal spirit to a Japanese of the old school as a Pawnee's war-lock is to the red rider of the prairie—were too much for both Saigō and Shimadzŭ. The former, retiring to Kagoshima, founded a military school, which was soon attended by the flower of Satsuma's youth, while nearly twenty thousand men in Satsuma and Ōzumi, living with their faces to the past, looked to Saigō as their master. The writer cherishes very vivid remembrances of walking unarmed in Tōkiō, and meeting face to face in narrow streets these fiery men of the old swashbuckler spirit. With their hair shorn off their temples, a general wildness of expression in their faces, a scowl of mingled defiance and contempt in their eyes, with their protruding swords and long, red-lacquered scabbards, they seemed the incarnation of fanatical patriotism and diabolical pride. Their favorite proverb was, "Though the eagle be starving, he will not eat grain," and rather than earn their living by vulgar trade, and accept the new order of things, they would gratify their thirst for blood. So great was the influence and prestige of Satsuma, that the impression became general throughout the country that the Government was afraid of this one sullen clan. What lent additional danger to the situation was, that a large arsenal, equipped with steam machinery and full of military stores, together with two powder-mills, capable of turning out thirty thousand pounds of powder daily, stood near the city of Kagoshima.

Hitherto all revolts against the imperial authority had been minor and sporadic, and led by men of no special fitness for their task. That which we shall now describe was organized by the ablest military mind, backed by the best fighting blood in the empire. Had the Government remained inert much longer, the plans of Saigō would have been matured, and with ampler resources the issue might have been different, or the struggle prolonged to the ruin of the nation.

Wisely the rulers in Tōkiō resolved to precipitate the crisis, or at least unmask Saigō's designs, and a vessel was sent to Kagoshima, in January, 1877, under Admiral Kawamura, to remove the gunpowder. An attack threatened upon it by boats full of armed men was avoided by the admiral, but the arsenals and powder-mills were seized February 1st, 1877, by a body of two thousand five hundred samurai. At this time the mikado and most of his Cabinet were in Kiōto, whence they had come to inaugurate the opening of the railway between Kobe, Ōzaka, and Kiōto, which was celebrated on the 5th of February. At once recognizing the gravity of the situation, they dispatched the flower of the army and police to Kiushiu in steamers. All doubts as to Saigō's personal participation in the uprising were set at rest by his appearing before Kumamoto castle, to which he laid siege.

The Island of the Nine Provinces was ordered to be placed under martial law, and Saigō, now named Saigō Takamori, was degraded from his rank as Marshal of the Empire, and Prince Arisugawa no Miya was appointed to the supreme command. Saigō and his generals, Kirino, Beppu, and Shinohara, were branded as *chōtéki*, but Shimadzŭ Saburō remained loyal. The insurgent ports were blockaded, and fresh levies of troops were made and hurried forward. After a siege of fifty-five days, during which Kumamoto castle was nobly defended by Colonel Tani and his little band, Saigō was compelled to retreat.

The war soon became scattered. The imperial army, under Yamagata and Kawaji, marched in two large divisions from Kumamoto and Kagoshima, intending to inclose the rebels in a cordon. After many bloody skirmishes and a great battle, the two divisions effected a junction. Saigō Tsukumichi, a brother of the rebel leader, took the field in July, during which month, owing to the hard fighting, six thousand of the mikado's troops were killed or wounded. While the imperialists were largely raw levies from the peasantry and middle classes, the rebels were in the main the veteran samurai of 1868. Even their women fought under the rebel banner. Defending themselves in some instances by making a shield of the light, thick floor-mats, or *tatami*, the rebel swordsmen, by a sudden charge, drew the fire of the troops harmlessly, and rushing on them with their swords butchered them easily.

On the 16th of August, Saigō Takamori's forces, reduced to less than ten thousand men, were attacked at Nobéoka, an old natural stronghold, and the bloody conflict resulted in a complete victory for the imperialists. With a few hundred followers the rebel leaders escaped into Hiuga, whence, on the 2d of September, they made a dash on Kagoshima, and held it two weeks. Thence they were driven out to Shiroyama, a few miles from the city. There, on the 24th of September, Saigō, Kirino, and Murata, having less than four hundred followers, were attacked by fifteen thousand troops of the imperial army, with mortars, cannon, and rifles. Armed only with swords, the little band fought, scorning quarter. Many of them committed *hara-kiri*, and Saigō was beheaded by one of his friends, who as a favor performed this act of kindness. Not one of the imperial soldiers was killed. The three leaders and nearly three hundred of the band gladly met their death with unquailing courage, proud to die in blood by their own or at their comrades' hands, knowing no greater glory than to imitate Kusunoki and the ancient models of that ferocious military virtue of Old Japan—*Yamato damashii.*

This was the mightiest rebellion, inspired by the spirit of the past, against which the mikado's Government has had to cope. It was the supreme effort of defiance of the forces of feudalism and misrule against order and united government. The Old met the New—mediævalism was pitted against the nineteenth century, and failed. "What Saigō could not achieve, no imitator will presume to attempt." The rebellion cost Japan fifty millions of dollars. The rebel troops of Satsuma, Ōzumi, and Hiuga numbered 39,760, of whom 3533 men were killed, 4344 wounded, and 3123 missing. Of the imperial army, probably an equal number or more suffered the fate of war, a very large proportion of wounds being cuts from the old two-handed sword-blades. In the cities and villages of Japan, once quite free from the sight of legless and armless men and the results of gunshot wounds, the spectacle of empty sleeves, of men hobbling on crutches, and of bullet-scarred victims of gunpowder wars, is no longer a rarity. In the treatment of the rebels the Government displayed a spirit of leniency unknown to Asia, and worthy of the Christian name. Of the 38,163 persons tried in Kiushiu, there were 295 acquitted, 35,918 pardoned, 20 fined, 117 degraded from the class of samurai, 1793 condemned to imprisonment, with hard labor, for terms varying from thirty days to ten years. Twenty persons were decapitated.

Notwithstanding the war in the south, the enterprises of peace went on. The National Industrial Exhibition at Uyéno, on the site of the battle-ground of 1868 (p. 315), which was closely modeled upon the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, was opened August 21st, and closed November 30th, and was in every respect successful. During this time the cholera broke out in Japan, but by the stringent enforcement of sanitary measures its ravages were slight. Out of 11,675 cases, there were but 6297 deaths—a victory of science no less renowned than that of the army at Nobéoka.

The year 1878 marked the first decade of the mikado's government by means of an irresponsible ministry. The oath made by His Majesty in Kiōto in 1868 to form a deliberative assembly had never been fully carried out. The earnest men in office were perhaps too busy to remind the mikado of his promise; but the equally earnest men outside, continually advancing in political knowledge, and seeing one cause of the troubles that afflicted the nation in the official ignorance of public sentiment, had lost no opportunity to make their convictions known. By agitation in the newspapers, by memorials to the Government, by public lectures, the subject was pressed. One or two steps had been taken. In 1875 a Senate (Genro-in, or House of Elders) had been established, and an assembly of the ken governors — the creation of Kido—held one session in the capital, but only one. Under the pretext of the mikado's journey north in 1876, and of the war in Kiushiu in 1877, the meetings of this body had been adjourned, greatly to the irritation of those who clamored for it as a national right, and complained both of the excess of personal government, and of the flagrant defiance of popular rights as based on the mikado's oath.

Yet, more rapidly than the petitioners dreamed, the era of personal government was drawing to a close; and, as usual in Japanese politics, the new era was to be ushered in by assassination. Ōkubo was murdered in the public highway in broad daylight May 14th, 1878.

Within one year Japan lost her three ablest men—Kido, Saigō, and Ōkubo. Of all these, Ōkubo, by temperament, training, and character, was best fitted to be the interpreter of foreign ideas to his colleagues. Resolute, daring, ambitious, his will was iron and his action lightning. His burning desire, to raise his country from the low level of semi-civilized states to the height of equality with the proudest nations of the earth, created in him a ceaseless energy, that showed itself in a long list of reforms with which his name is inseparably associated. He expected almost to see his country regenerated in a life-time. His chief idea was the thorough unification of Japan, and the extirpation of all vestiges of the feudal spirit and of sectionalism. He believed that a railway built from Yezo to Kiushiu, even if it paid no dividend for a thousand years, would be of incalculable advantage to the country in unifying the people. In order to hasten the growth of a century in a decade, he considered, perhaps too blindly, a strongly centralized Government to be of the first necessity, and in this opinion he was seconded by his colleagues of like mind.*

Hence the error of these able men in not estimating at its proper value the equally eager desire of men outside the Government to take part in the tasks of civilization. Kido had warned them not to cling too closely to the traditions of paternal government, and the charge began to be made that Ōkubo was an enemy to public discussion and popular rights. Again the assassin's sword cast its shadow.

On the evening of May 13th, 1878, having been warned of the impending danger, Ōkubo expressed before a party of friends his belief in the decree of Heaven, that would protect him if his work were not yet done, but which otherwise would permit his death, even though he were surrounded by soldiers. His words were prophetic. He spoke better than he knew. His work—the work of personal government—was over; the era of representative government had begun. The next morning, while on his way to the mikado's palace, unarmed, he was murdered by six assassins, who were said to have been runaways from the Satsuma rebellion. The mikado immediately conferred upon his dead servant the highest rank, and elevated his sons to the nobility. The funeral cortege, in which princes, nobles, and the foreign diplomatic corps joined, was the most imposing ever seen in Tōkiō.†

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* I remember, while present at a dinner given by the junior Prime Minister, Iwakura, at his house in Tōkiō (July 16th, 1874), an American lady asked him what had impressed him most while in America, and especially at Washington. He answered at once, "The strength of the central Government, which for a republic seemed incredible to me."

† Ōkubo's tall, arrowy form, luxuriant side-whiskers, large, expressive eyes, and eager, expectant bearing, gave him the appearance of a European rather than an Asiatic. When in Tōkiō I enjoyed frequent conversations with this distinguished statesman, the last of which was on the eve of leaving Japan for America (July 16th, 1874), during which Ōkubo asked many questions about American politics. When about to leave I informed him of my intention to write a work on Japan, explaining as best I could the recent revolutions, that Americans might understand their true nature. Ōkubo's piercing black eyes shone with pleasure for a moment, but immediately a shadow passed over his handsome face, and he said, "Your purpose is an excellent one. I am glad, and even grate-

The long step forward toward representative institutions was taken July 22d, by the proclamation for the calling of Provincial Parliaments, or Local Assemblies, composed of one delegate from each district (*kori*), which were to sit once a year in each ken. Under the supervision of the Minister of the Interior, these bodies are empowered to discuss questions of local taxation, and to petition the central government on other matters of local interest. The qualifications for members and electors are limited by ability to read and write, and the payment of an annual land-tax of at least five dollars. Each registered voter, who must be twenty years of age, must himself write his own name and the name of the candidate voted for on a ballot. In this one respect the Japanese excels the American method. The foundations for further improvements were now broadly based.

To anticipate, and pass over details, except to notice the constant agitation kept up by new engines in Japanese politics—the press, the lecture platform, and the debating club—the mikado, yielding to the irresistible pressure of public opinion, expanded and confirmed his oath of 1868, in the famous proclamation of October 12th, 1881: "We therefore hereby declare, that We shall in the 23d year of Meiji (1890) establish a Parliament, in order to carry into full effect the determination We have announced ["gradually to establish a constitutional form of government"], and We charge our faithful subjects bearing our commissions to make, in the mean time, all necessary preparations to that end. With regard to the limitations upon the Imperial Prerogative, and the constitution of the Parliament, We shall decide hereafter, and shall make proclamation in due time."

Three political parties in Japan are now distinctly organized, each with its newspapers, clubs, mass meetings, and peripatetic lecturers, or "stump-speakers." They are the Constitutional Monarchists, Liberals, and Constitutional Reformers, with minor cliques representing various phases of radicalism or conservatism. Local societies cherishing socialistic, communistic, and even nihilist principles add to the variety of opinions now distinguishable in a once hermit nation, whose entire stock of political knowledge, a generation ago, consisted of the two ideas of personal loyalty and hatred of foreigners. As a Japanese writer remarked in the *Jiyu Shimbun*—the organ of the liberals—"The impulse of progress and innovation has invaded the na-

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ful, that you intend to explain our affairs to your countrymen, but I wish that some one would write an instantly popular book explaining to our own people the intentions of the Government. Too many of them refuse to understand."

tion with the strength of a rushing torrent. A totally new Japanese empire is in process of establishment."

Let us now glance at Japan's foreign policy and state-craft. With the Restoration of 1868 was born the desire to thoroughly consolidate the empire, and bring its outlying portions into closer relations to the throne. Some students of history will also say that the long-slumbering lust of conquest awoke to new vigor. A school of Japanese thinkers claimed that the fullest expression of nationality would include not only Riu Kiu, Yezo, Saghalin, and the Bonin Islands, as constituent portions, but also Corea and Eastern Formosa, as tributary dependencies—the last claim being based on Japanese settlement, as well as lack of Chinese jurisdiction. The solution of the Formosan and Corean problems was, as we have seen, soon reached. The Bonin Islands, first held in fief by Ogasawara, a daimiō, in 1593, and visited by a party of explorers from Nagasaki in 1675, who gave the name Munin, or Bonin (no man's), had been neglected by the Japanese for centuries, though long a noted resort of whalers. In 1823 the American Captain Coffin, and in 1827 Captain Beechy, an Englishman, visited the islands; and Commodore M. C. Perry, in 1854, stocked them with sheep, goats, and cattle. In 1877 there were on the islands a motley company of seventy persons, chiefly sailors from whaling-ships, Americans, Englishmen, and Hawaiians. In 1878 the islands were formally taken possession of in the name of the mikado, and a local government established by Japanese officers. Coffin Island will probably be the terminus of the proposed trans-Pacific submarine cable from San Francisco to Yokohama.

Saghalin and the Kurile Islands had been the debatable ground between the Japanese and Russians since 1790, the subject of conferences and mutual remonstrances, and the scene of some border-ruffianism and bloodshed. In 1875 Admiral Enomoto, at St. Petersburg, concluded a convention by which Japan received all the Kurile Islands, or Chi-shima, and Russia the whole of Saghalin. The Kuriles are rich sealing and fishing grounds, and Saghalin is now a flourishing penal settlement. The empire of Japan, as seen on the map of the world, now swings, by a long chain of islands at either end, between Kamschatka and Formosa.

The island of Yezo was placed under the care of a special ministry —the Kai Takŭ Shi, or Department for the Development of Yezo— and so administered until the year 1882. Its mineral and agricultural wealth, as exploited by American scientific men, is noted in the Appendix to this work. Many millions of dollars were spent in developing Yezo, under the oversight of Kuroda Kiyotakŭ—the negotiator of the Corean treaty, and a military leader of no mean abilities, as shown in the civil wars of 1868 and 1877. On January 11th, 1882, General Kuroda was appointed Cabinet Adviser, and the property and industrial undertakings of the department were sold—a proceeding which provoked a furious controversy among the political societies. On the 8th of February, Yezo was divided into the three ken, or prefectures, of Hakodaté, Némuro, and Sapporo, and governed like the rest of the empire.

Before examining into the matter of Riu Kiu let us glance at Corea, with which a more vigorous policy was determined upon immediately after the Satsuma rebellion. A legation was established in Séoul, and Hanabusa, one of the ablest of Japan's rising young men, appointed minister. In the Coreans the Japanese saw themselves as they had been—hermits in the market-place—and many of the foreigners' experiences with them before the opening of their ports were repeated in Corea, the Japanese in this case being the aliens and reputed aggressors. A fresh treaty opened Gensan (Corean, Wönsan), on the north-east coast, May 1st, 1880, and three months later a second embassy of portly Corean men, in red, pink, green, violet, and azure, visited Tōkiō, to pray that the opening of the port of In-chiŭn, near Séoul, be postponed. The Japanese refused their request. The Coreans were now divided into conservatives and radicals, or progressives and reactionists. Even among the liberals some favored friendship with and imitation of Japan, while others looked to China as ally and model. One view of the Japanese which gained ground in Corea, especially in 1881, was, that the Japanese were arbitrary and high-handed in their dealing, and an Exclusion-of-the-Japanese Party began to form. Evidently the same state of feeling characteristic of Old Japan existed in Corea, in which all the elements of a political explosion lay ready. To blind hatred of all foreigners there was added a conservative bigotry willing to fan popular passions and superstition into a flame, while of two great feudal houses in bitter hostility to each other, one was in, and the other out of power.

A third party, or embassy, composed of Corean liberals anxious to study civilization and progress in the neighbor-country, came to Japan in 1881. At this time it was uncertain whether the reactionists or progressives would sway the policy of the Séoul government. The young king, who had come to the throne in 1873, was backed in his enlightened policy by his consort and her relatives, the king's ministers; but arrayed against them were the Tai-wen Kun, the late regent, and father of the king, with his feudal retainers, and the conservative and reactionary literati who looked to him as their exponent and guide. As this old man had persecuted the Christians and driven off the French in 1866, and the Americans in 1871, and was still full of physical and mental vigor, he was a hopeful leader. The jealousy and bitterness between his family (Ni) and that of the queen's (Min) kept increasing daily. (See "Corea, the Hermit Nation.")

The treaty with the United States was made May 9th, 1882, at In-chiŭn, and soon after conventions were signed with Great Britain and other European nations. Drought prevailed throughout the country, and the bigoted conservatives wrought upon the superstitions of the masses by ascribing the lack of rain to the anger of the spirits, because treaties had been made with foreigners. The soldiery of the capital, led chiefly by officers of the house of Ni, were on the verge of mutiny because of arrears of pay. They were further exasperated because, while their rations of rice were stopped, or at least curtailed, the foreigners (Japanese) had plenty. These apparently trifling causes, acting at a time when the relations of the two noble houses of Min and Ni (the queen's and the ex-regent's, respectively) were so strained, provoked a bloody riot at Séoul, July 23d, 1882. The populace and soldiery attacked the rice-granaries, the Japanese legation, the royal palace, and the barracks, at which a picked force of native military were being drilled by a Japanese lieutenant. Four of the court ministers and a number of minor Corean officers were slain. The Japanese, after holding the mob at bay for over seven hours, rushed out of their burning quarters, charged the crowd, and made a dash for the royal palace. Finding no help there, they crossed the river and marched to In-chiŭn. While asleep in the governor's house they were again attacked, and started for the sea-shore. After some hours spent on the water they were rescued by the British survey-ship *Flying Fish*. There were but twenty-six survivors out of about forty persons. Séoul and the Corean Government were now under the control of the Tai-wen Kun and his mob.

Immediate and thorough preparations for war were made in Japan, and Hanabusa, after audience with the mikado in Tōkiō, was sent back to Séoul, which he entered August 16th, with an escort of five hundred men. After delays and a menace of war ample apologies were made, and the demands of Japan were acceded to. Corea agreed to pay $50,000 to the families of the slain and $500,000 to the Japanese government, to dispatch an embassy to Tōkiō to offer apologies, to allow an armed escort in Séoul, and to extend farther privileges to Japanese officers and residents in Corea. Hanabusa was soon after promoted to be minister to Russia. A large deputation of Coreans visited Tōkiō in October, making a long stay, and receiving much attention from foreigners as well as natives.

China's action after the Corean riot and usurpation of Tai-wen Kun was remarkable and unjustifiable. Dispatching a large fleet, with several thousand soldiers, to the peninsula, the capital was occupied, and the king restored to power. Tai-wen Kun, entrapped on board a Chinese gun-boat, was kidnapped and taken to China, to live imprisoned as an exile. This object of high-handed assumption of power in a really independent state, and only nominally tributary, was evidently to checkmate the suspected designs of Japan, to assert Chinese supremacy, and to warn her ambitious neighbor that a third affair, like those of Formosa and Riu Kiu, was no longer possible.

This warlike policy of China is but an indication of the state of feeling between the rival nations, which must at some future day eventuate in war. Ever since Japan's full assumption of sovereignty over Riu Kiu, the relations between China and Japan have been strained. At this little island-kingdom, noted alike for its sugar and its peaceful character, let us now glance.

On a Mercator map of the Western Pacific, looked at from the east, the mikado's empire (cutting off Yezo) resembles a silk-worm erect, and spinning from its head (Kiushiu) a thread of islands which are strung along southwardly to Formosa. To this lengthened cord the name Okinawa (long rope) was very anciently given. The name—which the Japanese pronounce Riu Kiu, the Chinese Liu Kiu, and the islanders Loo Choo, which means sleeping dragon—well describes this land of perpetual afternoon. The people, numbering one hundred and twenty thousand—of whom as many as one-tenth lived on the public treasury—are true Japanese in origin, language, and dynasty, their first historical rulers having been descendants of the renowned Tamétomo. As, however, the Riu Kiuans—calling China their father, and Japan their mother—sent tribute in junks to both countries, cultivated religious, literary, and friendly relations with either, both rival empires claimed the little kingdom. So long as neither nation asserted supreme right all was well. The Ming dynasty had given the

Riu Kiu king a silver seal, and to his kingdom a name signifying "hanging-balls," intimating that the thirty-six islands of his petty domain were a fringe of tassels upon the skirts of China's robe. Hidéyoshi once demanded that the islanders should pay tribute only to Japan; but the Corean war coming on, he had never enforced his demand. In 1609 Iyéhisa, the daimiō of Satsuma, conquered the islands, and secured their tributary allegiance to his house and to the shōgun. China, however, knew nothing of this act of Japan until after it was over; nor, on the other hand, does any restriction seem to have been laid on the Riu Kiuans sending an annual tribute junk to Ningpo, China. Fifteen embassies from Riu Kiu visited Yedo, for investiture of the island-king, or to congratulate the shōguns upon their accession to power, between 1611 and 1850; but the same policy was pursued toward China also. Both Corea and Riu Kiu were political Issachars bowing down between two burdens and two masters. After the revolution of 1868 Riu Kiu was made a *han* of the Japanese empire, and the king acknowledged the mikado as his suzerain. When, for the sake of the Riu Kiuans wrecked and murdered on Formosa, the Japanese sent an expedition to chastise the Botan savages, they took a step forward, and reducing the king to the status of a retired daimiō, erected Riu Kiu into a ken, or prefecture, like the other parts of the empire. To this the Riu Kiuans did not all agree, and continuing to send a junk to Ningpo, acted as suppliants for China's mercy; while the Peking government considered that Japan was feloniously cutting off the fringes of China's robe.

Under Japan's rule the sleepy dragon is waking up. Trade with Corea has begun, and with the other ports of Japan increased; and old customs are giving way to more enlightened methods of life. Yet still the irritation between Japan and China continues. China having already a large naval force and a numerous soldiery, the questions of increasing the number of costly iron-clad war vessels, of building new forts, of enlarging the army, and of levying taxes in order to provide the sinews of war, have engaged the attention of the Cabinet in Tōkiō during the past year. A hundred vessels of war and a standing army of one hundred thousand men are not considered too many in case of war with China; but to provide and maintain such a force would require vastly augmented resources, such as Japan, in this century at least, will never possess, her estimated total revenue for 1883 being but $66,814,122, of which every dollar is required. Forty ships and forty thousand soldiers are thought to be the minimum for safety in defense. Such enlargement of war material means, unfortunately, curtailment in the amount devoted to education. A national debt of $349,771,176 (May 31st, 1882) acts as a wholesome check upon too rapid expenditure. A revision of the treaties with foreign nations which will secure to Japan the rights of a sovereign state, especially the power, now wrongfully denied her, of regulating her own tariff, may enable her to swell her revenue, and thus in some measure provide for that collision with her giant neighbor which seems inevitable.

Christianity in three forms, Greek, Roman, and Reformed, is now a potent factor in the development of the nation. At the opening of the ports, in 1859, the Roman Catholics, with the advantage of historic continuity, began their labors at Yokohama and Nagasaki. The Holy Synod of Russia, five Protestant missionary societies — four American and one English — sent their agents to Japan. For ten years they were unable to make many disciples, and none openly, on account of the jealous hostility of the Japanese Government. The old anti-Christian edicts were enforced, and a native became a disciple of Jesus at the risk of his life. Some of the first teachers of the foreigners were thrown into prison, and several thousand villagers from Urakami, near Nagasaki, were deported to northern provinces, away from the influence of their French teachers. Meanwhile the language was being mastered, and the work of healing, teaching, and translation engaged in. The first Protestant church in Japan was organized in Japan by the Rev. J. H. Ballagh, of the Reformed Church in America, March 10th, 1872; the edifice, costing $6000, standing on part of the Perry treaty ground. Other churches were soon organized, the first in Tōkiō, and the fourth in Japan, being on the 3d of September, 1873. During this year the anti-Christian edicts were removed, and Christian churches established in the interior, since which time the Christians have worshiped unmolested. Most of the important evangelical societies in Great Britain and the United States are now represented in the missionary work in Japan, and Sunday-schools, theological seminaries, native Christian associations, the press, Christian literature, Bible and tract distribution, public discussions, and open-air meetings are among the varied means used for the diffusion of Gospel truths.

To Protestant missionaries belongs the honor of having translated the Bible into Japanese. Eighty years of Roman Christianity in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries failed to give the people of Japan the Scriptures in their own tongue. Gutzlaff, in 1838, and S. Wells

Williams, in 1839, at Singapore, made the first attempts, which, after several tentative translations by Brown, Verbeck, Hepburn, Green, and others, ripened in the fruit of a complete Japanese New Testament in the high middle style of the language. This event of national importance was celebrated by a public meeting of the missionaries and native pastors in Tōkiō, April 19th, 1880. Many thousands of copies have been sold throughout the empire, and the Bible has now millions of readers. There are now probably forty thousand nominal Christians among the mikado's subjects. Shintō does not seem to flourish in the air of the nineteenth century, though Buddhism, especially the "Reformed" or Shin-shiu sect, which claims ten millions of adherents, is vigorously contesting with Christianity the possession of Japan.

The wondrous assimilation of the salient features of modern civilization by the Japanese has smoothed the path for success in Christian missionary labor which is marvelous. The literary hostility to Christianity was not at first great, nor is it yet of a character to inspire respect for the Japanese intellect. Nearly all the ammunition of the priests, pagans, and opponents of the new faith is furnished by translation from Occidental sources. The literary, medical, and pedagogic work of the missionaries has borne a mighty harvest of good to the nation at large, while the friendly rivalry between the common schools and the missionary educational institutions is most wholesome. The influences of the religion of Jesus are penetrating deeply into the social life of the people, and rooting themselves into heart and intellect alike. Licentiousness, intemperance, and lying are the moral cancers of the national character; but the ideals of Jesus are seen by an increasing number of the people to be the best inspiration to individual and national progress.

II.

JAPAN IN 1886.

The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty-six, the nineteenth of the Restoration, and of the reign of Mutsŭhito, the one hundred and twenty-third mikado of Japan, finds the empire at peace, and in full career of progress. The emperor, now thirty-three years of age, is surrounded with a new generation of advisers. The old heroes and counsellors of '68 have mostly passed away. The old nobilities—of court and of land—have shrunk to a status almost wholly non-political. With new men and times come new measures and problems.

Notable among those of national fame who have "changed their world" have been the junior premier Iwakura Tomomi, a noble of highest rank, and the elder prince Arisugawa. At an age still counted as mid-life by European statesmen, Iwakura sank in the plenitude of his influence, dying of an hereditary disease July 20, 1883. Born in Kiōto in 1825, of most illustrious ancestry, whose blood flowed from imperial and Minamoto stock, Iwakura was made personal attendant upon the Mikado Koméi at the age of twenty. Educated in traditions of antagonism to the Yedo system, he was, in 1861, on account of his opposition to the marriage of an imperial princess to a Tokugawa, forced into exile. Living in retirement and with shorn head during several years, he was yet in active communication with the leaders of the impending crisis; and in 1868, to the surprise of the Yedo authorities, he emerged at the head and front of the new movement. Until the age of forty-three he had never seen foreigners, but on his first interview with Sir Harry Parkes was converted to belief in their equality, humanity, and abilities. Heartily accepting the principles of western civilization, he sent his three sons to study under Guido F. Verbeck, at Nagasaki, and thence to the United States. For fifteen years he was the close counsellor of the young mikado, who in 1871 personally visited his subject, and said, "It is to you, under the favor of the gods, that we owe the flourishing condition of the empire." It was Iwakura who, when opportunity like a flame softened the national heart as wax, bade the mikado with his divine prestige stamp it, and give to the fusing mass the express image of a nation by the abolition of feudalism. Utterly fearless of all personal consequences, this foremost man among the nobility pressed to their conclusion the results of the revolution during his twelve years of incessant toil. Emerging scathless from repeated attempts upon his life, he died quietly in his bed. Buried with all possible funereal pomp, he received from the mikado the posthumous title of Dai Jō Dai Jin. Like Moses, having led a nation from narrow horizons to a higher outlook, he died at the right time. His death, as we shall see, paved the way for a closer union of the throne and the people. No successor to Iwakura—well named "Rock-throne"—could be found, while from below the new man for the new work was at hand.

Arisugawa Takahito no Miya, a prince of the blood and of the highest rank, father of the military leader who bore the imperial brocade banner in 1868, died January 24, 1886. Among others who have bowed to the harvest of death were many of the old daimiōs, the illustrious merchant Godai, of Ōzaka, several female children of the mikado, and so many promising young men who had entered or were anticipating public life, as to suggest painfully the weakness of the Japanese physique. The percentage of deaths among the students abroad and at home is a constant source of sorrow and disappointment. Of one hundred youths who begin their preparatory studies in the foreign language schools, not over five win their degrees at the Tōkiō University, over forty dropping out on account of disease or weakness.*

Other causes than the knock of Pallida Mors have operated in the retirement from public view of men once prominent. The tendency of Japanese politics, in its evolution towards the goal of 1890, has been to eliminate entirely the old nobility, and to advance to power men for the time bred in the lower social ranks. The composite government which rose on the ruins of the dual system in 1868 was founded on the theory of a union of the throne with the people, the only intermediary being the kugé, or court nobles. This took the form of a triple premiership of Dai-jins; Sanjō and Iwakura filling two of the three highest offices, while the details of administration were carried on by the ministers, who were men of the samurai class. Gradually the forces of intellect, of natural ability, and of education manifested themselves, driving out inferior men, unable to cope with the new problems of statecraft or to resist the pressure from below, and elevating to influential position the able men of low rank. These demanded not only office and hearing, but tangible recognition, in the form of social advancement, from the throne itself. In response to public opinion the mikado issued an edict dated June 6, 1884, which readjusted the system of nobility. In the newly-created orders of princes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons, were found many men once in the class of gentry only, who had performed distinguished services on behalf of their country. Nearly three hundred persons in the aristocracy of intellect were thus ennobled on the basis of merit. Orders and decorations have also been distributed with lavish hand to both natives and foreigners. It is expected that the nobles will furnish the personnel of the Upper House of Lords or Notables for the Parliament of 1890.

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* Kéiki, "the last tycoon," was reported to have died in 1884. This was a mistake. In 1890 we read of his visiting the hot springs of Itami. On the 14th of April, 1889, a monument to his retainers slain in the civil war of 1868–70 was unveiled at Uyéno, Tōkiō.

To this goal the forces of Japanese politics have kept steadily moving, though with many fluctuations and vicissitudes, among which have been the rise and fall of parties, plottings, riots, dynamite, suspicion, imprisonments, trials, release or executions. For various reasons the Liberal party was dissolved in October, 1884.

Within the Government circles there had been occasional shiftings of office without radical change; but a movement of almost revolutionary import took place at the end of 1885. The death of Iwakura, and the apparently approaching senility of Sanjō, gave the opportunity; while necessity, in view of the strides of time that wait for no man, forced the issue. With the unexpected suddenness of an earthquake shock, every member of the old court party was retired from active office, while young men educated abroad—Ito, Inouyé, Mori, Enomoto—stepped into the highest offices.

By recommendation (on paper at least) of Sanjō, and by decree of the mikado, December 22, 1885, the triple premiership, the privy council, and the ministries as then constituted were abolished. In their place a cabinet was established, at the head of which was a minister-president of state. The old boards of government, with a new one of communications (railways, telegraphs, mails), were reorganized in such a way as to discharge from public employ about eight thousand office-holders. The new crystallization of political forces is in the interest of democracy and economy, as well as of executive uniformity and vigor. All in the new cabinet are men of modern ideas, culture, and conviction, while the Asiatic features of the Government have retired into shadow. The Mikado Mutsŭhito now meets his ministers in council, deliberates with them, and must share personal responsibility. The throne, by having several courses of intermediaries quietly and safely removed, is more nearly "broad-based upon the people's will." It may be that the future parliament will check any undue tendency in the ministry to bureauocracy. As yet it is uncertain whether the form of representative government in Japan will most closely approach the British or the Prussian model. It will be a bitter disappointment to the liberal patriots if the ministry is to be made responsible to the sovereign and not to the parliament.

The temptations which beset Asiatic nations in adopting the salient features of modern civilization to embark upon costly schemes of reform and equipment are great, and the possible dangers are greater. The Japanese Government seems wisely anxious to study economy and avoid undue expenditure. Besides reducing the once abnormal force of office-holders, western methods of book-keeping have been introduced into the public service, and the financial estimates for each year are reduced to the lowest point. The total national revenue for the nineteenth fiscal year of Meiji was $74,695,415, and the expenditure was $74,689,014. About $20,000,000 is applied yearly to the extinguishing of the national debt, which in 1885 was $245,427,329.

The customs returns of trade since 1868, published in July, 1886, shows that the foreign commerce of Japan is healthfully developing. In 1869 the exports were less than $13,000,000, but during each of the last five years they have not fallen below $30,000,000. The imports in 1868 were valued at ten and a half, in 1880 at thirty-six, and in 1885 at twenty-eight millions of dollars. The excess of imports over exports during eighteen years of foreign trade amounts to fifty-one millions. Great Britain has been the largest importer, but her imports have fallen from nineteen millions in 1880 to twelve millions in 1885. The United States takes most of the silk and tea of Japan, and returns machinery and oil, two-thirds of the exports to Japan being in petroleum. Japan's silk crop, in all its products, is valued at eighteen and a half millions of dollars, and her tea crop at over thirty-five millions of pounds. While the yield of tea has increased threefold since 1868, the price has fallen one-half. In the manufacture and export of art-products there has been a marked increase. This is manifested not only in the customs returns, but in the houses, gardens, and museums of Europe and America. Japan is already recognized as "the land of dainty decoration," and her art has added new elements of delight and surprise to the world's store.

The social revolution which has affected all classes in the mikado's empire has given rise to new industries and handicrafts. The concentration of capital, the improvement of labor, and the elevation of the working-classes through the influence of schools and the cheapening of justice, have changed the entire industrial system. The pitiful tales of the laborer's wrongs, as told in Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan," seem now mythical. The introduction of machinery and the establishment of large arsenals, founderies, mills, steamship and railway companies, seem to prove that Japan is not only providing for her own needs, but is developing her resources in order to enter as a competitor for the manufacturing supremacy among Asiatic nations. Fully equipped railroads, men-of-war, steam and sailing vessels, houses in European style, the product of native brain and muscle, are no longer curiosities. Patents are issued, inventions are encouraged, and museums are established in most of the large cities. In exhibitions of industry held in the provinces and capital, art, mechanical ingenuity, trades, and business are stimulated to higher excellence. In the expositions held in Europe, America, Australia, and India, the artistic ability, manual dexterity, and inventive genius of the Japanese have won abundant recognition. An exhibition of Asiatic products is to be held at Uyéno, in Tōkiō, in 1890.

It is a noteworthy fact that the opening of Japan to the world was coincident with the age of iron, steel, steam, and electricity. The telegraph, introduced in 1869, has become a net-work of fifteen thousand miles of wire. Four cables connect the island empire to the Asian main-land, two making landfall at Vladivostok, one at Fusan in Corea, and one at Shanghai in China. The telephone and the electric light are seen in the large cities. Of railways there were, in the summer of 1885, 265 miles open, 271 miles in course of construction, and 543 miles in contemplation. Except the railway from Sapporo to Poronai in Yezo, these roads are constructed and equipped on the British model. Most of the survey, engineering, and constructive work, and all of the mechanical labor on the new roads, are done by natives. The trains, engines, and offices are worked by Japanese, and the wood and lighter metal portions are made at home, the heavy castings, engines, and rails being brought from Great Britain. The Japan Mail Shipping Company employs a large fleet of steamships and sailing-vessels in their coasting trade and passenger lines to China, Corea, and the island portions of the empire. In 1885 the postal department forwarded nearly one hundred million letters and packages.

The return, in 1884, of the principal of the Shimonoséki Indemnity, so long unjustly withheld by the United States from Japan, has been of some assistance in carrying out her schemes of national improvement. Besides postal and money-order arrangement with the United States, a treaty of extradition was ratified by the Senate June 21, 1886. This important diplomatic action places Japan, so far as the American Government is concerned, upon the same footing as that of the most enlightened nations in Europe. In these two acts the United States leads the way in encouragement and recognition of Japan's purpose to assimilate her civilization to that of Christendom.

Ever since the American flag was first carried round the world by Major Shaw, of the United States First Artillery, the part played by our country towards Asiatic nations has been in the main kindly, honorable, and unselfish. In the renovation of Japan this disposition to assist and not to retard her progress has been manifest. In 1878, in Tōkiō, the Japanese themselves, in their own language and way, celebrated, with congratulations and rejoicing, the quarter-century of the arrival of Commodore M. C. Perry in Yedo bay.* Our American teachers, missionaries, and scientific men in active labors on the soil; our ministers in their diplomacy; our hospitable schools, homes, and friends in need welcoming the students;† our Government in treaties, have all shown a desire to assist Japan which is as sincere as it is morally beautiful. The standard political literature of the United States, translated and widely read, has done much to educate Japanese opinion, and to show how liberty may exist under law. Science, religion, the press, and public-schools are now training the Japanese people for their coming responsibilities. Nearly six hundred young men have, since the first exodus in 1865, been educated abroad at the public expense, most of them in the United States. An equal or greater number have attended foreign schools at their own charges, while the number of travellers and those who have intelligently studied western civilization cannot fall short of three thousand. The Japanese have now their legation, consulates, bank, clubs, and a Christian church in the United States. At least three thousand in various industrial capacities are living in Europe, China, Hawaii, and other countries. No year passes without seeing delegations of public inspectors or private students abroad, all restlessly eager to know the secrets of power possessed by the western nations.

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* See the "Life of Matthew Calbraith Perry, a Typical American Naval Officer," by the author of this work.

† The subject of the Japanese students abroad, how they came first to New Brunswick, N. J., with personal notes, statistics, etc., has been treated by the author in a pamphlet published in 1886 by the Rutgers College Alumni Association. During the civil war in Japan the Japanese students were unable to receive any remittances. A company of gentlemen and ladies in the Reformed [Dutch] Church was formed to loan them money without regard to future repayment. This generous behavior was warmly appreciated by the mikado's government. On the eve of their departure from the United States, in 1872, the ambassadors Iwakura and Ōkubo, in a letter to the Rev. John Mason Ferris, D.D., wrote: "The generous conduct exhibited by yourself and other gentlemen in this instance, as well as in all matters of educational interest pertaining to the Japanese youth, will do more to correct this impression [that "foreign nations did not entertain kindly feelings toward our people"], and will do more to cement the friendly relations of the two countries, than all other influences combined."

Though the Japanese long ago accepted the axiom that "education is the basis of all progress," yet their efforts in intellectual advancement have been impeded by their long use of the Chinese graphic system. The best years of a student's life must be devoted to learning thousands of arbitrary characters in order to know how to read. To be a learned man in the Japan of to-day one must know, besides his own language, the cumbrous Chinese system of writing, with much of its body of learning, and, in addition, the English or some other modern European language. No youth are more burdened in obtaining an education than are the Japanese. Hence the vast sacrifice of health and life among them, and their early intellectual decay.

Fully realizing these indisputable facts, the thinking men of this generation have resolved to break the yoke, to cast off the incubus, and to free the intellect of the future. In 1884 the Roma-ji Kai, or Roman-letter Association, was formed in Tōkiō, and has now six thousand members, native and foreign, among whom are all the missionaries. Their purpose is to supplant the Chinese character and native syllabary by the Roman alphabet as the vehicle of Japanese thought. They have demonstrated that all possible sounds and vocal combinations can be expressed by using twenty-two letters. They print a newspaper, edit text-books, and will transliterate popular and classic texts in the chosen letters of the alphabet now most widely used over all the earth. It has been proved that a child can learn to read the colloquial and book language in one-tenth of the time formerly required. The reform is making rapid progress; and if, as seems very probable, the natives universally adopt the system, the gain to mind and body will be like that of adding youth and years to a nation's life.

By an imperial decree, issued November 29, 1884, the English language was made part of the order of studies in the common-schools. Over three million children and youth now attend daily the public institutions of learning. Education is both compulsory and free. English seems destined to become the speech of the educated and the vehicle of knowledge for all the mikado's subjects.

The progress of Christianity shows no sign of check or halt. To all three forms of the faith converts are flocking, but indications seem to show at present (1886) a greater relative gain to the churches of Reformed Christianity. The majority of the two hundred Protestant missionaries now working in the white harvest-field of Japan are Americans. The writer saw the organization of the first Protestant Christian church in Japan in 1872. There are now nearly two hundred organized churches (about half of which are self-supporting), with a membership of over thirteen thousand. In 1885 the adult converts baptized numbered 3115. Native Christian helpers, assisting the foreign teachers, number about two hundred and fifty, of whom seventy are ordained ministers. The native Christians contributed in 1885 over twenty thousand dollars. The systems of heathenism are waning, and the chief supporters of Buddhism are now old men and women. The shaven-pated priests no longer hold the monopoly of fees for the performance of burial rites. Both belief and burial are now free. Religious liberty has become a fact. The attitude of the intelligent people is that of friendliness towards what they believe to be the best religion and the one which Japan ought to have.

Japan's opportunity seems unique in history. Under Divine Providence she began renascence at a time coincident with the highest development of the forces—spiritual, mental, and material—that control human society. Christianity, the press, and steam are transforming the nation. Under such continuing auspices people and rulers confront the twentieth year of Meiji (Enlightened Peace), the twenty-five hundred and forty-seventh "from the foundation of the empire," and the eighteen hundred and eighty-seventh of the Christian era.

III.

JAPAN IN 1890.

Taking our survey of Japan in 1890, and writing in mid-August with the election returns before us, it seems that the one event which dwarfs all others since the year 1886, if not indeed since the Japanese became a nation, is the proclamation of the Constitution of February 11, 1889. In accordance with this instrument, the emperor shares with his people the work and responsibilities of government.

The possibility of an Asiatic nation's becoming constitutional and representative in government excites surprise and even incredulity in the minds of Western people. Since the solidity and permanence of any form of political organization must depend upon how far it is rooted in the past, and is in accord with the genius and necessities of a people, let us examine the process by which the present status of Japan has been attained. Is the Constitution of 1889 a manufacture or a growth?

A rapid view shows us that in all Japanese history the central force has been the reverence of the people for the throne, while the actual administration has always been in the hands of some one family, clan, or clan combination. Passing over the "ages eternal" of mythology, and reckoning that the traditions of the house or tribe of Yamato are trustworthy from the fourth century, then the imperial line of Japan has been in existence, by blood and adoption, nearly sixteen hundred years. Yet, excepting the individuals Nobunaga and Hidéyoshi, the actual rulers of the empire have been men of the Fujiwara, Taira, Minamoto, Hōjō, Ashikaga, and Tokugawa families; and, since 1868, of the "Sa-cho-to," or the Satsuma, Chōshiu, and Tosa clan combination. For the first time in Japanese history the intermediary of family or clan control of the throne is now to be abolished. The meaning of the Constitution of 1889—the expansion of the oath of 1868—is that the emperor invites his PEOPLE to share with him the duties of government. This time it is not a family, a clan, or a combination, but the nobles, gentry, and people; but who are the people?

As there has been no true history of Japan yet written—that is, one which sifts utterly the truth from early and late fable and mythology—

so there exists no accurate history of the Japanese people. What passes for history in the bald and dry native annals is the story of their conquerors, masters, and tax-collectors. We see clearly outlined, however, the separation of classes. At first there were only tribes and chiefs, the subjugators and the subjugated, agriculturists and nomads. Then, in a long course of war, the soldiers, finding nearly permanent employment, keep sword, spear, and armor, while the farmers clinging to hoe and hook, two classes are formed out of the mass of inhabitants beyond the court and beneath the nobles. Those men, whose business it was to *samurai* the mikado—that is, to serve or attend upon the orders of the emperor, made up the military class; the farmers, as being next below, forming the most ancient and honorable of the lower classes. Among the social grades, formed by gradual evolution and isolation during the intervals of peace, may be named the merchant, artisan, and people of other occupations, even to the outcast *eta* and *hinin.* Since 1868 all the grades below the samurai, or gentry, have been fused into one class, the *hei-min*, or people.

The chief feature in the old Japanese political system was its tendency to dualism. The division of the people into soldiers and farmers, and of officers into civil and military, or *kugé* and *buké*, was a process which, in the absence of foreign pressure or enemies, ended in a division of the functions of government into those of the throne and the camp, with two rulers and two capitals. Gradually this process of dualism became one of disintegration. Authority slipped from the centres, and was held locally by province lords, or daimiōs, each striving for himself; until, duarchy having degenerated into feudalism, Japan had no unity, but was a mass of warring factions. Politically or socially, the comminution could no further go. Even when "the man on horseback" by military force was able to clamp together some sort of a political edifice, the order thus kept was only of the sort possible when there was no pressure from the outside, and when no foreign enemy threatened. For over two centuries the military despotism of Tokugawa held in peace by a most elaborate and complicated system an empire which consisted of about three hundred petty kingdoms, within each of which was a social conglomeration of a dozen or more different classes.

Old Japan was a museum of political curiosities, while on the graded shelves of the social classification was catalogued every specimen, from a god to the creatures labelled "not human." Under outward splendor and picturesqueness, only a few far-seeing men saw that, first of all, Japan needed unity; fewer discerned that the country must have government by men and not by custom; fewest yet that to be a great nation Japan must have a people.

Heretofore "public opinion" has been the exclusive property of the samurai. "The people," in the modern, not to say the American, sense, have not yet grown to consciousness, though the 11th of February, 1889, was the day of birth. Nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of Japan have been simply burden-bearers and tax-payers; now they are becoming "the people." Japan, having cast off dualism, feudalism, and other divisive elements, has entered upon a higher process of unity. The people are now learning who and what they are.

Glancing now at the various forms of government, we discern in the early ages a rudimentary feudalism, probably brought by the Yamato conquerors from the Amoor or Sungari valleys. After this follow in order centralized monarchy, duarchy, elaborate feudalism, and then, in 1868, a composite government formed on the theory of a union of the throne and "the people"—that is, the samurai. In this government, the chief intermediaries being the triple premiership and other various minor and temporary political expedients, the actual administration was carried on by able samurai, formerly men of low social rank, but well fitted for the work in hand. In a survey of the twenty-one years of the government of Meiji several facts stand out prominently; the first is that the former ruling class of daimiōs and other nobles, and the people, have had very little, if any, political power; second, that the Meiji statesmen have shown in their actions a curious, perhaps admirable, combination of opportunism and far-sighted statecraft; third, that natural force, ability, and education have driven out incompetency; fourth, that despite all obstacles, they have led the nation steadily forward to the goal set before them at the Restoration, and far beyond it; fifth, that Japan is to-day vastly less the land of lies and sham than in the old days of seclusion, and is more and more the country of reality and truth.

In brief, Old Japan was the result of certain conditions, chief of which was isolation from the rest of the world. So long as no leaven from without was dropped into the mass, the old constitution of society and government could remain stable. When, however, in addition to the movements in the minds of scholars and thinkers previous to A.D. 1853, which of themselves would have precipitated revolution and compelled reconstruction, there was poured into Japan the ferment of Christian civilization, the entire structure was doomed. A new society, as well as a new government, must arise. Despotism, division, and sectionalism had to give way in order that national unity should emerge. The old society, split up by feudalism, priestcraft, and ignorance, must be first simplified, and by education, enlightenment, and freedom the nation be strengthened and uplifted. Public opinion, as the basis of national action, must be the real, though regulated, feeling of all, from emperor to *eta*. In the attainable ideal system the humblest member of the body politic is a man, and the highest nothing more.

That there were men who before 1853, the year of Perry's arrival at Uraga, thus thought and felt, and to this end devoted their lives, is manifest from tradition, history, and the writings of such men as Takéno Choyé, Watanabé Kuazan, Hashimoto Sanai, Fujita Séinoshin, Sakama Shuri, Yoshida Toraijiro, Yokoi Héishiro, Matsudaira Yoshinaga, daimiō of Echizen, and many other noble morning-stars of reformation. Under various pretexts, whether of opposition to foreigners or to the Bakufu, these far-sighted patriots "veiled their larger purpose." Highest in rank and influence, and most eager for national unity and representative government, the pupil of Yokoi Héishiro, and probably the ablest of all the daimiōs, was Matsudaira, lord of Echizen, who had already begun to form, in his own dominions, before Perry's arrival, a miniature of the New Japan of the Meiji era. He was one of the first to propose to the Yedo Government the calling of a council of daimiōs to deliberate upon the American proposal to enter into treaty relations. In thus seeking the "public opinion" of the country as represented by the feudal clans, and in the holding, during many days and nights in 1854, of the great council of both active and retired daimiōs, in Yedo, we see the first step towards the national parliament of 1890.

Yet this very step revealed the weakness of the despotism of Yedo thus called to confront a new problem. To behold the Yedo autocrats, who had hitherto by force required only instant obedience of their vassals, humbly inviting them to conference was a startling revelation to men who watched every movement of the Bakufu. The samurai were aroused at once, but finding few or no leaders among their masters, the daimiōs, who, with the noteworthy exceptions of Echizen, Mito, Hizen, Tosa, and Uwajima, formed a Sahara of mediocrity, the thinking men turned for leadership to the court nobles in Kiōto, and then strove to win their feudal masters to their side.

When confronted by Townsend Harris, and by the envoys of Europe who followed after, who demanded residence and trade, there was a choice, to the bakufu, between two methods of policy. One was represented by Ii Kamon no Kami, who, with probably a noble motive, chose the method of the autocrat, increasing despotism under the plea of necessity. The other method was represented in the person of Matsudaira, daimiō of Echizen,* who had national modern and Western ideas, and believed that all acts of government should be upon the basis of public opinion. The one was destined to illustrate the truth that government in Old Japan was "despotism tempered by assassination." The other lived to see grandly illustrated the capacity of the nation for representative and constitutional government, dying in 1890. Heartily trusting the wisdom and abilities of the enlightened men of the southern and western clans, he, when Supreme Director of Affairs, in 1862, released them and the daimiōs from Yedo, made Kiōto the real capital, and there opened the then possible avenues for the expression of opinion.

Largely through the influence of Echizen, while resident at the palace during several months, the acts of the court were done in accordance with the policy suggested by the clans. In the deliberations of the men who formed the Government proclaimed January 3, 1868, Echizen, with his troops, being then guardian of the palace, this enlightened daimiō, besides pleading for union of all the political forces, old and new, without civil war or estrangement, urged above all things the necessity of a national parliament. Though the outbreak of war and the shedding of blood were keen disappointments to him, he persevered in the work of national unity and reconstruction. By an oath of the mikado (p. 318) the five principles of the new government which form this Constitution of 1868 and the basis of New Japan—expressed in their verbal form by Yuri Kinmasa, a samurai of Echizen, and pupil of Yokoi Héishiro —were published and established. In accordance with the promise that "a deliberative assembly should be formed, and all measures be decided by public opinion," the first parliament was opened in Kiōto in 1868, the representation being in the persons of samurai only, each clan, according to its numbers, sending one, two, or three members. When Yedo was made the *kiō*, or capital, and named Tōkiō, a second parliament of two hundred and seventy-six members, two hundred of whom were present, convened April 18, 1869. This new body was named Shiugi-In, or House of Commons. After discussing various questions, especially that of a new Constitution, and rejecting the proposition to relinquish the wearing of swords (p. 400), this assembly died a natural death. It was, in the temper of its members, so far behind the needs of the time, and of the ideas of the progressive leaders in the Government, that it was likely to defeat the very ends proposed in its creation.

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* The Marquis Matsudaira Yoshinaga, or Shungaku, whose portrait is on page 308, was born in Yedo, A.D. 1827, and died in Tōkiō, June 2, 1890. In 1838 he was adopted as a son by the daimiō of Echizen, and in 1843 became active ruler in Fukui. He introduced various reforms in the arts of development and defence. He built a gun factory, cannon foundery, and powder-mill; introduced vaccination, Dutch medical practice and military tactics, the study of Dutch, and the translation of Dutch books; organized a hospital, a medical school, a college of literature, invited Yokoi Héishiro, the renowned Higo teacher, to be his counsellor, and made Fukui a hospitable place for scholars and far-sighted patriots. All this was done before 1854. At first opposed to foreign intercourse on account of the weakness of Japan, and the opponent of Ii Kamon no Kami, he became, in 1862, one of the most progressive men in Japan. After holding many offices of high honor under the government of Meiji, including the presidency of the university and head of the revenue department, he received from the mikado the highest honors possible to a living subject, rising to the second degree of the first rank.

Although the petition of Goto, Yuri, and others, in 1874 (p. 574), was rejected, and substitutes for a national assembly were supposed to exist in the Sa-In, or Senate so called, formed in 1871, its members being nominated by the premier, and in its successor the Genro-In, also called a Senate, yet no decisive movement towards national representation was made until 1873, when a meeting of the governors of the prefectures was called in Tōkiō (p. 589). Nevertheless, in the creation, in April, 1875, of the Genro-In, or Senate, and the Dai Shin-In, or Supreme Court of Appeals, and the promise in the same decree to "gradually confer upon the nation a constitutional form of government," we see the first clear step towards the modern division of government into the executive, legislative, and judicial branches. In July, 1875, the promise to call a council of provincial officials "so that the feelings of the people may be made known, and the public welfare attained," was fulfilled. The seventy province-governors were addressed by the emperor, and Kido was made president. Actually more influential upon the people, however, than this too conservative body was the action of certain advisers of the governors coming up with them, who met in Tōkiō, and petitioned the Government for a national assembly based on popular suffrage. Adjourned in 1877 (p. 591), it was not in 1878 accepted as the boon desired by the nation, even though the foundations of local government by popular representation (p. 591) were laid in the decree of the emperor. Then followed two years of amazing activity in agitation for the long-desired parliament. Led by Itagaki, Okuma, Goto, Soyéjima, and others, public opinion, to which nobles, gentry, and commoners contributed, compelled the proclamation of October 12, 1887, naming 1890 as the year of the national assembly.

While thus, on the one hand, the political education of the people in local affairs was provided for, so that the nation should have at least eight years of preparatory training in representative government, Count Ito Hirobumi was sent to Europe to study and compare the constitutions and laws of Western nations. Shortly after his return, in 1884, it became increasingly evident that the Constitution of 1890 would approach the German rather than the British model. In December, 1885 (p. 601), a long step forward was taken in the reorganization of the cabinet. During the next four years Ito and Inouyé were able guardians of the national policy. Especially were their abilities manifest during the protracted treaty negotiations, and the intense political excitement consequent upon the desire of the liberal agitators that English rather than Prussian principles should be emphasized in the new Constitution. The fears of the liberals led by Count Itagaki of Tosa were, however, confirmed by the remarkable imperial rescript of December 25, 1887, by which several hundred persons were ordered away from the capital.*

In April, 1888, a new body called the Privy Council was formed, of which Ito became president, while Kuroda filled the position of premier. In this body active debate upon the new Constitution began in May, and proceeded until February 11, 1889, when the long-awaited instrument was proclaimed.

Exactly to the day, almost to the very hour, thirty-five years after the American treaty-ships were in sight of Idzu, the emperor Mutsuhito took oath to maintain inviolate the government according to the Constitution, the documents attesting which he, before the assembled audience of nobles, officers, and foreign envoys, handed to Kuroda, the Minister-president of State. Extraordinary popular demonstra-

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*A discussion of "Coercion in Japan," in *The Nation* of February 16, 1888, precipitated a violent newspaper controversy on both sides of the Pacific. Among other protests it was declared that the article had "a curious air of anachronism about it." Yet within two years, besides several futile attempts at violence or assassination, the lives of two cabinet ministers (Mori and Okuma) were assailed, the one by knife and the other by bomb; the ministry then in power was replaced by one more radical, while a strong reaction in public sentiment followed.

tions of joy and approval followed in the capital and provinces. For the first time in Japanese history the emperor rode beside the empress in public. Posthumous titles of nobility granted to the dead, illustrious rewards to the living, amnesty to prisoners, and other marks of imperial favor carried joy to many hearts. The horrible blot on the day's beautiful record was the assassination of the Minister of Education, Arinori Mōri, by a Shintōist fanatic.

The Constitution proper consists of sixty-six articles,* treating of the emperor, the rights and duties of subjects, the Imperial Diet, the ministers of state and the Privy Council, the judicature and finance, with supplementary rules. With the laws proclaimed at the same time, the articles number three hundred and thirty-two. In the first chapter relating to the emperor the foundation-principle of the whole past of the nation is reaffirmed. "The mikado's person is sacred and inviolable. He combines in himself the rights of sovereignty, and exercises them according to the provisions of the present Constitution." Japan is still "the mikado's empire."

Hitherto the rights of the common people have never been acknowledged, defined, or guaranteed. Chapter II. is of immediate interest to thirty-eight out of the forty millions of Japanese people. Their status is to be determined by law. They have the right of abode and of changing the same. Except according to law, they are not to be arrested, detained, tried, or punished. Trial is always to be by judges determined by law. The right of domicile and freedom from search, the secrecy and inviolability of letters, the freedom of religious belief, and the liberty of speech, writing, publishing, public meeting, association, and petition within the limits of law, are guaranteed to every subject. Under the sun of Japan these are indeed new things.

The Diet assembles once a year, and is opened, closed, prorogued, and dissolved by the emperor, to whom the initiative of amendments to the Constitution belongs. Deliberations are public. The ministers of state may take seats and speak in either House, but are responsible to the emperor and not to the Diet. In the judicature exercised by courts of law in the name of the emperor the trials are public, and the judges are persons properly qualified, and irremovable except for offence. Expenses and revenue of the State require the consent of the Imperial Diet, but the fixed expenditures based by the Constitution upon the powers appertaining to the emperor, the organization of the different branches of the administration, and the salaries of all civil and military officers, such expenditures as may have arisen by effect of law, or that relate to the legal obligations of "the Government," shall neither be rejected nor reduced by the Diet without the concurrence of the Government. Expenses of the Imperial House do not require the consent of the Diet except for increase. The chief weapon of a hostile majority—the stoppage of supplies to the ministry in power—is thus removed.

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* See the writer's article in *The Forum* of April, 1889, entitled "Representative Government in Japan"; the pamphlet containing the text of the Constitution (Kelly & Walsh, Yokohama); "Commentaries on the Constitution of the Empire of Japan," by Count Ito Hirobumi, translated into English by Miyoji Ito, Tōkiō, 1889; and Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," Tōkiō and London, 1890. This latter work is a mirror of contemporary Japan, and an encyclopædia of valuable information. Also, the letters of J. H. Wigmore in *The Nation*, July, and *passim*, 1890; and "Constitution of the Empire of Japan," Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

The government of Japan, then, is organized on the basis of immemorial tradition, with modern features that follow the German rather than the English model. A definite amount of executive power is reserved to the emperor and the ministers who are responsible to him. Under the written lines of the Constitution are the watermarks of compromise, and the party lines are marked out by the instrument itself. Against the rushing stream of democracy, like their own mountain torrents, the conservatives will be the dikes (or *ja-kago*, p. 531) to keep hard and fast the imperial prerogative. The progressives will at once begin to demand greater powers for the Diet, a broader electoral base, and greater control of the finances. Revolutions move but in one direction.

The Upper House, or (mixed) House of Peers, consists partly of hereditary, partly of elected, and partly of nominated members. Members of the imperial family, princes, and marquises sit for life. A certain number of counts, viscounts, and barons, elected by the members of their respective orders, serve for seven years. Men of ability and learning nominated by the emperor are life members. A novel and interesting feature is that from each of the imperial cities and prefectures a member (noble, gentleman, or commoner) elected by the fifteen highest tax-payers may serve for seven years. The combined number of nominated and elected men is not to exceed the number of members holding titles of nobility.

The House of Representatives consists of about three hundred members, at least thirty years of age, who pay national taxes to the amount of fifteen *yen*, or dollars, and serve four years. Electors must be twenty-five years old, and pay national taxes to the amount of fifteen dollars. The average number of representatives from each prefecture is not quite seven, the larger having from ten to thirteen members, and three cities (Tōkiō, Ozaka, and Kiōto) twelve, ten, and seven, respectively. In 1887 there were 1,581,726 persons in the empire paying taxes to the amount of over five *yen*, of whom 1,488,700 had the right of voting for members of local assemblies. Of those paying over ten dollars in taxes there were 882,517, of whom 802,975 were eligible to vote, or sit after election in the local assemblies. In these local legislatures 2172 members sat, the number of standing committees being 292. The electorate of the National Diet numbers probably 300,000.

With quietness and order the threefold election passed off in July, 1890, and we are now able to see the general complexion of the first Imperial Diet, and to form some idea of the eagerness of the Japanese to avail themselves of their new privileges. About eighty-five per cent. of eligible voters availed themselves of the franchise, and the number of candidates in each district varied from two to fifteen, there being in Tōkiō ninety-two applicants for the twelve seats, and in eighty other districts three hundred and thirteen.

For the House of Peers, so called, besides the nine members of the imperial family, ten princes, and twenty-one marquises, who sit by hereditary right, fifteen counts, seventy viscounts, and twenty barons, elected by members of their own orders (the nobles numbering nearly six hundred, and one-fifth of these electives being chosen), there were chosen out of the forty-five fully organized divisions of the empire, by the fifteen highest tax-payers in each, forty-five members, of whom thirty-three were *hei-min*, or commoners, eleven were of the gentry, and one was a noble. Other members are to be nominated by the emperor.

Among the successful candidates for the House of Representatives, a rough classification shows as great variety of political opinions as of occupations. In a word, all of the existing classes of the people are well represented. Without space to analyze the political parties, we may say that at present, far more than in Western countries, the so-called national parties are moulded by local and personal influences rather than by abstract questions of policy. "The Government" must confront a majority hostile in form, the election showing conclusively that the voting of the people is an expression of their own will, and not that either of the ministers in office or of the higher powers in authority. To be in any way connected with governmental employ was, in almost every case, to invite certain defeat; while on the other hand few of the old party leaders were chosen as standard-bearers in the new field. All things considered, the issue is most hopeful to the lover of humanity and well-wisher of the Japanese people.

In the reconstruction of her foreign policy Japan has endeavored to have the treaties revised in the interests of mutual justice, to secure the removal of the extra-territoriality clauses, and her treatment by the nations of Christendom as their equal. The long and weary question cannot here be discussed, but is probably not now far from solution. Since 1881 the new Criminal Code, based on the best principles of Western jurisprudence, has been in successful operation; and on the 22d of April, 1890, the new Code of Civil Procedure, and the first portion of the Civil Code, were promulgated. The fruit of fifteen years' labor of foreign and native experts in law are thus set forth. In both the letter of the documents and the spirit of their execution the sincerity of the Japanese in thus preparing to live up to what is expected of them by the world is clearly manifest. Contrariwise, the confidence of foreign nations is equally shaken when such relapses, on the part of "the Government," into the vices of despotism and feudalism as the issue of the so-called Peace Regulations of December 25, 1887, or when the excesses of the *so-shi*, such as the assassination of Arinori Mōri, and the attempt by dynamite on the life of Okuma, October 18, 1889, chill the hopes of those who believe in the right of Japan to claim equality with Western nations.

For a solid basis to our hope in Japan's future we look to the large Christian community now increasing daily. In June, 1890, the churches of reformed Christianity had 34,000 members enrolled; those of the Roman form of the faith over 50,000 souls under their care; while 17,000 or more receive spiritual nurture according to the Greek method. These subjects of the mikado make in all a nominal household of a half-million who hold the promise of this life and of that which is to come through Jesus Christ. The celebration of the complete Bible in Japanese took place in Tōkiō, February 3, 1888. Already the fertilization of the native intellect by Christianity and the Bible is manifest in the new literature. Qualities utterly absent from the older writings are discerned in the essays, philosophy, history, fiction, and journalism. Christian men are leaders in thought and letters. The Japanese are even beginning to write critical history.

During these exciting years of 1889 and 1890, amid the ferment of politics, and the fierce discussion of treaty revision which has wrecked more than one ministry, a strong movement to preserve what is best in the national life, in language, art, government, and every department of achievement has been in progress. Such a movement naturally exhibited some phases interpreted by foreigners to mean reaction; but underneath much that is condemned by the best men of the nation there is a larger purpose that will command the sympathy and admiration of the world. No nation can be great that merely imitates and borrows. With wise selection the Japanese nationalistic movement means, we think, the proving of all things, the holding fast that which is good.

Strong in faith and hope of the prosperous future of this most interesting of Asiatic nations, and in undisguised sympathy with her noble purpose, we leave our inspiring theme of representative Japan. From no nation of Christendom will Japan receive more hearty good wishes than from that in which Matthew Calbraith Perry was born, and which of modern States first began its life and has longest lived under a written Constitution.

IV.

JAPAN IN 1894.

Forty years ago the whistle of the American steamers awoke Old Japan out of her hermit sleep. On the 8th day of July, 1853, the four men-of-war arrived at Uraga. The signal rockets from the forts were answered by the rattle of cables and the splash of anchors, and Japan's new era began.

That 8th day of July prefigured the forty years of history which we now survey. The day was ushered in with fog so thick that the land was hidden. Only at intervals could the rocky outlines of the coast be discerned. Gradually through the sun-rent curtains of mist the mountains became visible. At meridian Fuji's glorious form loomed into view, and by mid-afternoon the whole panorama of the landscape and blue waters greeted the eye. At sunset the peerless mountain wore a crown of glory. From midnight until four o'clock a.m. appeared from the south-west a meteoric sphere of light that moved towards the north-east, illuminating the whole atmosphere, finally falling towards the sea and vanishing. The next day was one of sunny splendor.

So has it been with Japan, political and social. Foreigners in the morning of their life on the soil found themselves in a fog of ignorance. Everything Japanese seemed veiled in mystery. Hiding the real facts was "a vague embodiment of something which was called 'The Law'; but what that 'Law' was, by whom enacted, and under what sanctions enforced, no one could tell, though all seemed to stand in awe of it as something of superhuman efficacy; its mysteriousness was only equalled by the abject submission it received." No country was then less worthy of its numerous names, all making boast of the sun, of light, of radiancy. Japan was then the Land of Darkness.

Gradually the dawn broke, the fogs of mystery were riven, and the real Japan was discovered. Yet before the cloudless day was ushered in, that great meteoric movement from the south-west towards the north-east—the uprising of the great clans which made New Japan and seated the Emperor in Tōkiō—took place. Like the coming of the Sun-goddess out of her cave was the emergence of the mikado into the white light of public duty. The mystery-play was over. To-day Japan is worthy of her name—Sunrise. It is the 9th of July.

Now, information on a thousand subjects is freely furnished by the Government. Foreign scholars have penetrated the arcana of literature, have challenged and dissected tradition, chronology, and claims even of the Heaven-descended dynasty. The Japanese themselves, applying Western methods of collection, comparison, classification, and research to their national treasures, land, language, and history, are coming to self-revelation as never before. They are seeing themselves as they are. The process is not wholly safe to individuals, and freedom of speech and of the press are not yet what we count freedom. Yet there is at present probably as much liberty as can safely be enjoyed. One signal proof of the willingness of the Government to let light shine on what was once hidden, is its annual publication, "*Résumé Statistique de L' Empire du Japon.*"*

Japan as wonder-land is as surprising in things vanished as in things created during these forty years. Gone are Tycoon, the duarchy, feudalism, the old codes, customs, ideals, personalities. In their places has come one government differentiated in three functions—executive, legislative, and judicial—with all the outward appliances of modern civilization. New social, industrial, and ethical systems are in process of formation. With much of the ancient and picturesque ignorance and superstition have disappeared some things that were worth keeping, yet in New Japan the new codes, ideals, and ambitions are vast improvements on those of the old days. The Japanese have determined to take their place not only among the nations of the world, but of Christendom, and to be found in the front rank. Nothing less than this will satisfy them. Already, the record of forty years is amazing, and the surprises are not all over.

Yet who have been the creators of New Japan? The natives or the foreigners? Would the Japanese of themselves have attained to the status already reached in this twenty-seventh year of Meiji? Are there not, apart from exterior influences, a power and a personality on the soil of the New that were not in the Old Japan? As secret, as concealed as leaven, were they not as potent?

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* This manual for 1893, packed with figures skilfully tabulated, maps, diagrams, tables of weights and measures, comparatives, averages, totals, and other requisites for the student's eye, tells an eloquent story of Japan's progress. Area, population, agriculture and industry, commerce and public improvements, facilities of transportation by land and sea, private and public finances, education, religion, hygiene, charities, with details of justice, police administration, army and navy, and civil service at home and abroad, make a statistical appendix to this work of ours no longer necessary. This invaluable publication has for seven years been compiled and edited by Mr. Ishibashi, chief of the Imperial Bureau of Statistics in Tōkiō, author with Mr. E. Satow of a pocket dictionary of English-Japanese. I had the pleasure of first meeting Mr. Ishibashi when he was chief interpreter at the Foreign Office, in 1871, Mr. Térashima Munénori being then Vice-minister of Foreign Affairs (pp. 399, 402).

Japan is not unique in history, not a case of entire self-reformation. Without the leaven from Christendom this oriental lump would not be as it is seen and felt to-day. The aliens employed by the Japanese have not told their story, yet, as Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," says, "The foreign employé is the creator of New Japan." As certainly as on the foundation-stones of the Japan of the Meiji era belong the names of Rai, Sakuma, Yoshida, Yokoi, Fukuzawa, and a host of others who, while living, were unrewarded non-officeholders, so also should be inscribed those of the *Yatoi Tō-jin*, or "hired foreigners." Whether in Japanese pay or not, as hirelings, or as guests, or as forces healthfully stimulating, who from their own governments or societies received stipend, or self-impelled wrought for Japan's good, their work abides. The world may forget the singer, but the song is still heard.

For over a century the earnest thinkers of Japan went to school to the Dutch at Nagasaki. These Europeans, professing to be neither benefactors nor missionaries, but only merchants and physicians, gave their pupils a long object-lesson in civilization. Pilgrims thirsting for knowledge came from all over the empire to learn of the Hollanders, and dispersing homeward filled the country with centres of light. Maligned by their enemies in faith and by their rivals in commerce, the work of the Dutchmen for a century in supplying a hermit nation with books, science, and medicine, has been unknown or underrated. The Dutch laid the foundations of scientific knowledge of the Japanese and their country, secured the abolition of the insults to Christianity, and made the way easy for Commodore Perry and Townsend Harris. It would be hard to find a single native pioneer of progress in the early years of Meiji—statesman, diplomatist, military leader, physician, man of science, interpreter, author, preacher—who was not directly indebted to the Dutch.

Not, however, until the decade following the apparition of Perry did foreign influence become an overwhelming force and the foreign employé a permanent figure. Beginning probably with the American Professor Pumpelly, who wrote "Across America and Asia," the Japanese Government and individuals enlisted a great army of auxiliaries from abroad. In what branch of science or friendly service are the makers of New Japan not indebted? English scholarship as represented by Satow, Aston, Chamberlain, McClatchie, Gubbins, and others, first rent the veil from ancient Japan, and gave to native students the impetus to that critical and comparative study of their own language and traditions which they are now beginning bravely to pursue. British experts organized the navy and trained the lads that are now officers and the junk-sailors that are now smart marines and skilful artillerists, created and equipped the Osaka mint, struck the coinage of which no Japanese is ashamed, and established the vernacular newspaper, now the mighty power that even prime-ministers and Emperor must reckon with. Frenchmen reorganized the army, codified the law, and built the Yokoska dockyard. The Germans have directed the higher medical education of the country. "Not less a feat than the reform of the entire educational system was chiefly the work of a handful of Americans." The posts, the telegraphs, the railways, the light-houses; the trigonometrical, geological, and geodetic surveys; improved mining methods, prison reform, sanitary reform, cotton and paper mills; manufactories of many kinds, chemical laboratories, water-works and harbor-works, and a hundred other improvements which have enriched the country, and which strike the eye and excite the admiration of the tourist—"all are the creation of the foreign employés of the Japanese Government." *

True type of the foreigners who not merely advised or inspected, but who wrought by example and precept, patiently teaching technical details, was the German Dr. Gottfried von Wagener, whose personal friendship the writer enjoyed while a fellow-worker in the Imperial University from 1871 to 1874. Dr. Wagener, born in Germany in

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* It is not probable that the future Japanese historian will deign to use as important material for his narrative any of the little accordeon-like publications entitled *Yatoi Tō-jin* such as we have before us. While the throne and the figure-heads and a multitude of names such as already clog the pages of the Japanese annals will doubtless occupy vast space on the historian's page, yet a glance at the little brochure giving names, salaries, and occupation of the "hired foreigners," is like a visit to the power-house of an electric railway. Here are the generating forces, and the wheels, belts, and motors, while to the outside world the brilliancy and speed of the moving trains astonish the spectator. Here are some of the names picked out at random: Pumpelly, Tracey, Hawes, Douglas, Cargill, Savatier, Verbeck, Brinkley, Brunton, Knipping, Capron, Antisell, Eldredge, Scott, Wilson, Simmons, Geerts, Wagener, House, Divers, Gower, Lyman, Murray, Smith, Boissonnade, Palmer, Chamberlain, Müller, Hoffman, McCartee, Gowland, Milne, Mason, Clark, Clarke, Ingalls, Baelz, Conder, Miquel, Bertin, etc., etc., with scores of others who have during longer or shorter periods of time imparted the secrets of Western science, learning, or technical skill, and patiently shown the Japanese how to do likewise.

1831, was a master of applied science when, in 1870, he entered the service of the daimiō of Hizen to improve the methods of porcelain manufacture at Arita, in which he happily succeeded so far as the resources of that province would then admit. One of his notable triumphs was in the introduction of coal as fuel. Besides his services in education at Tōkiō and Kiōto, he assisted materially in preparing the art exhibits of the Japanese at Vienna and Philadelphia. He established the Artisan's School in Tōkiō, revolutionized the *cloisonné*-enamel industry, and invented the famous *Asahi yaki* (Morning-sun faience), or pottery with varied colors under the glaze. The writer has never known a man who combined more nobly for the benefit of his fellow-men self-absorption in science with absolute self-effacement in disposition. He died at Suruga Dai in Tōkiō, November 8, 1892.

In the higher work of moral education and reform, the Christian missionary is a noble figure. The first teachers of language, literature, science, and philosophy; the first dispensers of medicine and healing, active in charitable relief, constantly stimulating to the Government and people by their hospitals, schools, colleges, preaching and advocacy of moral reforms; training tens of thousands of natives in the arts of self-government and parliamentary procedure; supplanting the old Confucian and Chinese codes of ethics with nobler ideals and practice, the teachers of Christianity have prepared the nation for the adoption of a higher form of civilization. Greater even than the wants of modern material forces and appliances, by the confessions of her own most thoughtful men, is Japan's need of moral power.

True types of the servant of servants, for Christ's sake, to the people of Japan, are Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hepburn, who have done so much to break down the barriers between natives and foreigners. After thirty-three years of service in school, dispensary, home, and study, Dr. Hepburn left Yokohama for the United States in October, 1892. The story of the "American Missionary in Japan," of influences and results, and of native appreciation, has been modestly told in part by Dr. M. L. Gordon.* Since the reaction against everything foreign, which began in 1888, the Christian churches and schools have suffered. Yet the loss, or rather the retarded acceleration of progress, signifies "no real change of purpose in the national mind." "Japan for the Japanese" does not mean more than healthy patriotism. Digestion and assimilation are as necessary as reception. Christianity, now rooted in the soil and no longer a mere exotic, can live its own life in the hearts and the minds of the people. Christian theology can live and grow expressed in terms of far-oriental as well as in Greek or Latin terminology. The Japanese Christians will create their own theology and adapt it to the national consciousness more healthfully, truthfully, and spiritually than can foreigners. In treating of "The Theological Movement in Japan,"* we have summed up our impressions as follows: "The Japanese genius, as vitalized by the Holy Spirit, tends to assimilation rather than to mere acceptance. Vigorously has the Christian consciousness of Japan cast off the sectarian and provincial creeds of merely English-speaking Christendom. Refusing the swaddling-bands of the Scotch, Yankee, and Anglican phases of the faith, it has sought the simplicity that is Christ. . . . They, with the Bible in hand, sought the shortest path to Christ." Already the record of independent native Christian life, work, and literature is a noble one. It shows clearly that the believers in Christ in Japan want the Christianity of Christ not in non-essential and accidental alien forms, but in its reality and purity as far as it can be apprehended and assimilated by them.

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* "An American Missionary in Japan." Boston. 1892.

The statistics for the year ending March 31, 1893, furnished by Rev. Henry Loomis of Yokohama, show that the Christians of the Roman order number 44,812 in 244 congregations; those of the Greek order number 20,235 in 219 congregations; those of the Reformed order number 35,534 in 365 local churches. Baptisms for 1892 were: for the Roman, Greek, and Reformed phases of the one faith, 5324, 952, and 3731, respectively. Thirty-one organizations, usually called "Protestant," illustrate more of Christian unity than diversity, since five of these divisions comprise 33,390 Christians, all the self-supporting native churches being affiliated with these groups. At present, the religion of Jesus in Japan is better represented by the parable of the leaven than by that of the mustard-seed. It is influencing the national life deeply, while not phenomenally increasing its superficial area. Buddhism, still the religion of the majority of the mikado's subjects, is being quickened into wholesome activity. It has yet to show whether it can hold the heart and intellect of New Japan.

Let us now turn to a survey of political history and see what has been the root and the offspring of the forty-years' movement. We shall inquire what is down at the bottom of the ceaseless unrest in national politics, especially in the long conflict, not between the people and the Throne, but between the people and the Government.

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* "The Outlook" [*The Christian Union*], April 1, 1893.

The meteoric phenomenon of the night of July 8, 1853,* prefigured in its brilliancy, direction of movement, and apparent end the uprising of the two (or three) great clans which, since 1868, under every form of government, have ruled the mikado's empire. "It made its appearance in the southward and westward, and illuminated the whole atmosphere. . . . It pursued a north-eastwardly course in a direct line for a long distance, when it fell gradually towards the sea and disappeared."

So might a prophet have foretold the course of the coalition headed by the great Satsuma and Chōshiu clans, which we have described in Book I., Chapter XXVIII. Fifteen years after the meteor seen from the *Susquehanna's* deck, the "*Sat-chō*" captured Kiōto and inaugurated New Japan. Twenty-one years more had to pass before the promise in the imperial oath to summon a parliament was fulfilled. To-day we write of the fifth session of the Imperial Diet—that august assembly representing the nobles, gentry, and people of the country ruled since 1868 by the Sat-chō. The story of the two elections and of the five sessions is that of a fierce and not wholly bloodless struggle between the Liberal parties and the Government, or, more exactly, of the people against the two mighty clans intrenched behind the throne.

The net results of four sessions seem at first almost trivial, and the story is soon told. In the first session of 1890–91, the hostility of the Opposition was against the cabinet led by Count Masagata. A reduction of the Budget to the extent of six and a half millions of *yen* was secured, and a collision on the very threshold of representative government was happily averted. The second session of 1891 – 92 opened even less hopefully for the Government, and, after a severe struggle, ended in dissolution. The Kai-shin and Jiyu parties were so joined in implacable opposition that the cabinet ministers soon found that the situation was beyond their control; and so invoking the Emperor's executive interference, they appealed to the country through fresh elections. How far active government influence was brought to bear unfairly to secure a more tractable temper in the Diet cannot be stated, yet it is evident not only that the estrangement between the popular and the official classes was increased, but that the Government was bitterly disappointed in results. The new Diet opened May 6th, 1892.

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* "Perry's Narrative." Appleton's N. Y. edition, p. 272.

Although in this third session the Budget was not considered, yet the Government escaped a formal, by receiving indirect, but real, censure. A new and eclectic cabinet, not yet the creation of the Diet, but chosen by the Emperor and made up of "all the talents," was now formed. It was led by the veteran Ito, "father of the constitution," and author of the best written commentary upon it, while Inouyé became minister of the Home Department. In the fourth session, the Jiyu-to, or Radical party, whose favorite measure—the reduction of the land tax—had been accepted, manifested a desire to work with the cabinet. For months, however, so great were the forces of opposition, that the problem was one of either dissolution or compromise. A reduction in the Budget of nearly nine millions, or a grand total of less than eighty-four millions, was insisted upon. The Opposition appealed to the Emperor, who answered in a state paper of notable ability, in which party strife and politics were ignored, and the "fixed expenditures" reduced by three and a half millions, his Majesty ordering that one-tenth of his own income should be appropriated to secure the results desired. Peace came through the Throne, but the Kai-shin party is still implacable and continues agitation.

The battle ostensibly rages round the Budget, but the real questions at issue are these: Shall the government of the country be by party after the British model, or according to the Prussian method? Shall the Government be really responsible to the Diet, or nominally to the sovereign? Shall the power be in the hands of an oligarchy consisting largely of two clans, or shall the clan spirit be banished, and sovereign and people rule?

The roots of this difficulty go back to the days of the Taikō and Iyéyasŭ, to which rulers the great clans of Satsuma and Chōshiu never gave more than nominal submission. Proudly and sullenly they maintained their semi-independence, and waited over two centuries and a half for revenge. The coming of the alien in 1853 was the awaited signal to begin their work. While individuals were unselfishly consecrated to patriotism, the clans masked self-interest under the plea of loyalty to the mikado, overthrowing in 1868 the shōgunate. If in Kiōto they devoured the prey, in Tōkiō they divided the spoil. No Benjamin or Saul in ancient Israel, no Fujiwara in mediæval Nippon, no American politician, ever so held their grip on the treasury, or excelled the Sat-chō in distributing offices to clansmen. The inside view as eye-witness which the writer enjoyed in Tōkiō during three years, over two decades ago, showed him how grandly the Japanese exceeded the American spoilsmen in nepotism. In this year of Meiji the 27th, the lists of government officers and employés show that the men of only two clans, Satsuma and Chōshiu, still fill a majority of the most desirable offices. In the many changes of ministries, it is "the mats and not the floor" that are rearranged. The Japanese political edifice for twenty-five years past has been an oligarchy cemented by clan spirit. This is the real meaning of the long struggle of the people against the Government, of the Lower House of the Diet against the Ministry. During the year 1893 the effort has been especially to reform the navy, which in *personnel*, declare the Kai-shin politicians, is virtually an organization of Satsuma men. Great as have been the services of the illustrious statesmen of the Meiji periods, it is evidently the deeply settled belief of the people that new times and problems demand new men, and that clan spirit is now an anachronism not to be tolerated or excused. It is time for the meteor of July to fall into the sea, so that the new morning of true national life may dawn.

The men of the Meiji era are now aging fast and passing away. Sanjō Sanéyoshi, General Yamada, Yoshida Kiyonari, and Terashima Munénori have "changed their worlds" since our last chapter was written. Of some of those still in power and influence, like Ito and Inouyé, it can be said that they have opposed the clan spirit, served country and sovereign with pre-eminent ability and faithfulness, and foreseen the needs of the nation. To such patriots, in and out of office, belongs much of the credit of Japan's notable progress in wealth, population, and prestige. For, despite all commotions, dangers, and calamities, the increase is notably great. Whereas in 1872 the population of the empire was but 33,110,000, the census of 1892 shows a total of 41,089,940 souls. There has been hopeful increase also of food supply, savings, manufactures, mines, commerce and industry of all sorts. The national wealth has doubled in ten years. Once Japan was reckoned by Europeans as "hardly worth trading with." In 1892, the total of exports (91,102,753 *yen*) and imports (71,326,079 *yen*) amounted to 162,428,832 *yen*, the increase in one decade being one hundred and fifty per cent. The United States, once having the least of the trade with Japan, now leads every other nation as a buyer and seller, her business aggregating in 1892 44,663,024 *yen*. Five-eighths of Japanese trade is with English-speaking nations. It is from Anglo-Saxondom that the leaders of thought and action derive their chief inspiration. Resisting, for want of space, the temptation to prove and illustrate this assertion, and to show the influence on religion, science, philosophy, and literature, as well as upon politics and national development, of the nations using English speech, we make passing reference to her representation at the World's Columbian Exposition.

It was wholly fitting that Xipangu, the country which the Genoese, in his Spanish caravels in 1492, was seeking, should join with the world in honoring his exploit. The first Asian nation to send ships to America across the Pacific—a sailer to Mexico in 1573, and a steamer to California in 1860—was Japan. In the generosity of her financial appropriation, and the variety and interest of her contribution to the Chicago Exhibition, the mikado's empire was exceeded by only two other countries, while in the permanency and value of her gifts to Chicago she leads the world. Her total space occupied—falling far short of the desire of intending exhibitors—was about 150,000 square feet. Under the roofs of the halls of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, of Agriculture, Fine Arts, Horticulture, Forestry, Mining, Fisheries, and in the street devoted to entertainments, in bazaar and tea-house, her portable products of native industry and genius were visible. Yet, strange as it seems, the only permanent edifices, except the Art Exhibition building, that remain in Jackson Park after the White City has vanished, are the specimens of Japanese historical architecture on Wooded Island. Of the three separate buildings united so as to form to the uncritical eye a single structure, called the Hō-den, or Phœnix Palace, the centre and right and left wings represent three epochs. On the right the Fujiwara style (A.D. 1000–1200), before the days of nails, metal hinges, sliding partitions, but of silken corded and tasselled curtains, such as Sei Shonagon could easily raise (p. 211), may be studied. On the left stands the house typical of the Ashikaga era (A.D. 1333–1579), when matted floors, papered walls and partitions, elaborate metal-work, and other luxuries came into vogue. The main edifice, with its greater number of roof-timbers and detail of decoration, follows the fashion prevalent in Tokugawa times (1604-1868). In its general ground plan the edifice follows the lines of the Phœnix Temple built in Uji in the year 1050.

While the United States has celebrated its first centennial of political union, and the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, Téi Koku Nippon proposes in 1895 to commemorate the millennial of Kiōto. A thousand years ago, in the castle of Héi-an, the mikado fixed his residence, and around him, as the fountain of authority, grew up the *Kio*, or "Blossom Capital."

The year 1894 opens in tumult and with portents that disturb the warmest friends of Japan, shaking their faith in the capacity of an Asiatic race for constitutional government or for participation in the comity of nations. The Diet opened November 25, 1893. The Budget, in six books, containing altogether 1438 pages, estimated the revenue at 90,675,196 *yen* and the expenditures at 85,472,159 *yen*. The House of Representatives, in a spasm of political animosity, first proceeded to expel its speaker, Mr. Hoshi Toru, without any known charge against him as a presiding officer, and then attacked the Budget, hoping to compel a resignation of the Cabinet ministers. On the 19th of December the Government suspended the sittings of the House for ten days, apparently in order to consult what should be done—whether the Diet should be dissolved, or the Ministry either resign or set about reconstruction. Meeting again on December 29th, the House was, after a turbulent session, suspended for another ten days. On the next day the Diet was dissolved.

Thus far the people, as represented in the Diet, have steadily gained. The "military party" in the Government, that wants the reign of force continued, the Diet defied, and the Constitution rescinded, has been beaten. Men of moderate counsels have held control. With them a section of the Jiyu party, led by Count Itagaki, the unfaltering patriot and leader of a twenty years' campaign—peaceful campaign—is disposed to co-operate. They are willing still to wait and not precipitate a crisis. The Kai-shin party demands instant overthrow of clan government. The ten political coteries or groups in the House, differing seriously on minor points, are united in opposition to the Government, and in hearty hatred of that clan rule which, whatever be the political issue, seems doomed.

Meanwhile, awaiting with intense interest the solution of the problems of State and of Church, we note, in closing, the advent of the new book in New Japan and the literary movement so full of promise.* Now that the old literature based on feudalism and Chinese ethics no longer feeds the mind, it is cheering to see that fresh pens respond to the needs of the new age. After Bakin and Ikku have come Yamada, Tsubouchi, and Kotaro Han, in fiction; after Rai Sanyo appears Shimada Saburo in history; after Motoori is Kumé; while in the other paths of thought and inquiry still walks many an earnest pilgrim. Besides embroidering the old annals with romance, there is a prodigious activity among native scholars, who now write their country's story on critical principles and in attractive literary form for the people. On the granite front of the Boston Public Library, in company with the hundreds of names of the literary torch-bearers of every age and country, stand those of Sugawara Michizané and Rai Sanyo. Recognizing the genius of the Japan that is past, Americans welcome gladly the dawn of a day so full of literary promise. Even in the morning of her life, Nippon was called Hi-no-motò (the day's beginning); to-day, in her larger and richer life, may Japan be the Land Where the Day Begins for all Asia.

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* "The New Book in New Japan," *The Literary World*, May 6, 1893. "The Literary Movement in New Japan," *The Outlook*, January 27, 1894.

V.

THE WAR WITH CHINA.

To most of the people of the three countries—China, Corea, and Japan—as well as to the world at large, the war of 1894, between Dai Nippon, a unit, and some fractions of the Chinese Empire, came like a lightning-bolt out of blue sky. To the rulers of the Middle and Sunrise kingdoms it was not altogether unexpected, for the relations between the governments of the two empires had become strained over the debatable ground of Corea. In attempting to explain the origin of the war, and in recounting the military and diplomatic movements, we shall endeavor to be impartial.

As we view the situation, China stood like a great giant, imposing to the world because of size, numbers, and claims rather than by inherent strength and simple truth. Trusting in antiquity, impervious to new ideas, contemptuous of every civilization except their own—never, indeed, dreaming that there was any other—the Chinese were in a chronic state of unreadiness. Japan, like an athlete, having all available powers in hand, was alert, vigilant, and prepared. Corea, like a pygmy, and without a government worthy of the name, stood between the jealous rivals soon to become hostile and combatant.

Strictly speaking, the war was provoked by a very few mandarins. The congeries of peoples called the Chinese Empire form in reality only a patriarchal state which has no real, but only a nominal, unity. There is no such thing as China considered as a political entity, but there are various provinces, each having its own local government. There are also powerful viceroys, and a great central figure-head of parental authority in Peking, under whom is a bureaucratic administration. One of these powerful viceroys, Li Hung Chang, with patriotic motives, and desirous of stirring up the authorities at Peking to arm and equip for modern defence, to open the mines of coal and iron, to lay the railroad from the heart of China to its farthest frontier, to forestall Russian aggression, provoked the war of 1894. He and those who thought with him expected, with their superior ships to overpower the Japanese navy, and with his private, or at least provincial, army drilled by German officers, to beat back the troops of Japan from Corea. Thus would the two objects—of retaining Corea as a buffer state, and of exciting the Peking authorities sufficiently to secure appropriations—be secured. In Japan's intestine quarrels, the coveted opportunity seemed at hand. Deceived by surface indications, and not knowing the temper of the Japanese, China forced the war.

Those who during the past eight years have studied the behavior and aggressive advances of Yuan—China's, or, rather, Li Hung Chang's, envoy in Corea—know how well the servant obeyed his master, giving abundant excuse and justification to Japan, the United States, or some other power to interfere. The Japanese, having opened the once Hermit Nation to the diplomacy and commerce of the world, having created her modern trade and incipient industries, having interests outweighing and outnumbering those of all other foreigners within her borders, resented the action of China in virtually outlawing the treaties which Corea had made, and in practically keeping her subject and vassal to the Middle Kingdom.

On the other hand, Japan was internally nearing a political crisis in the virtual deadlock between the emperor's ministers and the lower and more important house of the Imperial Diet. It seemed as though something must be done to divert the attention of the people and of the too rapidly growing class of active politicians from intestine quarrels to some great national enterprise abroad. Further, the pressure of a population increasing at the rate of half a million a year has forced a colonizing nation like the Japanese to look longingly afield for expansion. A magnificent army and navy, superbly organized, drilled, officered, and ready for the severest trial of powers and patriotism, were awaiting only a signal. For twenty-five years the Japanese, oppressed by treaty, powerless under a diplomacy which they looked upon as galling and unjust, had apparently yielded only with and for the purpose of becoming victor in the end. Whether in time, had the provocation still remained, Japan would have outlawed the treaties made in her political childhood cannot be certainly affirmed; but of her desire to impress the world at large with her abilities as a military power, which her intelligent friends already knew she possessed, there can be no question.

Nevertheless, patiently biding the favorable time, knowing that China considered her as a traitor to Asia and to Confucianism, Japan kept herself ready to draw instantly the sharp line whenever and wherever patience should cease to be a virtue. Caring not a jot for the size, the numbers, or the reputed colossal resources and enduring powers of her giant rival, the athlete watched and waited. Jack and the Ogre, or rather Momotaro and the Oni's Castle, was to the Japanese an unforgotten childhood's tale.

In modern times, whatever forces have upheaved the Asiatic nations, stagnating in the dreaminess of Buddhism or the savagery of Confucian conceit, have been born of Christianity. In Corea the old elements and institutions of a society founded upon patriarchal and Confucian ideas had already been shaken. As far back as 1777 the first wind-wafted seeds of the Roman form of the faith began to germinate in Corean soil. By the year 1859 the wide-spreading and deeply rooted tree was able to survive a prolonged storm of persecutions, the cruelty of which could be matched only in the annals of the Inquisition. The bigotry that banned and the tortures that followed were the direct result of a narrow Confucianism. A Corean scholar, Choi, impressed with the convictions, zeal, and consecration of the foreign priests and native Christians, withal astonished at their tremendous success, pondered deeply as to whether theirs might not be the true religion. While thinking long upon the subject, he became ill even to the point of death. In a trance he received a revelation from God, whom he himself named, after the Roman Catholic title, Lord of Heaven. Called, as he believed, to found a new religion, Choi forthwith proceeded, from the elements of the three systems of Confucius, Buddha, and Lao Tsze, to compose a sacred book, and to write the prayer which his followers still daily repeat. Thus began a great movement which, originating in religion, ended in politics, in time degenerating into lawlessness. It caused a great uprising of the most oppressed people on the face of the earth, which the feeble government at Seoul could not suppress. It inflamed Japan and China in war. Only by that new force in modern history, the Japanese soldier, was the revolt quelled.

The name of this new sect or party is Tong Hak, or Eastern Culture. Its Great Sacred Scripture, penned by Choi, combines what he deemed best in the three religions already known to Chinese Asia. In its literary features this cultus bears likeness at many points to the Shin Gaku, or Heart-Learning movement, which, in Japan in the first half of the nineteenth century, was started to cleanse the abysses of Japanese immorality and irreligion. Eclecticism in doctrine, earnestness of conviction, intensity of purpose, and practicality in benevolence marked both movements. The Tong Haks took from the Chinese classics the idea of the five relations governing human duty, from the sutras and shastras the law of purity of life, and from the Tao the rules for cleansing the body from lust and filth. One term for the so-called Tong Hak Bible combines the names of the three old religions, while in the title used for the Deity in the daily prayer we see the debt to Roman Christianity. The founder intended his scripture and work to be set over against So Hak, or Western Culture. In Japan the coming of Perry and the foreigners from Christendom paled the Shin Gaku as the sun drowns the taper's beams in daylight. To the hermits of Corea no such morning dawned.

Within six years persecution broke out, and the founder, Choi, was charged with being "a foreign-Corean" and "follower of the Lord of Heaven"—that is, a Roman Catholic Christian. After trial and torture he was beheaded, and his doctrines outlawed. Nevertheless, the new religion grew through a whole human generation, winning many followers. At a time of oppression and rapacity, extraordinary even in Corea, it was not astonishing that poor peasants should be goaded to rebellion. Nerved by their new zeal, they struck even against authority, though abominably misused, for enough freedom to make life tolerable. Early in 1893 fifty followers of the Tong Hak creed entered the Corean capital. On a table before the palace gate they spread a red cloth, and laid thereon a petition, praying that their martyred founder might be declared innocent, receive posthumous rank, be allowed a monument in his honor, that the ban on their religion be removed, and that they be put on a political equality with the Roman Catholics. The alternative, if their petition were rejected, was expressed in a threat to expel all foreigners from the country. The king refused their prayer. They were driven away, and some of their local leaders arrested.

No sooner had the snow of the next winter vanished than a widespread uprising in the southern provinces of Corea took place. The military sent from Seoul in April melted before the Tong Haks like frost in the sun. The civil magistrates were driven from their offices, swift vengeance in many cases following their horrible cruelties in the past. Instead of a few hundred zealots there were myriads of people in wild insurrection, bent only on destroying their oppressors. The May danger seemed to threaten the whole kingdom. The June moment was critical.

In Seoul the pro-Chinese faction at court, then vastly outnumbering their moderately pro-Japanese rivals, sent to Peking for a Chinese force to put down the Tong Hak rebels. According to the Chino-Japanese treaty of 1885 negotiated by Li and Ito, neither power was to send armed men into Corea without first notifying the other. In violation of this convention, the Chinese soldiers were first sent, and then the Government at Tōkiō was notified. On June 7th China sent a despatch which compromised not only Japan, but all the treaty powers which had acknowledged the sovereignty of Corea, by declaring her a subject country. "It is in harmony with our constant practice," declared this document, "to protect *our tributary states* by sending our troops to assist them. . . . General Yeh has been ordered to proceed at once to Zenra . . . in order to restore the peace of *our tributary state*." Thus China, against the world, reasserted her ancient claim of suzerain over Corea as a vassal state, and flung down the gauntlet to Japan, virtually bidding her to maintain her rights if she could. Treaties being usually held as sacred, the smaller country gained, even as the larger forfeited, the sympathies of the civilized world.

The Tong Hak match had fallen between two petroleum tanks that were already leaking. The whole Japanese people, through an extraordinary incident, which we shall recount, were at this moment on the point of combustion and explosion. The Chinese despatch fired both rulers and people of Japan to national conflagration.

Nine years before, the attempt of the Corean Liberals returning from America, Europe, and Japan, to effect a revolution in the Government in favor of modern civilization had failed. One of them, Kim Ok Kiun, fleeing to Japan, received the same protection which, under the treaties, would have been granted to any foreigner. During his long residence he made himself extraordinarily popular, contriving, also, to elude his assassins. At last, in April, 1894, when lured to Shanghai by a false telegram and a forged bank draft, he was promptly murdered by a Corean emissary. With indecent haste, and with a barbarism that reveals the Chinese official character, the body of the murdered man was packed on board of a man-of-war to be delivered up to his real destroyers in Seoul, for public mincing, distribution, and exposure. The carrion was duly displayed at the capital and in the provinces, while the assassin gained gold and won official honor.

The news of this union of Chinese and Corean barbarism produced an extraordinary excitement in Japan. To Government and people it seemed as if China and her pupils in Corea had, with unnecessary ostentation, flouted and insulted the newly adopted civilization of Japan. It is not strange that the emperor and his ministers decided that, with China's forcible reiteration of her claim upon Corea, following a fresh outbreak of barbarism, and backed as it was by military force, the line of forbearance had been reached. The time for the wager of battle between two incompatible civilizations had come.

Down at the bottom this Chino-Japanese war meant, in its provocation and origin, the right of a nation to change its civilization. It is difficult for people in the Occident to understand the depth of pedantic polemic that underlies the estrangement between New Japan and unawakened China. For years the idea in Peking had been that Japan was not only a "neighbor-disturbing nation," but had been colossally wicked in discarding the Chinese calendar, and in turning away from Confucius and the civilization of the sages to adopt and assimilate that of Christendom. What the Chinese residents of Yokohama did in 1872—tumultuously engaging in public protest against that change of chronology, which in far-eastern Asia means also change in mental attitude, with repudiation of every suggestion of intellectual or political vassalage—the Chinese Government has been doing tacitly ever since. When, in 1879, Japan and China were on the verge of war over the question of the ownership of the Riu Kiu islands, the two governments, at the suggestion of General U. S. Grant, agreed to settle the matter by reference to a joint High Commission. Prince Kung, with colleagues, and Mr. Shishido were appointed as plenipotentiaries, and the conference began at Peking August 15th, 1880. On the 21st of October, by Chinese official notice, the Articles of Agreement were ready for signature. The commissioners indulged in mutual congratulations, and agreed to sign the instruments ten days later, when lo! on the 17th of November, sixteen days after the date fixed, the Emperor of China turned the whole affair into a burlesque. In a word, his majesty virtually cancelled the commission of the plenipotentiaries, transferring their function in a modified and incomplete form to "the Northern and Southern Superintendents of Trade." The profession which the Chinese Government made in conferring full powers upon any one but the emperor was an empty farce.

After such an experience, the Japanese statesmen were not likely to be lured into another similar humiliation. Furthermore, since in the unhappy Corean affair of 1885, in which the Japanese Legation guard of ninescore men had been attacked by fifteen hundred Chinese troops — one-half of the three thousand which had been encamped near Seoul — the mikado's ministers were forewarned by experience not again to be caught napping. Hence, on the 12th of June, 1894, Japan, asserting her treaty rights, replied to China, announcing the despatch of a body of troops under strictest discipline to Corea.

The next step, five days later, was highly creditable to the government which had made the first treaty with Corea. It was an invitation from Japan to China to undertake jointly some needed reforms, financial and administrative, in the peninsular state, in order to preserve the peace of the East. This offer was curtly refused, China demanding the immediate withdrawal of the Japanese troops. Japan's reply was that, pending an amicable settlement of the questions in dispute, any further despatch of Chinese troops into Corea would mean war. China, having already chartered the *Kow-Shing*, a British transport, filled it with soldiers and despatched it to A-San, a well-fortified camp in a peninsula formed by two rivers flowing into Prince Jerome Gulf, some forty miles southwest of Seoul. At the same time the Tartar forces in Manchuria began the march overland to Corea.

All this, through their spies, regular servants, and the telegraph, the Tōkiō Government knew well. Resolving once for all to settle the long string of questions inherited from the past; to break the power of Chinese insolence, and if possible shatter the old Chinese world of ideas, with its perpetual menace of implied or explicit claim of supremacy; to compel the elimination of Corea as a factor of disturbance in the affairs of the Far East; to assert her imperilled rights and dignity; to make proof of her duty and power to graduate from foreign tutelage and dependence; to reveal to her own people their power in union, and to impress the world with her ability to hold and maintain her place as equal among the great nations of the world, Japan called forth her military strength.

With a secrecy, order, precision, celerity, and punctuality incredible, except to those who, as helpers and friends, had lived inside the country, away from the seaports, Japan landed first a brigade and then an army corps at Chemulpo. Her engineers completed, in twenty minutes, a pontoon-bridge over the Han River. Within twelve days after orders received in camp in Japan a military cordon had been drawn around Seoul, in Corea. On the 23d of July, after a skirmish in front of the palace between the military escort of the Japanese minister, Mr. Hoshi Toru, and some pro-Chinese native troops, the question of Corea's independence and willingness to stand by her treaty was answered by the king in the affirmative.

On the water the Chinese were the first aggressors, the *Chen-yuen* firing on the *Naniwa*. The Chinese troops on the transport *Kow-Shing*, not knowing or unwilling to believe that the Japanese had adopted civilized rules of warfare, refused to surrender. After keeping his signals flying four hours, and these armed men refusing to surrender, the captain of the *Naniwa* quickly sank the transport. This was on July 25th. Four days later General Oshima's mixed brigade moved out from Seoul, and after a battle at Song-kwan, in which the brave Major Matsusaki lost his life, A-San was occupied July 30th, and the Chinese driven back from their stronghold. The declaration of war came from the Japanese emperor on August 1st, in a document strikingly clear in phrase and temperate in tone.

The reinforcements despatched by way of Gensan, as well as Chemulpo, formed with the pioneer regiments the First Army. As "geography is half of war," it was matter of foreordination and necessity that the decisive battle should in A.D. 1894 be fought just where the decisive battles in Corean annals always had been fought—at Ping Yang. Here, three centuries before, Konishi had lost a battle and retreated southward before an overwhelming Ming and Tartar host. Now the pendulum of history, despite forty days' time for defence and fortification by the Chinese, was to swing to reverse effect.

The Chinese declaration of war—a new thing in the history of the Middle Kingdom, showing strikingly the progress of international law—was also dated August 1st, and was characteristic of mandarins who were not yet willing either to learn or to forget. From beginning to end the writing displayed utter ignorance of the enemy to be fought and the work to be done. It was declared that the Wo-jen, or pygmies (Japanese), had, "without any cause whatever," invaded "our small tributary;" that Japan had "violated the treaties," and was "running rampant with her false and treacherous actions," while "we [China] have always followed the paths of philanthropy and perfect justice." The Chinese braves were called upon to "hasten with all speed to root the Wo-jen out of their lairs." A comparatively small number of really disciplined soldiers, armed and drilled in the European manner, was, with the usual mob of native military, hurried forward to Ping Yang, which, aided by the fugitives from A-San, they began to fortify.

China actually went to war without a hospital corps, or any organization of surgeons, nurses, or accommodations for the wounded or sick worthy of the name. Except detachments from Li Hung Chang's private army, very few of the Chinese officers or men had been educated in modern tactics. In their equipment all sorts of prehistoric accoutrements—flags, banners, umbrellas, and fans—were mingled with modern imported weapons, in a medley which resembled the diplomacy of Peking. On the other hand, besides a thoroughly well-officered, armed, drilled, equipped, and provisioned army of fifty thousand young men, the flower of the Japanese nation, the Tōkiō Government was able to call out for service a reserve of one hundred thousand strong and healthy patriots, burning with enthusiasm and familiar with the weapons, machinery, and practice of modern war. Furthermore, besides her numerous public and private hospitals, her splendid medical field-corps, her four hundred surgeons and pharmacists, and her fourteen hundred trained nurses, she had an efficient Red Cross society. Immediately both the nation and the government began the organization and consolidation of all public and private resources in order to strike as a unit. At home and abroad all sons and daughters of Nippon vied in diligence and sacrifice for the efficient carrying on of the war, and for securing the comfort of the soldiers at the front.

The secrets of Japanese success are patent to the student. In such a time as this, life for the average man in Nippon is worth living. With a flaming patriotism that surprises Europeans who have imagined the Japanese to be only average Asiatics and mere imitators, all classes, sexes, and ages rallied intelligently to the support of the national cause. A quarter of a century ago Japan was the hot-bed of caste, monopoly, and privilege. These seemed to crush out every germ of popular liberty and ambition. Even the proverbial politeness and submissiveness of the Japanese common people is in large part the result of ages of military despotism. To-day, with the soil virtually in the hands of the people who cultivate it; the courts open to all who seek even-handed justice; schools and education free to every one; military privilege no longer the prerogative of a special class; the existence of pariahs no more than a memory; government becoming more national and representative; democracy making strides every day, with little or nothing to hinder the advance of the individual in every line of human achievement, it is not strange to see a whole nation rising up in an outburst of intensest energy. Self-sacrifice, loyalty, and patriotism, with an unquenchable ambition to humble China, to impress the whole world, and to make their country great, characterize the Japanese of A.D. 1895. In this war they have irrevocably committed themselves to cosmopolitan as against Chinese or merely ethnic principles.

The sympathies of those who began, even twenty-five years ago, to help in making the New Japan have been from the first with the smaller country. Their seat of observation has not been the fence, in order to be sure, before applauding, which side would win. Seeing so clearly that the Japanese were triply armed in having their quarrel just, and knowing their earnestness, their former teachers and helpers not only, but Americans in general, have not been surprised at the swift success of the armies under the sun-banner. They have not wondered at the tenacity and staying power of the soldier-lads, or at the sustained ability and seriousness of statesmen and generals, and their power of mastering the secrets and applying the forces of Western civilization. In the campaign of 1894 the Japanese were no longer pupils. They went to war not only without foreign aids or advisers, but in clothes, arms, and ships made in large part by themselves.

Almost simultaneously the supremacy of Japan on both sea and land was demonstrated. The future historian will mark two days of September as the dates of battles that decided the future of Eastern Asia. On the 15th, at Ping Yang, General Nodzu, attacking in front, on the flanks, and in the rear, broke up the Chinese army. Within a fortnight every Chinese soldier had been driven out of Corea. Near the mouth of the Yalu River, on the 17th, the first great conflict between fleets of steel-armored ships took place. The cruisers of Japan, unevenly matched against the Chinese battle-ships and men-of-war from noon to sunset, so decided the issue that the dragon-flag was not again mirrored on the deep in presence of the sun-banner. Then followed the brilliant Manchurian campaign, in which the First Army won an almost unbroken series of victories, holding, in April, 1895, Chinese territory vastly greater in area than the Japanese Empire. Neither snow and ice nor exposure and hardship seem in any way to cool the ardor of the young Japanese conscripts.

The Second Army, under Field-Marshal Oyama, was despatched to Port Arthur. This vast fortress had, after twenty years of toil, been fortified at a cost of two hundred millions of dollars. After bombardment by the fleet on the sea-front, and attack by the land forces in the rear, beginning before the dawn on the 21st of November, the town, forts, and ships were captured within ten hours. The glory of the victors was dimmed by an outbreak of cruelty, the reports of which, however, were highly exaggerated in the newspapers of America and Europe.

The Third Army was despatched to Wei-Hai-Wei, to reduce the fortress guarding the southern entrance to the Gulf of Pechili. After brilliant naval and land operations, this stronghold passed under the Japanese flag January 31st, 1895. The remaining ships of the Chinese northern fleet were captured, sunk, or destroyed. With both sea-gates defending the capital broken down, the Japanese fleet soon appeared before the Taku forts. Another expedition, despatched to Formosa, captured the fortifications in the Pescadores Islands, bombarded Tai-wan, and made a landing upon the main island.

From the first outbreak of the war, but especially after her multiplying reverses, China attempted, as suppliant, to secure sympathy, practical mediation, and direct help from the governments of Europe. This policy showed a vast change from that of ancient days, and a reverse of attitude that seems astounding. The inherent weakness of the geographical colossus was exposed. In area and population immense, a venerable patriarchal system but scarcely a political entity, the sham collapsed, and the truth about China is now known to the world. Neither mere bulk nor blind numbers, however great, are anything, and with her rhinoceros-crust of conceit pierced by the Murata rifle, it is to be hoped that China will be the gainer because of her bitter experience. Slow, however, in learning their lesson, the Peking mandarins tried to gain time and secure a favorable place in the line of indirection. In November, 1894, she sent a foreigner, Mr. G. Dietring, her faithful servant in the customs service, as peace envoy to Japan. As a matter of decency and of course the mikado's ministers did not receive him. Then, through offers of mediation from the Government of the United States, the Peking Government pretended to send two plenipotentiaries, Messrs. Chang and Shao, who, despite lofty titles, were in reality only very limited subordinates. They arrived at Hiroshima January 31st, 1895. Their credentials when examined showed that they had no powers to settle terms of peace. After her experience of China's behavior in the diplomacy of the Riu Kiu affair in 1879, Japan resolved not again to be duped. The two Chinese envoys with their suite of twenty-four other persons, including one honored American statesman and adviser, were politely sent home to their master. Throughout, Japan acted upon the principle expressed by Premier Ito, "The usages peculiar to China must give way to and be ruled by the canons of International Law."

In their third attempt to gain time, advantage, and peace the Tsung Li Yamen acted with honesty. The emperor, recalling from disgrace, real or nominal, Li Hung Chang, despatched him with full powers to Japan. At the historic city of Shimonoséki the peace conference was opened March 21st. The first request of Li was for an armistice, which at first was refused. On Sunday, the 24th of March, a fanatical *soshi*, attempting to assassinate the venerable Chinaman, fired a pistol, the bullet of which lodged in the cheek of the envoy. Thus again the old murderous spirit which has so repeatedly stained Japan's record—the same spirit in which the ruffian rōnins used to cut down unsuspecting foreigners from behind, which has again and again butchered ministers of the Government, which has disgraced the nation in the eyes of the world by the insult and attempted murder even of the nation's guests, which has made a river of blood flow through her history, which is the exponent of one of her greatest dangers, and which may yet deluge her soil with an inundation of sanguinary anarchy—broke forth.

May 8th, the date appointed to exchange ratifications of the Shimonoséki treaty at Chifu, China, was an auspicious one. On that day in 1853 Perry's squadron lay at first morning anchor off Yokohama. On May 8, 1858, Townsend Harris and the shōgun's commissioners completed in Yedo the negotiations that opened Japan to light, science, and the gospel, introducing missionaries, teachers, physicians, and merchants, and making possible to Japan her new career. On this same day in 1895, in the era of Meiji, or enlightened appropriation of Western ideas, Japan obtained from China, as the results of her forty years' training and eight months' war:

The independence of Corea;

Permanent cession of Formosa;

Opening of China to manufactures and commerce;

Cash indemnity to cover cost of the war.

The question of the release of Manchurian territory occupied by Japanese troops was settled in such a way as to gain the good-will of Europe and avert war with Russia while satisfying China.

Formosa, first discovered and occupied by Japanese in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, is geologically and ethnically a part of Dai Nippon. Under Japanese rule, and probably within a generation, its interior will cease to be a lair of savages and its coasts a haunt of pirates, the whole island being opened to the world's commerce. Within four days of the signed treaty, the mikado appointed the military and civil administrators of Formosa. The island chain of Tèi Koku Nippon now extends through nearly thirty degrees of latitude. Fronting Asia and its conquered nations, independent Japan now calls a halt to European aggression. Amid Spanish, British, French, Russian, and Chinese neighbors, she means to hold her own. Can she do it?

Aside from the extraordinary manifestations of popular joy called forth on account of the "silver wedding" of their imperial majesties the emperor and empress, the year 1894 will stand in history as that in which Japan received justice at the hands of Western powers. All the treaties allowing foreign trade and residence, except the one negotiated with Mexico in 1890, have been either based on, or debased from, that instrument made by Townsend Harris in 1858, who expected revision to take place in 1872. He, mourning over conditions then necessary and at first beneficial, but which when perpetuated became wrongs, but hoping to see justice done, died without the sight.* After twenty-two years of agitation and the wreck of three cabinets, Great Britain, in a new treaty signed August 26th by Lord Kimberly and Viscount Mutsu, virtually recognized Japan as an equal. The new American treaty received the signatures of Secretary Gresham and Minister Kurino November 22d, and was ratified by the United States Senate December 28th.

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* See the biography and journal of his residence in Japan (1856–1862) in the book "Townsend Harris, First American Envoy in Japan," by William Elliot Griffis: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1895.

Whatever be the issues of the Chino-Japanese war of 1894–'95, probably the most significant in its influences of the Asiatic wars of many centuries, it is evident that after peace Japan's real difficulties begin and her greatest problems come up for solution. The conflict between clan government and the whole nation, and between the Ministry and the Diet is yet to be fought out. Furthermore, the trend towards democracy is unmistakable, and the perils of militarism are real. The impending revolution in industry is likely not only to modify, even to destruction, much of her beautiful landscape, but threatens to annihilate many things that are lovely and charming in the life of her people. The building of the factory, the introduction of machinery, and the rearrangement of industrial forces and combinations will sow seed for fresh crops of difficulty which only great wisdom and vast increase of moral power can overcome.

Instead of easy conquest in Formosa, four months' fighting was necessary. The resistance of natives and Chinese, in mountain, forest, and walled towns, was more desperate than in Manchuria. The final stand of the rebel army, which had been aided by mandarins in China and led by Liu, was made in the south at Pang-Liau. Their fleet co-operating, the Japanese mustered, late in September, a force which compelled unconditional surrender. The whole island was pacified by December 1st. About 135,000 men in all services were employed by Japan, and the losses, including one imperial prince, were greater in Formosa than in the campaigns in Corea and China, in which 340,000 men were occupied, of whom fewer than 1000 were killed outright. The Chinese prisoners taken on the continent were sent home, equipped with cork legs and artificial arms and hands.

No part of the mainland of Asia belongs to Dai Nippon. According to the treaty signed at Peking, November 11th, 1895, Japan evacuated Liao Tung December 25th, and China has already paid part of the indemnity of 30,000,000 Kuping taels ($150,000,000) agreed upon. Spain, evidently fearing lest Japanese ambition should threaten the Philippines, called for a treaty, which was ratified in

Tōkiō, August 7th, 1895. In the middle of the navigable part of Bashee channel, the line is drawn which divides Japanese from Spanish Asia. With the Middle Kingdom, Dai Nippon's relations have been friendly, though for other than political reasons the development of Japanese enterprise and the investment of Japanese capital in new industries located on Chinese soil have been postponed. Whether Japan has the ability to govern conquered peoples, or deal wisely with former tributaries like the Coreans, is yet to be proved. Formosa will tax her resources of statesmanship. Its large population is of a mixed and refractory sort, and opium-smoking and other obnoxious customs are inveterate; nor is it easy to make good Japanese out of Chinese. Coreans show little gratitude to their saviors from China's oppression; but it cannot be said that any honor has accrued to the Japanese name from the disgraceful episode of October 8th, 1895, in which the royal palace in Seoul was forced by Japanese filibusters, who murdered Queen Min and then with petroleum set fire to her corpse. They were assisted by soldiers of the mikado's army acting under the knowledge of his envoy, Miura. To the surprise of the civilized world, the conspirators when tried in Japan were acquitted.

With European governments the relations of Japan seem to be of increasing friendliness. Despite the prophecies that war between Russia and Japan *must* be near at hand—a newspaper syndicate for the gathering and distribution of news during the coming war having been already formed—the two nations keep at peace. The mikado's representatives at the czar's coronation were an imperial prince and Field-marshal Yamagata. The supplementary convention on the tariff between Japan and Great Britain was ratified in Tōkiō, November 21st, 1895. To the delight of all students of Japanese history and literature, Sir Ernest Mason Satow, was appointed British Minister to Japan, and arrived July 28th, 1895. The emperor, after a stay of two hundred days at Hiroshima, returned to the capital during the summer's celebration of Kiōto's eleven hundredth anniversary.

The year 1896 will ever be remembered as one of glory and gloom, light and shadow, of bright hopes and awful disasters. In population the empire had, including Formosa, 45,000,000 souls. The budget for 1896 places receipts at 138,000,000 and the expenditure at 152,000,000 of silver *yen*, the deficiency to be raised by fresh taxation. Roughly speaking, Government expenditure is double what it was before the war. Nevertheless, the Diet which closed March

29th was harmonious and useful, and one hundred and twenty-nine out of one hundred and thirty-five Government bills, including one appropriation of 4,000,000 *yen* for a steel foundery, were passed. Count Itagaki, the leader of the Radical party, which had been in alliance with the Government, entered the cabinet as Minister of Home Affairs. After much perturbation and threatened changes, the cabinet was reconstructed in September, 1896, by the resignation of Marquis Ito, who was succeeded by a Satsuma statesman, Matsugata.

The first task of the new "coalition" cabinet was to effect reformation in the national finances, and especially to change the monetary standard from silver to gold. At the tenth session of the Diet a bill, introduced February 3d, was passed March 23, 1897, which ordained that the new coinage of gold yen should come into circulation October 1st, and that the old silver yen should cease to be legal tender at face value after March 31, 1898. This measure has been consummated without, apparently, the least disturbance to the trade, manufactures, or commerce of the Empire. The Diet closed a session of singular harmony on March 24, 1897, having passed 88 out of the 103 government bills and 17 out of 57 private bills. The general trend of legislation is towards the increase of popular comfort. Privileges are rapidly becoming rights. By the passage of one act, the freedom of the press has been greatly enlarged. No newspaper can now be suspended except after an action in court.

During the brief life of the Matsugata cabinet, of which Itagaki and Okuma were members, the latter resigning, November 6, 1897, in favor of Baron Nishi, death claimed several illustrious victims. The Empress-Dowager, widow of the Mikado Komei, who never adopted modern dress or fashions, died January 11, 1897. Her funeral in Kiōto was a costly reproduction of archaic pomp and ritual. One hour was consumed in lowering her coffin into the grave. To recent losses in the Imperial Household, the name of Prince Yamashina must be added to those of Arisugawa and Kita-Shirakawa. Yamashina was one of the first of the Court to advocate the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse, and he arranged the first reception by the mikado of foreign envoys. He died in Kiōto, March 17, 1898, at the ripe age of eighty-three. Many patrons or pioneers of Japan's modern culture have recently passed away, among them Professor Mitsukuri, one of a family highly gifted by nature; Count Mutsu, formerly minister at Washington, on September 24th; Lieutenant-General Yamaji, the hero of Port

Arthur, in October, 1897; Vice-Admiral Tsuboi, commander of the flying squadron at the battle of the Yalu, on January 31st; and Major-General Kawakami, on February 4, 1898.

Greatest in moral force of all the European foreigners who in any century came to Japan was Guido Fridolin Verbeck. This man, without a country, having no citizenship on earth, was the teacher, guide, adviser, and friend of the statesmen of 1868. He it was who suggested and planned the world-embassy of 1872. After nearly forty years of service of God and his fellows in Japan, he laid down the burden and the joy of life, March 10, 1898. He was the ablest alien speaker of the Japanese tongue, and the translator of the Book of Psalms, probably the best work ever done by a foreigner into the vernacular of Nippon. He held from the government the freedom of the Empire, and the expenses of his funeral were defrayed by the emperor.

The æsthetic genius and capacity for delight in the Japanese are frequently shown in their commemoration of decisive events. These festal celebrations are usually in the Western manner, while the things native, old, and historic are reproduced for decorative effect. Examples are seen in the immense arcade of Kiri leaves (p. 67) on the return of the emperor from Hiroshima, and in the special issue of 14,000,000 portrait postage-stamps in two colors and four denominations commemorating the princes Arisugawa and Kita-Shirakawa —though these shocked the taste and conscience of more than one postmaster called upon to cancel them by stamping. At the thirtieth anniversary, in October, 1897, of the opening of Kobé as a treaty port, and on March 10, 1898, of Tōkiō as the imperial capital, the old and the new pageants, with their striking industrial features, divided public appreciation. The national "yell," or cheer, for army, navy, and people, is now "Banzai! Banzai!" ([May the mikado live] ten thousand generations). Significant of the unity of Japan is the erection of a new and imposing monument to Hidéyoshi, the Taikō, in Kiōto, with great popular rejoicings.

The problem of national finance has been made very serious by the vast military and naval expansion since the war with China and the increase of European aggressions and possessions in the far East. It proved too much for the Matsugata cabinet, hampered as it was with vexatious inheritances. Japanese party government has as yet few elements of stability. The Diet which gathered for its eleventh session December 27, 1897, was dissolved by imperial rescript on the 28th, just as a vote of censure of the cabinet was being offered. The ministers resigned and a general election was ordered. Ito, "the Father of the Constitution," was called on for the fourth time to form a government. In the new cabinet we note the names of Saigo, Inoŭyé, Yoshikawa, Saionji, Katsura, Kanéko, Suyématsŭ, and Sono—a happy blending of new and old elements, yet apparently without relation to political parties. The result of the general election shows a majority hostile to the government. Nevertheless three strong measures of the Ito cabinet tend to national strength. They are the reductions in Inoŭyé's budget; the increase of Japanese, and the lowering of Russian prestige in Corea; and substantial diplomatic gains and industrial concessions in China. The Diet convened May 14th, 1898, and passed the Civil Code and Supplementary Budget bills. The Lower House having rejected a bill to increase the land tax, the Diet was dissolved June 12; the new elections in November, 1898, have this burning question for issue.

There is much discussion by word of mouth and in print concerning a possible Anglo-Japanese alliance. Interesting statistics in view of this contingency are: the navy of 1898, with its 50 men-of-war, 3 being large battle-ships, and its 30 torpedo-boats; the fleet of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, with its 78 steamers afloat or building; the army of 255,000 men; the Red Cross Society of 455,638 members; the 3000 miles of railway; the 45,000,000 people, and the estimated wealth of the Japanese Empire at 10,000,000,000,000 yen. New legations in Siam, Hawaii, Peru, and Brazil, and consulates at Chicago, Sydney, and Antwerp, show Japan's expansion abroad.

Which country will be Japan's neighbor on the south—Spain or the United States? Japan's bulk of trade is with English-speaking peoples. On January 3, 1898, Commodore George Dewey hoisted his pennant on the *Olympia* at Yokohama. By his destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila he has powerfully helped to bring the United States to the parting of the ways between past and future policy regarding the world outside of the two Americas. When the Spaniards were expelled from Japan early in the sixteenth century, a new nation was beginning between the Alleghany Mountains and the Atlantic Ocean. To-day that nation in its maturity, having first welcomed Japan into the sisterhood of the world, has become her next-door neighbor.

VI.

FACING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The extension of the United States in the central and western Pacific, in 1898, gave the Americans a commanding position in international politics which was to work for the unity and peace of the world. As this western movement synchronized with American supremacy in industry and manufactures, and especially in the production of steel and iron, Japan found herself at the vortex, not only of an industrial cyclone, but also of a vast and complicated movement of the world's political forces. The presence of the Americans in the Philippines powerfully assisted in reinforcing the desire and advantage of Japan for the integrity of the Chinese empire and the independence of Corea, and paved the way for the long-talked-of alliance between the British and Japanese empires. Already for a generation the pupil of the Anglo-Saxon nations, the bonds uniting the Japanese with the English-speaking peoples were forged to fresh strength by the logic of events.

To those who knew best the Japanese of the twentieth century, it has been long evident that their ambition is less military than commercial. Their design is to capture the markets of Asia, and to win great victories of peace in honorable competition, rather than the triumphs of war, and thus to gain and hold a commanding position among the nations of the world. With such persistence—discerning the time and fully aware of their opportunity—have the Japanese so courageously followed up their advantage that in 1901 the bulk of trade, imports and exports, passed the half-billion *yen* mark, the figures being in a most satisfactory form as regards the balance of trade.

In a word, as Japan faces the twentieth century, we see that her transition from the condition of an agricultural to that of a manufacturing and commercial nation, though not yet complete, has progressed beyond the probability of retreat. The phenomena attendant upon this national change are seen in the congestion of population in the municipalities; in notable modification of architecture and the general appearance of cities, which now show tall chimneys and clouds of coal smoke where these before were unknown; in the marring of beautiful landscapes, making eyesore and desolation where once was beauty; in a great social transformation which has already begun to obliterate the age-long distinction between the privileged classes and the commoners; in the disintegration of family structures and ideals; in a love of and pursuit after money which at times seems to amount to madness. In the new order of things, the reign of economic ideals and a people dominated by an eagerness for wealth make an atmosphere absolutely foreign to the Japan of feudal days.

The commercial class, once so despised, is not only rising to honor, but is rapidly becoming the preponderant element in the social fabric, in the political councils, and in the decision of great national questions. The old distinction between commoner and gentry (héi-min and samurai), once so characteristic, is swiftly passing away. Already in the military and naval schools the héi-min probably constitute the majority, and among the junior officers of the army and navy they are very numerous. Even before the nineteenth century closed more than one-half of the students in the universities of Tōkiō were hei-min. In the National Diet of 1902 commoners numbered nearly three-fourths of the representatives in the Lower House. In the army, navy, law, education, promotion is not now very much influenced by hereditary class considerations. It is true now, as for a generation past, since the lads from samurai families start in life with a better education, that the men of this class are more numerous in the higher ranks in all departments, but the old advantage of class is now nearly nullified by impartial promotion, the working of the new Civil Code, and the common-school system.

In truth, Japan is steadily tending towards democracy, a fact which is illustrated also in the closer unity and increasing prosperity of the laboring classes. These now form trades-unions, in order to gain the strength that cohesion secures. Their associations have, indeed, grown out of the old native guild system, but in their novel and aggressive features they are modelled upon the larger organizations in Western countries. The Iron Workers' Union, and the Engineers' Union, of the Japan Railway Company, are among the oldest and most influential. Already great open-air meetings of organized labor to discuss themes of vital interest to working-men are held, newspapers like the *Labor World* are published, and strikes on a large scale have taken place. On Labor Day, which is the 3d of April, one of the demands set forth is the right of voting for parliamentary delegates.

It has been well said that in 1902 "Japan's immediate trouble is too much rather than too little available labor." The population increases by over half a million annually. As the army takes only about forty thousand out of a total of four hundred and fifty thousand available men each year, the condition of the labor market suits better the employers, especially those using unskilled labor, than the wage-earners. With so steady an increase of population, and a notable rise in the cost of living, it will require an enormous industrial development to provide work and food for the masses.

This rise in the price of the necessaries of life constitutes a serious problem which the statesman must face. The productive powers of the soil do not increase, while the tendency is to forsake agriculture in favor of manufactures and commerce, so that the food supply tends to diminish even while the population multiplies. Even the Japanese immigrants to the north in Hokkaidō, to the west in Corea, and to the south in Formosa, do not take kindly to the tilling of the soil, preferring trade, communications, fishing, or handiwork.

The subjects of the mikado,* who, on November 3, 1902, celebrated his fiftieth birthday, are certainly abroad, even to the number of possibly 200,000. Of these about 20,000 are in Corea, living in the five or six open ports of that country as bankers, traders, fishermen, and laborers, while thousands more are engaged in building the railway from Fusan and Séoul, a railway which is to have forty stations, and to be laid, for the most part, over the line of march of Konoshi and Kato in A. D. 1592.† Wherever the Japanese goes in Asia he builds neat dwellings, and his corporation and public edifices are tasteful and imposing. Over 70,000 Japanese laborers are in the Hawaiian Islands, whence they send home their savings, which in 1902 amounted to over 6,000,000 *yen*. There are about 80,000 Japanese in the United States and other

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* The Japanese would certainly make a mistake should they give up wholly the use of the ancient, historic, sonorous, beautiful, honorable, appropriate, and unique title "mikado"—a word intrenched in Japanese and European literature —for the descriptive term "emperor," which, in the minds of Americans at least, is associated with the rulers of Corea and Hayti, not to speak of Dahomey and various temporary or extinct political structures called "empires."

† See p. 243.

Western countries, most of them engaged in opening new avenues of trade and usefulness. About 1200 of them are students or diplomatists, exploiting the treasures of wisdom and the stored-up experience of many nations for the bettering of their own country. The sons of Japan, now to be found in almost every part of the world, inquisitive and acquisitive, live with the one consuming purpose of making Japan great. It is said that in the evolution of Japan three dominant ideas in ethics have prevailed in the different ages—feudal, imperial, and humanistic. In the first age the distinctive word was "loyalty," in the second "patriotism," in the third "society."

The concentration and strengthening of the empire is noted not only in the development of the physical resources of the Hokkaidō and Formosa, but also in the formal possession and colonization of some of the hitherto uninhabited but valuable islands among that unknown number in the Japanese archipelago, of which over four thousand have been counted, and of which possibly six hundred are inhabited; though by far the greater number of the islands of Nippon are mere rocks or crags rising out of the blue sea, some of them invisible at high tide. In 1879 some Japanese landed on Marcus Island to explore and describe it, finding it also a nesting-ground of the albatross. In later years a colony of about three hundred persons occupied it, for the purpose of securing its wealth in fin and feather. In 1898 the Government in Tōkiō took formal possession under the name of Minami-tori, or Southern Bird Island. Nevertheless, the judgments suggested by Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" seem to have fallen elsewhere. On the 9th of August, 1902, another "bird island," Tori-shima, lying midway between the Bonin group and the Seven Isles of Idzu, in the line of Japan's chief volcanic energy, was for the most part destroyed by a subterranean eruption. When a Japanese man-of-war visited it a few days later four craters were in a state of intense activity, and there was no sign of any of the one hundred and fifty inhabitants known to have been on it.

In the first national assembly in Kiōto, in 1868, one of the topics discussed was a plan for the development of the island of Yezo. Now that a whole generation has elapsed, the Hokkaidō, consisting of Yezo and the adjacent islands, shows handsomely the results of the labor expended, since the first year of Meiji, by statesmen, scientific men, and industrious emigrants. In harbor works and improvements, in agriculture and stock-raising, in the improvement of placer-mining, in the working of coal-mines and petroleum-wells, the advance has been most gratifying. Over three hundred miles of railway are now open to traffic, over two hundred of these being used for private enterprise. The Government programme includes a trunk line nearly six hundred miles long, extending from one end of the island to the other, to be finished by the year 1910. American placer-miners, since 1900, have greatly improved the methods for the yield of gold, and it is hoped before many years to discover the parent lodes in the higher mountains. It is said in rhetoric that the coal supply of Hokkaidō is "inexhaustible," or, in the estimate of engineers, 6,600,000,000 tons. The mines of one company, which has recently built large steamers to carry their product to Hong-Kong and Singapore, contain in workable quantity 375,000,000 tons.

Through the opening of new seaports, and the improvement of old ones, the Hokkaidō in its prosperity has actually been able to dictate the reorganization of the routes of commerce between America and China. Instead of coaling at Moji or Nagasaki, and then taking the eastern route through the Inland Sea and the Pacific Ocean, steamers now coal in Yezo and go up or down the Sea of Japan, thus not only shortening distance, but also enjoying more favorable weather. Muroran, opened in 1894, is the chief coaling station, its population having already doubled. In area of anchorage it is now the third largest port in Japan, able to hold forty ocean liners, though Hokodaté, farther to the east, can hold a hundred. Hotaru is the next port of importance. Whereas the total population of Hokkaidō in 1869 was less than 60,000, it is now, in 1902, considerably over 1,200,000, with an annual trade of about 500,000 *yen*.

Although Japan is not, as was once supposed, rich in minerals, yet, owing to improvement in scientific processes, which may be yet very widely extended, the mineral product in 1900 was nearly 50,000,000 *yen*, or about five times that of the previous decade. No large veins of iron have yet been discovered. Most of that which is mined comes from the San-in-dō, on the southwest coast, the output in 1900 being over 23,000 tons. The possession in abundance of native coal of good quality inspires the Japanese with hope of success in the industrial struggle of the twentieth century. In 1900 over 7,000,000 tons were mined, worth nearly 25,000,000 *yen*. The coal is of two kinds, soft and hard, though the latter is much inferior to Pennsylvania anthracite. Petroleum, which, when refined, is equal to the best of Russia or the United States, comes chiefly from Echigo, whence, in 1900, 31,000,000 gallons, worth nearly 2,000,000 *yen*, were obtained.

Formosa, which at first seemed to be the grave of the man from Nippon, and the bottomless pit of Japanese finance, shows most hopefully the result of the zeal, industry, and the intelligent study and mastery of special problems. A steady migration of Japanese has set in, over 10,000 of the 50,000 now on the island having come since the year 1900. The total area of Formosa and adjacent isles is about 5535 square miles. Since its cession from China, in 1895, about 150,000,000 *yen* have been sunk in the archipelago by the Tōkiō Government, and many thousands of lives sacrificed to malaria and fever. Formosa is occupied by various races of men in various degrees of development, making the problem of civilization a complicated one. There are the Chinese, mostly emigrants from the south of China, living on the lowlands, who are pro-Chinese in all their notions and inherited ideas, being densely ignorant of Japanese history and purpose. The people on the plateaus are for the most part of mixed blood, peaceable and partly civilized. In the mountains and on the rocky eastern coast dwell the primitive, copper-colored aborigines, head-hunters, or formerly such, and numbering about 100,000, whom it is difficult to civilize. The military and police operations have not yet ceased among the aborigines, but one after another the various problems, military, hygienic, educational, engineering, economic, have been attacked with patience and thoroughness, and along all lines brilliant success has been won. In 1902 about 50,000 children were in Government or private schools, taught in the vernacular, while medical, normal, and Japanese language schools for training the more intelligent and mature pupils in modern science and the language and literature of Japan are in operation. By drainage and the enforcement of hygienic laws the death rate among the Japanese has been lowered seventy-five per cent. Taihoku, cleanly built, well drained, with macadamized streets and well-stocked shops, is virtually a new Japanese city, affording the natives a magnificent object-lesson in improved methods of living. Whereas Formosa was of old noted for an enormous number of mosquitoes and flies, the number of obnoxious insects has greatly decreased. The problem of malaria was successfully attacked during the summer of 1902 by segregating one battalion of infantry for the space of 161 days, during which time not a single case of this disease occurred, although in a battalion not similarly protected there were 259 cases.

Since modern industries and improvements have sprung up all over the island all classes, except the Chinese literati, whose occupation is gone, have improved their standard of living. Over a thousand miles of ordinary wagon-road have been built, new telegraphic cables to Japan, China, and the Pescadores laid, the old railway of Chinese days has been wholly rebuilt, and the island equipped with telegraphs and the cities with telephones. The entire revenue is expended on local public improvements. The Government holds a monopoly on opium, salt, and camphor, its policy looking to the gradual abolition of opium-smoking by forbidding it to those who have not yet used it, while making it more difficult to those addicted to the drug. Formosa is the camphor preserve of the world, and the policy in working this monopoly is to protect the trees, improve the method of manufacture, and to put the industry on a secure basis, regulating the production to the demand and supply of the market. The actual revenue of the island in 1897 was 5,000,000 *yen*, and in 1902 nearly 12,000,000 *yen*, making it one of the most hopeful portions of the mikado's empire, while demonstrating the ability of the Japanese to colonize new possessions.

In the Riu Kiu archipelago the process of assimilating the natives to the manners and customs of the Japanese proceeds hopefully. For a long time immemorial tradition and the great bulk of China appealed powerfully to the imagination of the princes and nobles of the little archipelago, many of whom fully expected that the Middle Kingdom would regain her supremacy over the islands. The decease in Tōkiō, August 19, 1901, of the Marquis Sho Tai, formerly king of the Riu Kiu Islands, in his fifty-seventh year, ended the last of the dual sovereignties of Asia; while late in 1902 the other Riu Kiuan noblemen in Tōkiō cut their hair in modern style, put on foreign clothes, sent their children to Japanese schools, and paid social visits in the capital of Japan, where they now reside.

In 1899 Japan, after thirty years of hope delayed, attained political independence. Extra-territoriality, with its consular courts and abuses, was abolished, the Imperial Government assuming control of all aliens within the national domain. The new treaties which recognized Japan as an equal with the great states of Christendom went into effect July 17th, amid demonstrations of general joy. Towards the consummation of this result, the United States in sentiment, and Great Britain by actual initiative, led, the negotiations of the British ministers, Sir Hugh Fraser and Sir Ernest Satow, having been most efficacious, the way being thus further smoothed for an Anglo-Japanese alliance. In the actual working of the new treaties, apparently the only important difficulty has been in the matter of the house tax levied on aliens. At the same time, though not strikingly phenomenal to foreigners, yet profoundly influencing the social structure in Japan, was the operation of the new Civil Code, for the faithful administration of which new courts had been provided and many judges sent abroad for study and observation. Whereas society in old Japan was constructed according to the impersonal theory, the family being the unit and the individual next to nothing, the Western principle of individuality is now the rule.

Foremost among the causes that led to the compilation of the present Civil Code was the necessity of replacing by one uniform system of law and procedure the various systems which had existed in feudal times, when Japan was divided into about three hundred petty principalities, and when class distinction possessed almost the rigidity of unalterable law. While many years were required to compile a code, rapid changes and the quickly growing needs of the era compelled adjustment, according to the method outlined in the edict of 1875. By this judges were instructed to render justice according to law, where law was available; according to the custom, where law was not available; and according to just principles, where law and custom were alike unavailable. It was natural that the judges of Japan should go to the Western nations in search of "just principles," and select from their jurisprudence basic ideas common to Europe and America. This, however, was a perplexing task. Codification of civil law began in 1870. After eight years' labor, Japanese experts, working without foreign assistants, submitted to the Government a draft, which was rejected. In 1880 Professor Boissonade, having completed the new Penal Code of Japan, was invited to turn his attention to the Civil, which he did. One year later he submitted his draft to a committee of the Senate and of the Bench, which, after eight years, made its report. In 1890 four books of the Civil Code were published, but the remaining portions of the code were drafted exclusively by Japanese jurists. Internal political preoccupation prevented the operation of the code in 1893, and meanwhile it was recast.*

During the year 1899 the northern city of Sendai celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of its foundation. Being already a notable educational centre, its people have during several years continued their agitation for the foundation by the Government of the Tohoku, or University of the North. The associations of Sendai with the feudal past, with the glories of the house of Daté, and of the mission in the sixteenth century of the Christian retainers of Daté Masumuné to Europe, are among the most romantic and picturesque in the national memory, while to-day Sendai is the most distinctively Christian city of the empire, and the focus of successful missionary work and culture.

Among the deaths of the year 1899 are to be noted those of Count Katsu Awa, the beginner of the modern Japanese navy; Baron Nobuyoki, an eminent diplomatist and a Christian gentleman; Professor Yatabé, educated at Cornell University, one of the first Japanese students in a foreign country to graduate from a full college course, and who afterwards became eminent in botanical science; and Professor Burton, the engineer, whose professional work in Tōkiō, Yokohama, and Formosa was of the first order of excellence. During this year, also, dysentery raged throughout the empire, there being nearly 9000 fatalities out of 45,000 cases. Happily in this instance that which caused woe and death became the occasion of a great triumph in science and the healing art, for Dr. Kitasato, pupil of the illustrious Dr. Koch, of Berlin, discovered the bacillus of dysentery. He has since added to his laurels by detecting the microbes which cause the national scourge of kak-ké, and of the bubonic plague. The serums invented by Dr. Kitasato, when properly administered, have been the cause of the saving of thousands of lives.

In the field of sculpture and out-door decoration there has been a notable revival. The chief cities of the empire show, in their modern parks, gardens, bronze statues, and works of memorial art, methods of expression, which blend Oriental and Occidental form and taste with notable skill and happy results. Not a few of the heroes of the "opening of the country," in the era from 1853 to 1868, and of the Restoration, have already been honored. Before the wonderful year of 1898 closed a magnificent bronze statue of Saigo Takamori, military leader, first in restoring the mikado to power, and later head of the great Satsuma insurrection of 1877, which indirectly gave the radical political agitators their opportunity, and hastened the gift of the Constitution, was unveiled in Uyeno Park, in Tōkiō, December 28th. The men of Choshiu have reared, in their chief city, four handsome effigies in bronze of the great men of this mighty clan who led in the movement leading to the restoration of 1868. Inside of the Sakurada gate of the imperial castle in Tōkiō is an equestrian statue of Kusunoki Masashigé (p. 191). The hero is represented riding in full armor before the emperor, Go Daigo, after overthrowing the Hojo. The statue, thirteen feet high, is a very creditable specimen of the work of the Tōkiō sculptor, S. Okazaki. Nor is the gratitude of the Japanese confined to their own countrymen. Almost every year is marked by some memorial reared by them in appreciation of their foreign helpers or teachers. The granite monument to the memory of Dr. G. F. Verbeck *—the burial lot having been deeded to his family by the Tōkiō city government—was paid for by public subscription, and chiefly by his former pupils. No fewer than six inscribed stones, set up by grateful natives, stand upon the soil of Japan in honor of Philipp Franz von Siebold, who lived in Japan from 1823 to 1830, and thence for twenty-nine years, in Europe, was busy with his "Archiv," and the introduction of Japanese plants. In two instances Thunberg shares with Siebold the honor of memorial.† Dr. Divers, founder of the College of Engineering, has been commemorated in a bronze bust. To the living honors are paid in the form of decorations, and among Americans thus honored is Mr. H. W. Dennison, for many years in the service of the Foreign Office in Tōkiō, who received from the emperor the jewel of the first class

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* Dr. Hatoyama, who received from Yale University his degree of LL.D. at the same time with the Marquis Ito, in the autumn of 1902, has published in the *Yale Law Journal*, in 1902, his address on "The Civil Code of Japan Compared with the French Civil Code," showing where in principle and procedure it differs from those of the French and German, and wherein they are identical. That part of the code relating to family relations and succession contains so many features peculiar to Japan that Dr. Hatoyama has wisely omitted it from his comparative study. See the *Japan Mail* for October 4, 1902.

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* See picture and descriptive text in "Verbeck of Japan: A Citizen of No Country." New York, 1900.

† See pictures and text-inscription in the *Mittheilungen*, vol. ix., part i., of the German Asiatic Society of Japan, a most valuable thesaurus of exact information relating to Japan.

order of the Rising Sun, the first given to any not of the diplomatic corps. In other striking instances more than one "maker of the New Orient," even though passed from earth, is not only vividly remembered, but his work goes steadily on, because in numerous pupils has been produced the image of his own life. Perhaps no more shining instance can be cited than that of Dr. S. R. Brown,* who died in 1880, but whose disciples now, by the score, fill high stations of power and influence in the nobler life of the nation. One of the most signal proofs of the changed temper of the nation, and of his imperial majesty's gracious benevolence, is that Tokugawa Kéiki (p. 314), now a hale old gentleman, has been made a prince, and is an honored guest at the mikado's palace.

Years ago, when the author of this work asserted his belief that the Japanese themselves would one day rear a monument in honor of Commodore Perry, who, under Providence, opened Japan to fraternity with the Western nations, the suggestion was greeted with scorn, and even with guffaws of derision. In the autumn of 1900, Commodore L. A. Beardslee, U. S. N., who had been a midshipman in Perry's expedition of 1853, arrived in Japan. Visiting Kurihama, the village at which the President's letter was delivered, he found three survivors who remembered the event and pointed out the site of the temporary pavilion erected to receive the American envoy and the President's letter. Admiral Beardslee was received in audience by the emperor, and at a garden-party many relics of the old times were shown, and addresses made by those, including Fukuzawa, who remembered the treaty-making days of the early fifties. Largely through the influence of Baron K. Kaneko, LL.D., a graduate of Harvard University, and for some time, as Minister of Justice, a member of Ito's cabinet, the "American Association" (Beiyu Kyokwai), made up of Japanese who had studied or sojourned in the United States, was formed. Several thousand *yen* were subscribed, the emperor leading from his own purse with the sum of 1000 *yen*, thus testifying his sincere feeling of friendship for the United States and the appreciation of the man who received his orders to proceed to Japan at about the time of his own birth. Several acres of land, since made into the Perry Park, were bought at Kurihama, and on a pedestal of masonry, eighteen feet high, a monolith slab of Sendai granite of the same height was set up. The inscription, written by the Marquis Ito, deeply incised in the face of the monument, and brilliantly gilded, reads: "This monument commemorates the first arrival of Commodore Perry, Ambassador of the United States of America, who landed at this place July 14, 1853. Erected July 14, 1901." After appropriate exercises, salutes were fired by the men-of-war of Japan and the United States, the former being represented by a picturesque line of vessels, from the antiquated type of half a century ago to the largest and finest of modern steel battle-ships, and the latter by the *New York*, the *New Orleans*, and the *Yorktown*, in command of Admiral Rodgers, the grandson of Commodore Perry. Afterwards, at his own table, the American officer entertained one of the Japanese villagers, who, in 1853, had waited upon his grandfather.

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* See "A Maker of the New Orient, Samuel Robbins Brown, Pioneer Educator in China, America, and Japan." New York, 1902.

Meanwhile, on the Bay of Yedo, in which Perry's were the first steamers, there are, besides formidable works of defence, the chief national naval station and ship-yard of Yokoska. At historic Uraga two great dry-docks for steamers and sailing-vessels have been finished, one being 451, the other 500 feet long. Five American gunboats for service in the Philippines have been built by the Japanese, who have entered upon a grand era of ship-building and purchase, which will soon make the old-fashioned junk a rare curiosity. In 1900, 77 steamers and 48 sailing-vessels were built in their dock-yards, while 227 steamers and 119 sailing-ships were purchased.

Shortly after the year 1901 and the twentieth century had been ushered in, Mr. Y. Fukuzawa, author, reformer, editor, and founder of a university, passed away on February 1st. As a pioneer and champion of Western civilization, and the writer of books which had reached the total sale of four million copies, he was described by the natives as "the greatest motive force of Japanese civilization," and by Professor Chamberlain as "the intellectual father of half the young men who fill the middle and lower posts in the government of Japan." A student first of Dutch in the early fifties, and one of the first to cross oceans and see America and Europe, he wrote a book on the "Manners and Customs in the Western World," which was eagerly read by millions of his hermit countrymen, and served powerfully to sway Japan in the path of Western civilization. Next to the Christian missionaries, he was the most potent personal force in training his countrymen, not only in public debate, in the procedure of deliberative assemblages, according to forms in vogue in the West, but also in the dignified use of the vernacular in public discourse and in journalism. He was the master of a style which blended the written and the spoken language, putting into common speech and script what had of old been the property of the learned.

I knew Fukuzawa well, and was, with him, a member of the Méi-Roku Sha, a club which, as its name imports, was founded in the sixth year of Meiji (1873).* It included such men as Arinori Mori, later Minister to Washington and London, and, in the Japanese cabinet, holding the portfolio of education; Nakumura Masanawo, the translator of Mill, the founder of a noted school, and of what afterwards became a political party; Kato Hiroyuki, president of the Imperial University, and now of the House of Peers; Nishimura, educator and author, member of the House of Peers; the two Mitsukuri brothers; Uchida Masawo, and many others who have won imperishable fame in the regeneration of their country. Few organizations of a private nature have done so much for the transformation of the Japanese nation through purely intellectual processes. Although the proceedings of the club are no longer published, and there are but very few survivors, the meetings are still held monthly.

Among the noteworthy dead of the year 1902 were those of the Marquis Saigo, brother of the famous Takamori, ever loyal to the throne, leader of the expedition to Formosa, several times member of the cabinet, a statesman of singularly sound judgment, and a man of winning character; Mr. Nishimura, who, in the days of the Jo-i, or foreigner-haters, fearlessly insisted upon opening the country to foreign intercourse; and Ii Naonori, eldest son of the premier Ii, who, in 1861, was assassinated because he took the responsibility, and, without the mikado's consent, signed, with Townsend Harris, the American treaty. Of the notable foreigners who passed away were, Mr. J. F. Lowder (step-son of Sir Rutherford Alcock, and son-in-law of the celebrated missionary and translator of the New Testament, Dr. Samuel Robbins Brown), who so long and honorably served as legal adviser of the Japanese Government, and was repeatedly decorated by the emperor; Mr. Edward H. House, who came to Japan in 1869, and, as correspondent and author of notable pamphlets, championed the cause of Japan to the world, in later years demonstrating the ability of Japanese young men to master the highest musical compositions of the Occident; Mr. J. H. Brooke, for a generation the editor of the *Japan Herald;* and the venerable Archdeacon Shaw, of Tōkiō, whose services to his people the mikado recognized by bestowing a handsome sum for the expenses of his burial. Verbeck, Hepburn, and Shaw were spoken of by the Japanese as "the three seijin," or Heaven-sent sages of modern Japan.

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* See Preface, and "America in the East," p. 110. New York, 1899; and "Life of Fukuzawa" (in English), by A. Miyamori. Tōkiō, 1902.

The noble line of physicians raised up by Dr. Hepburn, and the scientific men from Great Britain, Germany, and the United States, has been one of the brightest ornaments of Japan of the Meiji era. These have improved the national health and vigor. They have guarded their coasts against the advent of diseases from abroad. Especially feared is the pest in the form of the bubonic plague. It was discovered that rats were the carriers of contagion, and that the rodents were in many lines of analogy as susceptible to disease as man is, the bacillus being common to both. A general slaughter was ordered. The number of rats—numerous in most old Japanese houses — killed in the large cities reached to many hundreds of thousands. Thus the latest conclusion of modern science tallies with the observations of ancient wisdom. To the Philistines, who made golden mice as a propitiation to the foreign god Jehovah, and to the worshippers in many ancient temples, the mouse was the symbol of infection. Yet so great has been the triumph of the hygienic art in Japan that not only have cholera, dysentery, kakké, and the plague lost most of their terrors, but whereas in older days one-third of the population died of small-pox, and fully one-third of the living had pitted faces, the average crowd in Japan of to-day shows no more visible traces of this horrible disease than the same number of human beings in other civilized countries.

In social regeneration and conformity to the best ethical and social standards of the world, the nation and its leaders make steady progress. The monogamy of future holders of the throne is now the ethical goal towards which all good men of the nation look, and for which they hope, in order that example in high places, besides law and custom, powerfully aided by new religion, codes of law, economics, and moral standards, may abolish polygamy and concubinage with their train of evils. According to the laws of the imperial succession, only male descendants, natural children of the emperor, or sons of an empress, can succeed to the throne. These laws relating to marriage in the imperial family were proclaimed in May, 1900. They forbid marriage before the age of seventeen in the prince, and of fifteen in the princess, and during any period of imperial mourning.

Of the children born to the emperor, the majority died in infancy or childhood, but the heir-apparent, Yoshihito, born August 31, 1879, and proclaimed heir in 1887, on reaching manhood was betrothed, early in 1900, to his cousin, the Princess Sada, third daughter of Prince Kujo, whose descent is traced from the famous ancestor, Kamatari, the founder of Kamukura, who died A. D. 669. The marriage was fixed for May 10, 1900, and took place in the imperial palace. In commemoration of the wedding postage-stamps were issued, and the general symbolism and ceremonies formed a happy combination of the ideas and customs both of the Orient and the Occident. Happily from this union have been born two male children, the first, Hirohito, with the title of Michi-no-Miya, May 5, 1901; and Haruhito, in 1902. Thus, apparently, the problem of the monogamy of the future emperors of Japan is solved.

The closing year of the nineteenth century was that in which Japan was drawn into even closer relations with the United States in dictating the politics of Eastern Asia. To understand this clearly, let us here make retrospect.

In 1895, Russia, calling to her aid France and Germany, forced Japan to retire from her conquests in China on the main-land of Asia. Their object was to check Japan's political ambitions, to preserve to themselves the economic system then established, and to secure, if possible, control of the coal and iron mines in the anticipated dismemberment of China.

"In March, 1897, Pittsburg achieved supremacy in steel, and in an instant Europe felt herself poised above an abyss. As though moved by a common impulse, Russia, Germany, and England precipitated themselves upon the shore of the Yellow Sea, grasping at the positions which had been conquered by Japan, and for the same reason."* In November, 1897, a general movement for the disintegration and division of the Chinese empire among foreign powers took place. Germany laid hands on Kiao Chau, Russia seized Port Arthur, and the British took Wei-hai-wei. Thus the three European nations commanded the gates to Peking. France and Italy tried later to follow the example of the three great powers, but the issues of the Spanish-American War, by projecting the United States into Asia, so soon after the achievement of American supremacy in steel and iron manufactures, and the outbreak of the Boxer movement, giving to the United States a unique opportunity, prevented the dissection of China.

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* Brooks Adams. "The New Empire," p. 191.

Such ruthless proceedings on the part of European nations, in their lust of conquest, drove part of the Chinese people, chiefly those thrown out of employment by the new methods of communication, into premature revolt, and the Boxer movement was the consequence. The long-gathering elements of discord precipitated upon the railways, Christian villages, and mission stations a murderous mob, which advanced to Peking and invested the foreign legations. Nevertheless, this terrific movement, with all its accompaniments, the murder of less than one hundred foreigners and of possibly 20,000 native Christians, and desolation of property, was only an insurrection in which the Government of China, as such, had no part. This is proved by the fact that the expedition of 2000 marines and sailors from the allied fleet, led out June 10, 1900, by the British Vice-Admiral Seymour, to relieve the legations besieged in Peking by the Boxers, met with no enemies in the form of Chinese regular soldiers.

When, by the middle of June, the Boxer riot was at its height, and the legations surrounded, "not one cabinet in Europe had a policy or an army ready." The Russians could not rush troops fast enough over their new railway in Siberia to guard their settlements and stations. The English, repulsed, waited upon the Germans, but the Germans were months too late in occupying the field. In Tōkiō and Washington, however, there were clear heads, far-seeing minds, and reserves of force ready to carry out the policy which recognized that China was at peace with the world, but that the Boxer outbreak was of the nature of an armed insurrection against constituted authority, which the Peking government was unable to control. The governments of Japan and the United States—Marquis Yamagata and President McKinley—were one in declaring that the integrity of the Chinese empire should be preserved.

Happily, at this time, in Chinese waters our country was represented by an officer, Rear-Admiral Lewis Kempff, who knew thoroughly the traditions of his country from Washington to McKinley, and had the character, the conscience, and the patriotism, even without instructions from his Government, to stand by his convictions and to place duty before feelings. He knew that the United States should never join in "entangling alliances" with European governments, or in any scheme of foreign conquest, or willingly violate peace with a friendly nation. When the foreign admirals, British, Russian, French, and Japanese, on June 17th, joined in the bombardment of the Taku forts, on the Pei-ho River, guarding the approach to the Chinese capital, Rear-Admiral Kempff, U. S. N., withdrew from the coalition, refused to open fire, and let the attack proceed against his protest. He exhibited the nobler courage of self-control and the higher virtues of patriotism in obedience to the fixed American policy.

On Admiral Kempff's decision at a critical moment the subsequent successful diplomacy of President McKinley and Secretary Hay, who carried out the American policy of preserving the integrity of the Chinese empire, was securely based. The famous note was issued from Washington announcing that peace continued unbroken between the United States and China, and that as a friendly ally the President should land an army to disperse the rioters and relieve the legations. The European governments remained in hesitation without a policy, but the Japanese quickly fell in with the American initiative and despatched a superbly equipped army of minute-men to follow General Chaffee, who was to march alone, if necessary, to Peking. All that was necessary in Tōkiō was to order the Hiroshima division, with some auxiliaries, making a total force of 20,000 strong, which, within a fortnight from receipt at camp of orders, was in China.

The wanton act of war of the Europeans in firing on the Taku forts made China an enemy, and the allies, Japanese, American, Russian, British, and French, had to fight the Chinese regulars, who defended Tien-Tsin with astonishing bravery. It was reserved for Japanese valor, reinforced by science, to blow up the gate on July 14th. Then Tien-Tsin was cleared, the way to Peking was open, and the march of the men of eight nations began August 4th.* With admirable commissariat, fresh, filtered water on the march and battle-field, with a medical staff inferior to none, and able to help others besides their own wounded, with soldiers that even in their looting were lovers of art, and who rushed into battle with a smile on their faces, the Japanese contingent reached Peking August 14th, healthier and relatively, as well as absolutely, more numerous in men fit for duty, while among the first in point of general effectiveness of the allied warriors of eight nations.

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* In the form of fiction the author has treated of the Japanese campaign in China in 1895 and 1900. See "In the Mikado's Service: A Story of Two Battle Summers in China." Boston, 1901.

In carrying out their policy, the United States and Japan led, making the partition of China, for the present at least, impossible. The expedition cost Japan in money 15,000,000 *yen.* The troops were armed with the new Arisaka rifle and field-gun invented by Major-General Arisaka, for which he has been decorated and otherwise rewarded by the emperor. At the dawn of peace in China, Sir Claude McDonald was transferred from Peking to Tōkiō, and Sir Ernest Satow from the Japanese to the Chinese capital.

We may now turn to review the course of politics and the constitutional development of the empire, associated closely as these are with Japanese economic evolution.

The year 1898 was that of the greatest expansion in manufactures and commerce ever known to Japan, and the eagerness with which her people rushed into new fields of speculation, took vast risks, and inaugurated enterprises in every line of activity promising financial results was amazing if not extremely hazardous. Vast superstructures rose upon financial foundations neither broad nor deep enough to sustain their mass. In a country never very rich, and with its natural resources only slightly exploited under the old economic conditions, it seemed questionable whether the sudden and enormous demand for capital could be supplied. Some of the profoundest students of the problem prophesied a financial stringency which only foreign loans could relax. In addition to private enterprise and speculation, the enormous naval and military programme decided upon by the Government after the war of 1895 seemed impossible of fulfilment without increase of resources. In any event, here was promise of abundant material for parties and the workers at the political churn. The chief questions for years to come must be economic and financial, and are set for the rise and fall of many cabinets, as we shall see.

When the Diet was formally opened by the emperor on May 19, 1898, it was found that neither the Government nor the Opposition had a majority. The Lower House refused to pass the bill for the increase of the land tax. For the fifth time, in twelve sessions, the

House was dissolved on June 10th, not, however, before passing the new Civil Code, which was to come into operation with the new treaties on July 1, 1899. Ito and his colleagues resigned, and a coalition cabinet made up of the Progressists and Liberals was formed, with Count Okuma as premier and Itagaki as head of the Home Department, with associates who were for the most part untried men. Nevertheless, this was the first real party cabinet, instead of the previous clan oligarchies. Since government by party had thus far proved a failure, many and eager were the hopes of good men of varied minds that government in the Western manner, by a party holding a majority in the Lower House, would be inaugurated and the reign of clan cliques be at an end.

The new premier, Count Okuma, was a man of singular and varied ability, who in his youth had been a pupil of Dr. Verbeck, and a student of many forms of government, with not a little experience since the year 1868. He was well read in the precedents of British and American representative government, and a pronounced Liberal. Itagaki, the man of Tosa, out of whose "forests," according to the ancient oracle, "liberty was to flow," had been the leader of the Radicals, and one of the most powerful personal forces in the agitation that led to the granting of the constitution. He is often spoken of by foreigners as "the Rousseau of Japan," though that name is usually given by natives to the late Mr. Nakai Chomin, who died in 1901, and whose book, inculcating his "no-God-no-soul theory," can be found in the hands of almost every country school-teacher of the period.

Yet, although the idea of administration by party was excellent, there was the chronic difficulty of facing problems within a party made up of patriots hungry for spoils and office, and one, as it proved, greater than the task of dealing with national questions. It was soon evident that the new political family was not a happy one. A trifle light as air was to be its undoing. While publicly addressing his fellow-subjects, the Minister of Education, Mr. Ozaki Yukio, made allusion, in a purely hypothetical instance, to the possible future republic in Japan centuries hence. A storm of criticism was evoked almost suggesting that which Kiyohimé raised when her lover Anchin proved recreant, and in the "dragon fire" the first party cabinet melted as did the bell of the temple Dojoji of Kumano, with the peccant priest within it.

Nevertheless, although the first attempt at purely party government in Japan proved a failure, the principle received definite recognition in the very next stage of political evolution, and oligarchy was doomed. In the tremendous reaction which followed, Marquis Yamagata with four of his fellow "elders" of 1868 formed a new cabinet. A method of working was found in an alliance with the Liberals, the latter agreeing to support the land-tax bill, and the "elders" yielding to the newer principle of a cabinet governed by a party. Under these circumstances, the new Diet opened December 3d with a ministry destined to have a longer lease of life than had been known for years. It was during the Yamagata premiership that Japan was represented so brilliantly in China throughout the period of the Boxer uprising and in China's war of defence against the allies. The cabinet came to an end in September, 1901, after an unusually long existence of twenty-two months, making the fortieth ministry since 1868, and the last of the cabinets made up wholly or largely of the Meiji statesmen. The same old rock on which the Government split to pieces was that of finance. The new taxation law had been introduced, but the House of Peers refused to pass it or to increase the salaries of the judges. The fact had also become clear that the Upper House, with its great array of matured ability, would in the future be anything but a passive member in the body politic. In the deadlock of affairs, the emperor was obliged to intervene, acting on his own account, without the signatures of the ministers to his decree.

The so-called "spendthrift Diet" was closed March 29, 1901, and the mikado summoned again the Marquis Ito to form a cabinet. This he did by gathering around him young men of signal ability, most of whom had been educated in Western countries. For a few weeks all went on promisingly, but the same difficulties remained. For any cabinet, the task of carrying the burdens of unsolved financial problems, owing to the enlarged post-bellum programme, at a time when so many other enterprises were on foot in the country, was a formidable one. The problem was one to be solved only by marked fertility of resource, much hard work, and great patience. Every one of the new statesmen, however, except Mr. Watanabe, believed in a bold policy of progress, but the Minister of Finance refused absolutely to advance with his colleagues. To the injury of Japan's financial reputation abroad, he persisted in his obstinacy, while during two or three months the illness of the premier prevented his full attention to business. The impossibility of providing the ready money, with minor reasons, compelled the resignation of the cabinet on May 2d. The emperor then summoned General Katsura to organize a Government, which was duly installed June 2d. Holding aloof from parties and developing an unexpected amount of executive ability, the Katsura cabinet has carried on the affairs of the nation to the highest satisfaction of sovereign and people, giving new stability to the finances and prosperity to the country, besides negotiating a loan of 50,000,000 *yen*, and securing an alliance with great Britain, of which we shall speak again.

To show that, strictly speaking, there is in Japanese national politics no such thing as reaction, but that political men of all schools have their faces to the future, differing only in their choice of means, as well as to exhibit in clearer light some of the newer methods and personalities, we shall survey the course of constitutional development in practice since the war with China, which shot Japan into the vortex of competition with the great nations of the world, compelled movement in new paths, and plunged the nation into a sea of difficulties by calling on a poor country to double suddenly its financial burdens.*

The Progressists were the chronic implacables, and the Liberals refused to support the post-bellum scheme of taxation formed in 1896, but in 1898 the Progressists and Liberals fused together, adopting the name of the Constitutional Party, and commanding a working majority in the Lower House, led by experienced chiefs. Unable to face this obstacle in his path, Ito resigned, and then the coalition cabinet under Okuma and Itagaki began its brief lease of power. As we have seen, the new people in power showed the same extraordinary anxiety to get their friends and relatives into office which had so long characterized the "clan statesmen."

Furthermore, a new character had appeared in Japanese politics bearing a striking resemblance to the American "boss." Educated in London and the United States, Mr. Hoshi Toru learned the "practical" methods of Manhattan, and quickly introduced them into political life in Japan. Patriotism and purchasability were soon in some quarters considered exchangeable terms. Not approving of the combination of Progressist and Liberal, he hastened from Washington to Tōkiō to break it up. When the Progressists and Liberals, after the fall of the Okuma cabinet, had formed on their old lines, with ethics and policies in the far background, they found—or, rather, Mr. Hoshi Toru did—that friendship with Marquis Ito and the "elder statesmen" must be secured if victory was to be won. But Ito refused to adopt the principle of parliamentary cabinets. Nevertheless, a coalition was formed, called an Association of the Friends of the Constitution (Sei-yu Kai), the chief plank in its platform being that the emperor's ministers were not responsible to the Diet. Mr. Hoshi Toru, a man never choice in either language or method, but likely to "make things go," was taken in as the "strong man" of the party. Here was a "deal" in which Mr. Hoshi Toru, for melting his party into the new association, was to be permitted to furnish the popular elements of the new civilization in economics and education, while Ito was to control the national policy in the Prussian style, as formerly, in order to prevent reaction and to "screen the evolution of the Japanese into a modern man."

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* "Development of Political Parties in Japan." *North American Review*, November, 1902.

In the Ito ministry formed in October, 1890, all but himself were, as we have seen, young men educated abroad, including five ex-Liberals, one of whom was Hoshi Toru. The latter was so violently assailed by his enemies in speech and the press, which pointed to him as the source of corruption in the Tōkiō municipal council, even as being "chief of public robbers," that Mr. Hoshi Toru called for a trial. Being acquitted, he resigned from the cabinet on the eve of the opening of the Diet.

Nor was this the only trouble which Premier Ito encountered. Such a new and wonderful combination, of the "typical all-round statesman" and the "strong man" in "practical politics," was looked upon with horror by most of the members of the Upper House, while some of the "elder statesmen" condemned Ito's conduct as that of base desertion of his old principles and comrades. The Peers determined to show that they possessed power. It was a genuine surprise to Ito to find that, having floated his financial measures through the Lower House, they struck upon a rock in the House of Peers. To have recourse to the emperor to intervene was, indeed, possible, but such measures too often repeated might in time shake the throne itself. Seeing, then, the dangerous obstacle, Ito resigned.

Shortly after this, as Mr. Hoshi Toru was sitting in the room of the Tōkiō municipal council, he was put to death. Mr. Iba Sotaro, a fencing-master familiar with steel blades, and a genuine conservative, who had read deeply in the ancient Chinese books, of Mencius and others, which recommended the removal by the sword of offensive rulers, drove his weapon into the breast of Hoshi Toru. This was the sixth actual assassination and the ninth publicly attempted on high officers of the Japanese Government since 1868. The astute judges, instead of awarding the death penalty to the assassin, and thereby securing him posthumous honors from those who glorify murder, and a perpetual decoration day, sentenced him to hard labor for life.

On the 21st of May, 1901, Ito offered his resignation, and a month later the Katsura cabinet, founded on the imperial principle, with no reference to political parties, came into power.

Thus in the constitutional development of Japan every experiment except the coming and inevitable one of pure party government has been tried, and every other theory tested. There has been government by the "elders" or clan statesmen, independent of, and in coalition with, a party; government independent of the "elders," or by a party in combination with a section of them, and again by one section independent of the other; in other words, every form of oligarchy, all ending in failure. Not while the elder statesmen in numbers or power lived was real party government to exist. Nevertheless, the principle of government by party, of a cabinet obedient to parliamentary mandate, has been recognized, and the embodiment of the principle in actual government is sure to come.

The House of Representatives which finished its career on March 9, 1902, was the only one which had lived the full length of its legal life, though this it did without doing great honor to the cause of parliamentary government. As to age, 67 members were in their thirties, 153 in their forties, and 16 in their sixties. As to education, 16 were graduates of law schools, 15 were from Fukuzawa's University, and 20 from other universities, including 9 educated abroad. Fifty others had what would be called a good Japanese education. The new law of elections went into operation for the first time in August, 1902, greatly decreasing the number of candidates, working to the advantage of minor constituencies, and requiring a secret ballot. At the polls there was commendable order. Though nearly all stood for election, only about one-fourth of the members of the old House were returned. For the first time one party—the Ito Association of Friends of the Constitution—dominated the situation, not only with a majority, but with a plurality above all groups, the Sei-yu Kai having 192, the Progressists 104, the Independents 59, and the Imperialists 20 seats. The results of the election showed also a minority so respectable in numbers, strong in organization, rich in abilities, and under such astute leadership as to compel the Ito party to be both wise and moderate. The policy required of any good government is that of sound finance and popular content at home, with power to curb Russia on the Asian continent, or at least to retard the movement of the Muscovite glacier, so that Japan may have her share in holding the markets of the world.

Two measures of international interest have been carried to completion by the Katsura cabinet. They are the Anglo-Japanese alliance, and the reference of the troublesome question of the house-tax upon foreigners to The Hague Tribunal for arbitration. On the 30th of January, 1902, the mikado's minister in London, Mr. Hayashi, and King Edward's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Lansdowne, signed the convention which was announced to the Imperial Diet on February 12th.

"The governments of Japan and Great Britain, actuated solely by a desire to maintain the status quo and general peace in the extreme East, being moreover specially interested in maintaining the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of China and the Empire of Corea, and in securing equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations," agreed, in a five years' compact of six articles, to work together in peace and war to maintain Japan's special rights in Corea and of Great Britain in China, and to work together for peace in the Far East. With the general tenor of this compact the United States is in full moral accord.

The Imperial Diet was opened on December 6, 1902, by the emperor in person. Mr. K. Kataoka, president of the Doshisha University in Kioto, was made presiding officer of the Lower House, in which the burning questions of revenue and expenditure were at once opened. The programme of the Government for increasing the revenue so as to provide for the naval increment, the development of the railway system, and for other public works, was by increasing the land tax and proceeding as rapidly as seemed wise. In the Diet, the representatives, seemingly eager to gain the favor of the agricultural and military classes, were bent on keeping the land tax as it was and on quickly increasing the navy. The ministry and the united parties were at odds as to the ways and means. In order to defeat the Government, a close relationship had been formed between the Sei-yu Kai and the Progressists, and once more the old comrades Okuma and Ito, so long political opponents, were united in harmony. In conferences of the premier with the Marquis Ito, as head of the Sei-yu Kai, some compromise was effected, but nevertheless a collision between the Government and the new party was inevitable.

Concerning the land tax, it may be noted that, before 1873, the agricultural classes paid in taxes 13,000,000 koku of rice, which at present market rates would mean 130,000,000 *yen*, or $65,000,000. Japan having adopted the gold standard, a *yen* is worth fifty cents. In 1902 the national land tax was but 7,000,000 koku, or 70,000,000 *yen*, yet, owing to the increase of population, the actual tax, comparatively speaking, paid by the farmers is less than 40,000,000 *yen*—scarcely a severe burden.

Three weeks of intense political excitement followed the beginning of the "deadlock." It was soon evident that the Upper House had become the stronghold of the "elder" statesmen, among whom there seemed a determined and organized effort to keep the younger men out of power. It appeared equally clear that most of the newly elected representatives were actuated by the one idea of overthrowing the "clan oligarchy." This was, indeed, the leading motive of every political party organized since the inception of the constitution. The word "clan," however, had, by 1902, become a mere cant expression. It deserved to fall into oblivion, for Japanese clans had long since become the ghosts of history. The real question at issue was whether the nation or the emperor should choose the ministers of the Government. The wish and will of "the people," called into being by the constitution, had now to be first consulted even by cabinets appointed by the mikado. In a word, the struggle between constitutionalism and unconstitutionalism, between conservatism and liberalism, was nearing a crisis.

Yet the situation had peculiar features. In the Lower House the representatives of the people, fresh from their elections, insisted that the ministers should vacate their offices and allow the national policy to be carried on and the patronage to be dispensed by the middle-aged and younger men of the country. On the other hand, the House of Peers, instead of being, as formerly, considered a political nonentity, had not only become a formidable bulwark of the throne and of conservatism, but had also won the respect and confidence of the nation at large, especially of the commercial and manufacturing classes, and to a degree far exceeding that awarded to the Lower House.

The Japanese Upper House is very different in composition from the British House of Lords, which is made up of hereditary nobles and the bishops of a political church. The House of Peers in Tōkiō, on the contrary, has among its 328 members only 53 who sit by hereditary right—namely, 14 princes who are relatives of the mikado, 11 other princes, and 28 marquises. Of the remaining members, 119 are elected by the counts, viscounts, and barons; 111 are imperial nominees, or men who have reached distinction because of eminent services or attainments; while 45 represent the highest tax-payers in the various prefectures. Such a body might with justice claim to speak on behalf of the wealth and intelligence of the country, with even greater authority than the Lower House.

The attitude of the Government was firm. The premier, knowing well that he had in hand those latent resources of force, which, however, when too often invoked shake even thrones, remained imperturbable. The will of the emperor was in reserve, and the instrument of "punitive dissolution" could be used to discipline the uncompliant Lower House, some members of which were only too ready to deal lightly with grave affairs of state, and almost jauntily to force the premier's hand.

The Budget Committee of the united parties, acting with secrecy and precipitance, made their onset December 16th. After a long debate in the House, and a speech from Count Katsura, who invited the committee to reconsider their proposed action, one of the party directors rose and vehemently attacked the Government. The closure was moved, and the House was about to vote, when a message from the emperor was received, proroguing the House for five days, or until the 20th of December.

The responsibility of the secret and sudden action of the Budget Committee surprised not a few excellent men of both parties, and the action was evidently done in anger. It was the deliberate casting down of the gauntlet in favor of ministerial responsibility to the Diet and not to the throne, and a challenge to the Government to do its worst. The defiance was accepted. On the 20th, the prorogation was ordered to continue seven days longer.

When on Sunday, December 28th, the House met again—no session being held on Sundays except under extraordinary circumstances—it was evident that the great party had become even more implacable. Its members were determined that the cabinet must be overthrown unless it yielded at every point. The imminent question was, would the House of Representatives be dissolved or the ministry resign? It is believed that the Privy Council met also to consider certain questions submitted by his Majesty, after he had fully understood the situation.

At the meeting on Sunday, December 28th, the premier ascended the rostrum to address the House. He urged mutual concession and consultation, the necessity of naval increment, and increase of the land tax. He had no sooner ceased speaking than Mr. Takétomi, Progressist, made a speech declaring that the ministry did not deserve the confidence of the country. Another member, who charged the parties with setting their own interests above the interests of the nation, attempted to argue in favor of the land-tax bill, but failed to obtain a hearing. Mr. Ooka then moved the closure. As the house was about to vote, the president announced that a message had been received from the emperor. Thereupon the whole House arose amid vehement clapping of hands. The president then read aloud the message: "In accordance with Article VII. of the constitution, We hereby order the dissolution of the House of Representatives." This mandate elicited a fresh outburst of hand-clapping, and the House dispersed amid cries of *Minto Banzai!* ("Hurrah for the people's party!") In such fashion took place the sixth dissolution of the House within twelve years.

It was ordered that the new elections should take place March 1st, the day set for the opening of the Fifth National Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures in Osaka; the Diet to assemble early in May.

Amid these political disturbances—the growing-pains of constitutional Japan, whether we call them "sentimental squabbles" or grave disorders that are weakening the throne and injuring Japan's financial credit abroad—it is well to note the steady advance of education, the preparations for a census on modern scientific principles, and the deepening of the conviction among thoughtful Japanese that the old cults do not furnish sufficient moral sanctions, and that Christianity only can do this. One who keeps himself familiar with the native modern fiction sees most clearly the movements of the popular mind. Making romance the vehicle of their teaching, Japanese novelists have begun to instil the nobler ethics of Jesus, thus profoundly influencing the masses and reinforcing the message of the alien missionaries, who are in overwhelming majority from the countries in which the English language is the mother-tongue. These lost a good friend, as Americans a fellow-citizen of honored character and abundant service, in the United States Minister, Alfred E. Buck, who died December 4, 1902. Count Sano, hero of peace and virtual founder of the Red Cross Society, died three days later, at the age of eighty-one years.

On December 7, 1902, a celebration was organized to signalize the thirtieth anniversary of the famous edict of the Supreme Government Council in July, 1872, which directed that all classes of the people should cultivate their minds, and that elementary schools for the instruction of the whole nation's young folk should be organized in every part of the empire. The speech of Baron Kikuchi, Minister of Education, showed that ideal and actualization were still far apart. Instead of the eight universities then planned, only two had actually been organized. Of the 256 middle schools set down on paper, the actual number was 222. Instead of the total of 53,760 elementary schools contemplated, only 27,076 were in existence. The attendance of children of the school-going age at elementary schools in 1902 was 93.75 per cent. in the case of boys, and 81.84 in the case of girls, being an average of 88.07, which figure, though still below what was desirable, affords ground for congratulation. On the other hand, the many technical schools now in operation had not formed a part of the original plan. Already, too, the educational influence of the Japanese upon their neighbors, the Chinese, is beneficially felt in the Middle Kingdom. Repaying the debt of former ages, the Japanese are surely leading their brethren in China "into the younger day."

So moves forward the nation that, thirty years ago, took for its motto, "Education is the basis of all progress."

VII.

JAPAN A WORLD POWER.

In Philadelphia at the old United States navy-yard on Saturday, April 6, 1850, at 8:35 A.M., I witnessed the launching of the U. S. frigate *Susquehanna*. My father, like his ancestors of Devonshire for six generations back, had followed the sea, voyaging to Europe, Africa, China, the Philippines, etc. Over his stores of Pennsylvania coal, mined near the river of the ship's name, he had built a platform overlooking the navy-yard docks, and invited his friends to witness the launch into the Delaware River. At the moment when the ship's prow emerged from the house of her building, to exchange elements, putting his little son down from his knee, my father rose and proposed "three cheers for the *Susquehanna*." This superb vessel became the flag-ship of Commodore Perry during his negotiations at Kurihama and Yokohama.

Ten years later, on June 9, 1860, in my native city, I saw the first Japanese embassy, sent by Ii Kamon no Kami (page 305) to ratify the treaty made with Townsend Harris. As the strangers rode in their carriages up Walnut Street, in Philadelphia, I was impressed with their tasteful costume, the exquisite workmanship on their swords, but above all, by their polished manners. The next day, on Chestnut Street, I met some of the members of the suite of seventy-one persons, including "Tommy," receiving my initial impression at close contact with the mikado's subjects. From the first, I took the Japanese seriously. In many respects they were our equals, in others they seemed to be our superiors.

Six years later, in the autumn of 1866, when a sophomore at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, I met and taught the first two students who had come to America, under the names of Isé and Numagawa. During my college life at Rutgers, from 1865 to 1869, I must have talked with one hundred Japanese young men who were in the college city as students, besides seeing briefly many visitors or travellers. Not a few of these students have since reached positions of eminence, such as Admiral Matsumura; Yoshida, the mikado's minister at Washington; Hatakéyama, president of the Imperial University; Prince Iwakura, now the Imperial Chamberlain; General Kodama, Chief of the Headquarters Staff of the Japanese army, in 1906; governors, lawyers, clergymen, and other workers or leaders in the making of New Japan. Seven Japanese graves are in Willow Grove Cemetery in New Brunswick, "on the banks of the Old Raritan."

I believe I was the first one called out (July 21, 1870,) directly from a foreign country, under the "Charter Oath" of the emperor (p. 318), taken at Kiōto in the Castle of Nijo, April 6, 1868, that he would seek throughout the world for men of talent and expert knowledge "to establish the foundations of the empire." The text of the oath, in its five articles, was from the pen of Mitsŭōka, or Yuri (p. 526), who, in 1905, furnished me with a copy of the original.

Under this oath, it is calculated that between 1870 and 1900 about five thousand men and women from foreign countries have been invited out to Japan to organize the educational, financial, railway, telegraph, postal, military, hospital, and other systems. That the Japanese intended from the first to keep all power in their own hands is seen in the popular term for these aliens. They were at first called "Yatoi," which means a day laborer, or person hired temporarily (page 622). Among them have been probably as many as twelve hundred American teachers. In this list, which like a great Milky Way is sown with stars of the first magnitude, are the names of General Meckel, who taught the military men the German system of national army organization, and Admiral Douglas, under whom Admiral Togo was trained. From both of these, as from others, who were fellow-workers in Japan when we were all young men together, I have heard lately by letter; for the full story of the Yatoi should some day be told. I believe I am the only man living, of the Caucasian race, who, from the inside of Japan in a daimiō's castle, saw the daily working of the feudal system. No true history of modern Japan can ignore the Yatoi.

This chapter on "Japan a World Power" is written, then, by one who, having known the Japanese during forty years, is very apt to treat them as serious men. Having believed in them from the first, I entertained high ideas of what they were, what they could become, and what they would surely accomplish. Those who, as missionaries, hired servants, friends, or well-wishers, have served longest, in the spirit of the ministering rather than the magisterial, believe most profoundly in the Japanese. They, who from the first sought seriously to understand the merits as well as the defects of these islanders, have been their severest critics; yet they were best able in times of test and contest to define the issues, forestall results, and prophesy success. They discovered that Japan's true advance lay in something more than adoption and adaptation of the material forces of the West. In the humanities, in moral progress, and in what was actual, rather than phenomenal, these pupils of the foreign missionaries and teachers had made even greater success than in preparation for war. In other words, the real triumph of Japan has been along paths less dazzling than those smeared with gore.

Christian men from abroad were the first and greatest teachers of the modern Japanese. From 1859 to 1869, a committee of four Americans—Verbeck, Brown, Hepburn, and Williams—had virtually the whole country to themselves as a field of moral endeavor. During this time, when youthful minds were as white paper, and boy hearts as wax, Verbeck trained up future statesmen; Brown, scholars; Hepburn, physicians and surgeons; and Williams, moral leaders. The pupils of these Americans, whether already "beyond the shadow" or now in active middle life, have been mighty in the making of the nation. Japan has a place at the world's council-board, but there are other reasons for this than cannon and fighting. Without these four men named above, it is difficult to see how there could have been that New Japan whose advance in hygiene, in morals, in invention, in science, in ethics and religion, and in both national and international law, no less than in valor and gunnery, has surprised the world. The alien pioneers had nothing to do with creating Japanese sagacity, character, or civilization, but they did develop slumbering energies, and they showed the way. As in their poetry and the figure peculiarly Japanese, they placed the pebble in the stream which, at the right place and moment, diverts the mountain flood into a new channel. Nearly fifty years ago they infused ideas and principles into the young life of modern Japan, which could never have originated in Confucianism, Buddhism, Shintō, Bushidō, or the Oyoméi philosophy in which most of "the fifty-five creators" of New Japan were trained.*

Nevertheless, as war, because of its dramatic intensity and destructive energies, arrests the world's attention and kindles the imagination of mankind more quickly than the slow operations of growth, it is not wonderful that the gaze of nations was arrested when Dai Nippon smote first China and then Russia. It is the native's standard complaint that Occidentals cared little for Japan's culture or art, never taking seriously her history or her purpose, until her soldiers had killed a few tens of thousands of Chinese. Then and instantly Western appreciation increased. When Russia was humbled, Europe was astounded, and all the world wondered.

Yet those who, in 1894, had long known the Japanese had no fear when the Middle Kingdom threw down the gage of battle. "China with her vast size, population, and superior resources will surely crush Japan," said the average onlooker. "Oh no," said the writer of this chapter, in his lectures, "there will be but one important battle, and it will be fought in northern Corea. The only army China has will be destroyed, and after that, the Japanese will go through China as a knife goes through cheese."

When, a decade later, the clouds of angry diplomacy lowered, and the lightnings of war were imminent, it was almost an axiom to the average Occidental that Russia *must* crush Japan in the shock of arms. How could it be otherwise? Did not all tradition point to the victory of Europeans over Asiatics? How could "white" men be whipped by "brown"? On general principles, must not the colossus overcome the pygmy? To imagine otherwise seemed heterodoxy. Foolish people even dragged in the question of "Christianity *versus* paganism," only to find that, according to the test propounded by the Founder Himself, old notions were to be reversed.

To those who knew best the Japanese there was a different vision. It was the old story of youthful genius pitted against conservative tradition. Russia might be as Goliath in the field, even over-equipped with approved arms, artillery, and attendants, with all proper orthodox notions of contempt for little antagonists, or for men of a different nation or religion. The weapons of the expected victims, whose flesh was to feed the fowls of the air, were laughed at as but slings and pebbles, and everything about them deemed but as a shepherd boy's scrip and stones.

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* See "Bushidō: the Soul of Japan," by Dr. Nitobé, with introduction by W. E. Griffis, New York, 1905; and "The Mind of Modern Japan" in the *Homiletical Review* for February, 1905.

Yet those who as teachers or helpers had long known the Japanese saw an intensely patriotic and thoroughly united people, proud-spirited, highly intellectual, with vast and unsuspected reserves of power, and with an ability in adaptation amounting to genius. Disciplined to obedience during a thousand years of feudalism, unified by the dogmatics of mikadoism, and rich in unexpected versatility of potency, withal modernized by science and education, this nation's army trained in the public schools would be irresistible. Brains and intelligence count, especially when the spirit of the samurai has become the inheritance of the common soldier. For over a generation, the ancient idea of loyalty to the feudal lord had been transformed into love for the emperor (p. 535), making a united nation. Furthermore, this is the Japanese woman's century, and the Japanese woman, as mother, wife, and daughter, has no superior on earth. Ever brave in sacrifice and suffering, the modern maid, sister, wife, and parent add to the old virtues the power of mental initiative.

It was clear, also, that with the physical reconstruction of the whole people, through improved hygiene and preventive measures against disease and wounds, the Japanese of 1904 had become a new nation. As compared with their status in 1870, in the sum of their resources and staying power, they had been raised to the fifth power. At Port Arthur, the Japanese soldier's terrific force of impact and amazing possibility of endurance and sacrifice seemed to the outsider, fatalism; but to the wise it was intelligent calculation. As deeply seated as instinct is that love of country which has transformed every subject of the mikado, who feels that national unity is necessary to life. Individualism, with its powers and its dangers, has not yet entered deeply into Japanese life. Everything thus far done has been communal. Each unit in the nation realizes the necessity of unity and of the negation of personal ends for the common cause, Togo's signal, hoisted to the peak in May, 1905, had been already written on every Japanese heart.

Knowing these things, as doubtless others of like experience felt them, the writer, in his address before the Twentieth Century Club in Hartford, Connecticut, February 8, 1904, laid down the following five points which he had steadily maintained in public lectures on Japan during the previous six weeks of negotiation and impending war:

First. The Russians will land no men in Japan except as prisoners.

Second. The Japanese will, within one year, put in Manchuria an army of six hundred thousand troops, splendidly drilled, equipped and provisioned, of the highest morale, and handled according to advanced modern principles of war.

Third. The Japanese will quickly gain control of the sea, protect their communications, and sink the Russian fleets.

Fourth. The spirit of the knights will pervade the whole army, making each common soldier a samurai.

Fifth. The effectiveness of the Japanese artillery and ammunition will more than surprise the world; it will astound experts.

Lecturing at Greene, New York, May 25, 1905, the writer uttered these words: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am sorry for the Russians, and we Americans have no feeling of enmity against them; but, in less than a week, the majority of the Russian ships will be under the waves. The elements in the situation forbid the idea of chance, unless storm or fog allow some of the czar's vessels to slip away."

It is well, in the light of results, to look back to the origin of the national army, which had no existence until 1871. Arriving in Japan in December, 1870, I found no such thing as a national soldier, school, or dollar, and the new Government system existed only in its rudimentary stages. Everything was feudal. All soldiers were clansmen, and the clan contingents were recruited from nearly three hundred feudal fiefs, or fractions of empire. The great movement in 1868 had been led by a band of fifty-five men, mostly young. It included a few court nobles, and a half-dozen territorial lords, but the body of brain, character, power, and influence was furnished by able men of inferior rank. These were samurai in the various feudalities, but chiefly from the four great clans of Satsuma, Chōshiu, Hizen, and Tosa. When peace dawned, after the fighting between the loyal army and the northern clansmen, the Satsuma chieftains were disgusted at the division of spoils, or place of importance assigned to them. Still more aggrieved at the modernizing and democratic tendencies shown, they left Tōkiō with bag, baggage, and retainers ,going home to sulk. The new Government, without a revenue or an army, was left in a precarious condition.

At such a crisis a vital question arose. Should Japan expend her substance in fortifying her coasts, and in creating and maintaining a national army and navy? Or, in generous faith that the nations of Europe would refrain from invasion and guarantee Japan's safety, should she devote her resources wholly to education and internal improvements? We have seen what Ōkubo's opinion was (p. 590). In order to make a unified nation out of a people long split up into feudal fragments and divided one from another, he would have built a trunk-line of railway from Yedo to Kiushiu, even if it paid no dividends for a thousand years. Other members of the then provisional Government thought with him, and some were extraordinarily *doctrinaire* in their peace notions. They proposed to start a scheme of national revenue, and to spend most of the income upon peaceful evolution. Others, on the contrary, considered Japan's safety lay in developing her military resources. The question divided the statesmen, and they adjourned the debate to the parlor of the one foreigner whom they thoroughly trusted, and whom, as their old friend and teacher, they had called from Nagasaki to organize a national system of education. The situation was acute. With an empty treasury, without Satsuma, and with a host of hostile elements confronting them, their double task was colossal. They must grapple with feudalism and make a new nation. It was supremely necessary that Satsuma should be reconciled and national unity secured. Satsuma, having led the loyal army, had already lads by the hundred, who have since become the generals and admirals with whose names the world in now familiar.

The conclave of statesmen on that afternoon in July, 1870, at the house of the Superintendent of Education, Guido F. Verbeck, lasted from two o'clock until twilight. After hearing the arguments for and against each policy, Dr. Verbeck, as he told me in 1871, said in substance: "Gentlemen,—your arguments are in harmony with the hopes and wishes of good men all over the world. They embody the prayer of the men whom we call Christian. Nevertheless, war is the history of mankind. If it were not for Russia's appropriation of part of Saghalien, and her attempt on Tsushima, and for the French in Annam, and that Germans are seeking Formosa, or some place in the Far East for colonization, and for what we know of Great Britain's conquest of India, your programme of no defence and of wholly peaceful development would be in order; but, the facts of the past and the conditions of the present are against such a policy. I advise you to fortify your coasts, to raise a national army, and give all classes the opportunity to participate in patriotism. While you are drilling your young men, have them educated at school. Such a plan of combining national defence and individual education will most effectually secure your object—a united people. Make a whole nation of samurai."

It is not safe to write history on the principle of *post hoc, propter hoc,* but it is certain that within a few weeks the determination to have a national army was taken, and the plans of organization were formed. In the most characteristic Japanese way, Satsuma was to be placated and made obedient. In countries where personality is weak, and ancestor-worship is the basis of society, the individual is honored or dishonored through his ancestors. The mikado sent his Junior Prime Minister, Iwakura, and his ablest counsellor, Ōkubo, to Kagoshima, to worship and to present a sword in the imperial name at the shrine of the great clan chieftain, deified at Shokoku Daimiō Jin at Kagoshima, "and to take an oath to the god to exalt the destinies of the State." At the same time, the emperor sent a letter to Shimadzu, head of the clan, to "aid and perfect the great work. Enable us," prayed the emperor, "to carry out the restoration of the Ancient System. Hear with reverence." A similar letter was addressed to the clans of Chōshiu and Tosa.

In brief, Satsuma was to furnish four battalions of infantry and four of artillery, and the other clans military contingents in like proportion. On the 21st of April, 1871, letters were sent out to the writing-masters and clan schools throughout the whole empire, inviting capable young men of all classes to enlist in the new imperial army. Quick was the response from the entire country. "That whistle garrisoned the glen." It was my rare pleasure to be invited, on May 4, 1871, by the lord of Echizen to see on parade in honor of the Japanese Memorial Day, the first imperial or national regiment raised in the province (p. 520). The eight hundred or more hopeful lads had arms and equipment furnished by the Government, but the clothing, of individual design and fondly supposed to be "in foreign style," was their own. As many of them had never before handled an "Outer countryman's" garments until on their backs, one can imagine the motley array of ragamuffins that filed past the reviewing stand. The loot of the shops of East London, or Chatham Street, seemed to have been dumped in Fukui. Every fashion of garment, whether made for children, for old men, for females, or for males, of all sizes, fits, and periods of fashion, and every sort of coiffure, was in evidence. The miscellaneous toggery misrepresented the styles of the old picture-books, and of last month's fashion-plates. The worst of it, for the one foreign guest, was that, being expected to admire, as well as inspect, his feelings were of a very mixed kind and not wholly under control. Inward tortures were suffered while trying to keep a straight face. A handkerchief stuffed into his mouth saved the situation, and the foreign teacher's dignity was maintained.

But, trust the Japanese! The doughty young fellows and their officers soon learned the smartest tricks of costume and soldiery. They gave a splendid account of themselves when they stood in arms against Saigō's battalions in 1877.

The narrative given above explains the absence of Iwakura and Ōkubo from the capital, in January, 1871 (page 399). They were still in the south on their mission of conciliation. By the end of March, Mr. Iwakura returned. He had been thoroughly successful, not only with the southwestern, but also with central clans such as Owari and Hikoné, the latter alienated because of the assassination of their lord Ii through the instigation of Mito men (pp. 305-307).

Schools of experience were soon furnished for the new national army in suppressing local riots, in the expedition to Formosa in 1874, and in the seven months' campaign of 1877. When these regiments of peasantry returned to Tōkiō, the sight of their nicked, bent, and broken sword-bayonets told more eloquently than words the story of steady valor in hand-to-hand fighting.

Having faced Saigō and his Satsuma swordsmen, they laughed at the idea of fearing Chinese or Russians. The nation, however, was not yet organized even for an expedition abroad, or to meet the shocks with China, or with Russia—both of which, it was clearly foreseen, must come sooner or later. The chief reason, apart from the danger from bankruptcy, which decided the Government not to chastise Corea in 1874 (p. 574), was Ōkubo's argument that to invade the peninsula at that time would be to play into the hands of Russia. Nevertheless, perhaps all the early Meiji statesmen saw clearly that the necessity of driving back the northern invader was vital, and simply a matter of time. Not only had Saghalien, which the Japanese claimed by right of discovery and partial occupation, been seized by the Russians, but they had even made a descent on Tsushima with apparently the intent of occupation. Furthermore, until the Chinese doctrine of Whang Ti, or universal sovereignty which, in spite of all treaties, claimed Corea as a vassal state, was demolished, the peace of Asia was in constant danger.

Something more than an army of a few tens of thousands of men was necessary, if Japan, now a modern State, with an ever-increasing population, were to maintain her existence, secure her foreign commerce, and insure a food-supply. It would be necessary, the wise men thought, to follow the example of Germany—that empire isolated in Central Europe with past experiences of humiliation because of disunion, and ever surrounded by rivals and possible enemies. This having been resolved upon, the emperor sent for Major, now Major-General, Jacob Meckel, one of the best qualified pupils of the incomparable Count von Moltke. Besides notable service in the Franco-Prussian war, Meckel had evinced marked talents as a military teacher. Born at Cologne, on March 28, 1842, Major Meckel landed in Japan in 1885, in his forty-third year. He gave his lectures in German, which were duly translated to the Japanese corps of officers. A host of pupils greedily received his teachings, and were thoroughly qualified to fit them to the local situation and to general requirements in the Far East. Meckel had the rare power of attaching his pupils to himself in personal friendship, so that on their first success over European troops in Manchuria in 1904, Kuroki and others at once despatched to their old teacher telegrams of grateful congratulation. From

Meckel's time forward, Japan so reorganized her national military system in threefold array that, from the classified total population of the able-bodied men in the empire, there should always be an active army, a reserve of instructed and drilled soldiers, and a third line, mostly veterans.

The naval arm of the service is much older, naval students having been sent to Holland as early as 1862. From 1873 to 1875, Lieutenant Archibald Douglas, now Vice-Admiral at Portsmouth, with a staff of able assistants from England, was director of the Naval College in Tōkiō, and under him, Togo and many other officers were trained. In steady perseverance towards the goal, Japan was fully ready to meet China in war, even though only cruisers flew the Sun flag, while the Dragon ensign was carried by battle-ships, and an army of islanders had to be transported beyond the sea. When by the coalition of Russia, Germany, and France, Japan seeing herself, in 1905, robbed of her lawful prey in Manchuria, felt that war with Russia was inevitable. Forthwith, the nation began profound preparations for the coming test. The indemnity gained from China was promptly invested in battle-ships, ordnance, torpedo-boats, and naval equipment of the highest standard of efficiency. The intellect of Japan's scientific men and inventors was applied to the mastery of all the problems of war, in gross and detail, and more especially to the preservation of life. The medical staff was put virtually on a par with the line, so that the great work of prevention, as well as cure, could be efficiently carried on.

In her reserves of national strength, Japan's richest asset lay in her women, now taught by Christianity, and taking the initiative in all good works. The first female nurses in Japan were trained by the American missionary Dr. J. C. Berry, now of Worcester, Massachusetts, but this work was soon taken up by the Government on a large scale. The example of noble ladies of the court overcoming all scruples for the average Japanese women, there was soon an abundance of elect volunteers, so that in both the Chinese and the Manchurian campaign there was even more than a sufficiency of medical officers, stretcher-bearers, field attendants, and hospital nurses.

Active work on deck and in field went on apace, with naval drill, practice in marksmanship, and excellence in minor matters, even to the training of stokers in efficiency and economy.

Army and navy officers knew no such limit as an eight-hour day of serious toil. The Japanese genius is a genius for detail. In Manchuria, the mikado's servants in various disguises learned the secrets, the strength, and the weakness of the Russians, and so mapped out the country that in Tōkiō the General Staff possessed topographic knowledge, which, for their purposes, was not very different from that yielded by a formal survey. The improvement of the Murata and Arisaka rifles and artillery, and the invention of the Uda floating contact mines and of high explosives with unprecedented bursting power, such as the Shimosé powder, went on. Constant practice in marching over mountains, through rivers, in snow-storms, and in the midst of severe cold was kept up by the infantry. In a word, experience amid surroundings similar to those in Manchuria prepared the men most admirably for their expected task abroad. Most of these episodes were unattended with loss of life, but one was notable as a catastrophe which has left its mark on the national memory, art, literature, and the drama. On January 23, 1902, Major Yamaguchi, who had left Awomori with a battalion of 210 soldiers to practise marching in the snow, was overwhelmed in a valley by a storm, during which most of the men were frozen to death, there being only twelve survivors. As usual, such an episode contributed to the repertoire of Japanese lore through the sacrifice made by the common soldiers for the comfort, safety, and life of their officers.

Indeed, the heroes slain in both the Chinese and Russian wars, especially when dramatic incidents accompanied their decease, are already glorified in mythology along with the kami, or "gods." On the stage and in popular history and fiction, they wear the robes, and have the air, pose, and coiffure with which insular imagination invests the mythological heroes in the national pantheon. In Japan, history quickly passes into fairy-lore, nor does the retroactive habit of the Government in conferring posthumous honors, many centuries or æons after the event or desert of the recipient, tend to reduce history to a science. This phase of the national mind sheds light on the scientific value of both the "official" and the popular "written" history of mediæval and ancient times. Not more surely have Mahometans made the pre-Islamic "Arabian Nights" orthodox in phrase and coloring, or the English the Old Testament an Anglican transcript, than have the Japanese transformed all modern heroics into Yamato Damashii.

When the Russian war broke out, it was interesting to compare the spirit and resources of each antagonist, besides the elements, natural and otherwise, in the topographical situation, and very natural to think of the sixteenth-century Holland and Spain. On the one hand was a vast empire, of heterogeneous elements, the czar, aided by a bureaucracy, ruling in despotism over 130,000,000 souls. The place where the Russians must fight was at the far eastern end of their empire, four thousand miles away from their main base of supplies, their one communication on land being a single-track railway. Their officers, accustomed to frivolous leisure, hardened in routine, and saturated with old-fashioned and obsolete ideas, directed a fighting force which was, for the most part, illiterate and lacking utterly the power of mental initiative. In sea power, they excelled their enemy in numbers and weight, but their ships were of uncertain quality, and the morale of the crews far below that of their opponents. Behind both army and navy was a dissatisfied population already seething with the elements of revolution, their poverty concealed under the glitter of a grasping nobility. The Japanese made comparisons between the old Yedo bureaucracy and that in St. Petersburg, and unerringly argued, therefrom, national weakness. Upon all these facts the Japanese counted as elements favorable to themselves in the coming struggle.

On the other hand, fifty millions of an island population were united as one man in loyalty to their emperor. The flame of patriotism had been fed in the national schools, and the young warriors were officered by men of large experience and thorough scientific equipment. There was, first of all, in the modern samurai class, the brain and the culture of a nation as rich in warlike traditions as in high ideals. Standing between plough and altar, ready for labor or for sacrifice, and exhilarated to the point of enthusiasm, their example was contagious among all the people. Then, there was the great body of the industrial and mechanical workers skilled through a thousand years of hereditary training in craftsmanship of every sort. Finally, the new generation of héi-min, or commoners, of 1904, the great, hardy, healthy body of peasantry and workmen, enjoyed public-school privileges. Including mountaineers and fishermen, they were accustomed to face hardship and danger in manifold forms, while in intelligence they were far ahead of the Russian *mujiks*. In quality of mind and accomplishment of brain and hand, Japan's public-school army was wonderfully like the citizen soldiery called forth by President Lincoln in 1861, to suppress the slaveholders' rebellion.

It is no wonder that Oyama with such a host of graduates of the common schools led them to uninterrupted victory. Japan's success in 1904-05 was foreordained in the emperor's Charter Oath of 1868, the Educational Code of 1872, and the Rescript of 1890. Furthermore, the Japanese, familiar with the ground on which they fought, knew also the Chinese people and the working of the Russian mind, and carried on the campaign near their base of supplies, while the waters were their own. Moreover, the Japanese felt that this was a war for existence. If earth-hungry Russia were permitted to break treaties, and to hold Manchuria at her pleasure, there would be safety for neither China nor Japan. So, for food and for life, Japan flung down the gage of battle.*

One potent factor and bright augury of success lay in the physical reconstruction of the nation. In 1870, there was no such thing as a free hospital for the common people in all Japan, and the hygienic condition of the lower classes was appalling. Small-pox, syphilis, and every sort of secret, contagious, and infectious disease ran riot. The foreigner travelling on the high-roads was shocked by scenes of wretchedness and misery that in their description seem incredible because now absent. Nevertheless, it is an eye-witness that is writing of the misery, the nakedness, the rottenness, and the visibility in public of the lepers, the blind, and the disease-eaten, as well as of the hideousness of beggary and outcast humanity. In some few of the feudal fiefs, notably Echizen, public remedial measures had been installed, and medical practice made, by compulsion, to accord with the Dutch, or modern, method. Yet apart from a poor food-supply and sumptuary laws, there was reason in the epidemics, pestilences, and famines for the stationary condition, during a century or more, of Japan's population. In summer, the number of people ill or prostrated with kakké (leg-humor, or beri-beri), ran into millions. The persistent habit of sitting on the heels with the knees bent under, aided by poor diet, the modern custom among pregnant women of tightly binding the abdomen, and a lack of systematic exercise had made a nation of short-legged dwarfs. The normal human figure is of the same size above and below the centre of the organism, but while the Japanese body is in correct proportion, the lower limbs are abnormally short.

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* See Chapter LI., "Russia and Japan in Conflict," in "Corea, the Hermit Nation," 7th edition, 1904, where the economic situation is made plain.

To prevent the decimation of their armies, and the paralysis of naval operations, the Japanese set themselves to grapple with the problem of kakké. They varied and enriched the soldier's ration, introducing a mixed diet, containing a non-irritating and highly nutritious food-supply. Ages ago, their mint of experience had coined the proverb, "disease enters through the mouth," which in this twentieth-century age was to "attain to something of prophetic strain." Especially in the navy have scientific theories, reduced to practice, wrought an amazing revolution. Kakké, which on more than one occasion had paralyzed the fleet, as scurvy used to work havoc in the navies of the West, has been eliminated from this branch of the service. Only the old physicians have seen cases of kakké on shipboard. The average increase in weight among the sailors is over three pounds, and in height half an inch. In the army, it has not been possible to keep so large a body of men, numbering, in 1906, over a million, under the same medical training and espionage. Nevertheless, the success already won is here almost as striking as in the navy. An enormous reduction of cases of kakké followed steadily upon the substitution of a mixed diet for a constant ration of rice. The growth in stature is a national phenomenon. In over four million men, measured and examined for the army in the decade from 1892 to 1902, the percentage of those of 5.4 feet and over has risen from 10.06 to 12.67, while of those below five feet in height, the figures have fallen from 20.17 to 16.20. The Japanese are becoming a taller people.*

In the arts of prevention, through mastery of modern theories of germs and bacilli, the triumph has been even more manifest.

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* Page 18, Japan Year Book, Tōkiō, 1905.

Dr. Kitasato, pupil of Koch, of Berlin, was among the first to study bacteriology, and most of the younger physicians and surgeons have made good application of this branch of knowledge. The whole nation has been put to school and educated into understanding of the causes of disease, and methods of prevention. In their medical knowledge, and perhaps even more in the organization of their army staff, the Japanese, in 1904, held a prophecy of success quite equal, in the long run, to the death-dealing effects of their projectiles, which represented both the science of ages and the last refinements of experimental skill. Giving to their medical officers nearly equal rank and power with commanders in the field, they ordered that the first business of an army surgeon should be to prevent, and his second to heal and restore. In practice, they reversed the record of ages, and put to shame the defective organization traditional among Western nations. In the Boer war, Great Britain lost seven times more men from disease than by wounds, while eight times more men were invalided home than were struck in action. In the Spanish-American war, with two real battles on land and one other on water, there were fourteen deaths from disease to one from the enemy's shot. The usual rule is a fourfold loss from disease as compared with casualties, but in Japan's war with Russia in 1905-06, the percentage in round numbers for the wounded and for the sick was about equal, or, exactly, 49.99 and 50.01. Of the entire army, 8.83 per cent. died of wounds, but only 2.5 per cent. died of disease. In other words, the figures of former campaigns were reversed. It it true that in the Franco-Prussian conflict the Germans lost only half the number of men from disease as from casualties, but the Japanese, besides conducting hostilities beyond sea with very poor transportation facilities, greatly reduced even that record. Only 3.51 per cent. of loss was due to infectious diseases, while in previous wars, notably in South Africa, and in Cuba and the United States in 1898, infection, or the taking of filth into the body through air, water, or food, was the chief cause of disease. In Manchuria, the sites of camps were inspected before tents were pitched, and the sources of liquid supply were tested and labelled. All water drunk was first boiled, hospital nourishment and refreshment were sterilized, and all known precautions used to secure that which is next to both godliness and men's health.

Happily, success was the more easily possible because cleanliness is part of Japanese habit and religion.

These triumphs of salvation were not gained by one day's labor, nor does the credit belong wholly to Japan. Like the dwarf upon the giant's shoulders, or the long-armed or high-legged folks in her own fairy-tales, she has been able to perceive possibilities hidden from others. As the heir of all the ages, her opportunity is unique. Coming to national consciousness when the cycle of the world's history, from Oriental beginnings in Asia through Occidental evolution, had been completed, she has grandly used her fit time, making selection, without prejudice, from the repertoire of many nations. When for ages their pupils had been under the domination of Chinese traditions and pseudo-science, the Dutch doctors broke the shackles of superstition, taught the men of Nippon to study facts at first hand, and to inquire of reality. There are those who date the modern or real civilization of Japan from the first dissection of a corpse in the interest of science. As noble a subject for an artist like Rembrandt, as his "Anatomy Lesson," showing Dr. Tulp, or that which depicts Vesalius at his amputations, would be a picture of Sugita Gempaku with his medical friends, at the execution-ground on the Plain of Bones near Asakusa, in Yedo, in 1771. On the body of a female criminal, known in life as "Old Mother Green Tea," with the aid of the executioner, Dr. Sugita conducted a dissection, comparing the viscera and organs with the diagrams in a Dutch book (Kurumann's *Tafel Anatomica*) held in his hand. Ashamed of his ignorance, and assured that Chinese scholasticism concerning the human body was false, Gempaku began the study and translation of Dutch. This was the day-spring of Japan's new long day of science.

Herr von Siebold taught medicine at Nagasaki in 1827, and Dr. Mohnike, in 1849, introduced Jenner's system of vaccination. Dr. Pompe van Meerdervoort at Nagasaki began the formal education of physicians in 1857, and established the first foreign hospital in Japan, whence Dr. Matsumoto and Ito Gempéi were sent to Holland to study. In a large sense, it may be said that the awakening of Japan is due to inquiring spirits among her medical men. Yet, while in Echizen and a few other places there were practitioners in the Dutch, or modern, style, like Dr. Kasahara, perhaps the first continuous medical training and the initial dispensary and hospital, permanently maintained for common people in modern Japan, were by the American missionary, James Curtis Hepburn, M.D., who began his work in 1859. I remember seeing, in 1871, the horrible phenomena of rotting humanity, as the patients came under his hands or awaited their turn, as well as the happy and often immediate relief of grateful patients. Around the foreigner was an eager and earnest array of young native doctors assisting their honored teacher in his ministrations to their countrymen.

Besides introducing the principles of prison reform, Dr. John C. Berry, who began medical practice in 1873, trained the first women nurses, inaugurating that wonderful system of intelligent and effective relief for the sick in hospitals which has helped to remake the bodies of the Japanese. It is one of the grandest of missionary arguments, as well as proof of the Japanese power to sound the gamut of "adopt, adapt, adept," that, speaking broadly, from the beginning of the twentieth century, Japan has had little necessity for foreign medical missions, because of her own native energies so grandly developed. Already Japanese hospitals, maintained at half the cost, are probably as effective as those in Europe or in America, since the Oriental standard of comfort is not the same. After the first Christian hospitals, the Government profited by shining examples, and began to establish army and navy hospitals. In 1871, I had the honor of attending the opening of the first hospital for military in Tōkiō under Dr. Matsumoto, and also of greeting, on their first arrival, the German staff surgeons Muller and Hoffman. Nevertheless, it was some years before the official eyes were opened to the idea of making army surgeons apostles of prevention even more than of cure. The Japanese borrowed the military methods of the Germans, but they were much later in doing this medically than strategically. In 1894, in the Chino-Japanese war, the sick numbered eight times as many as the wounded. More than once naval operations were arrested by the outbreak of kakké which prostrated half the crews. This was when the idea prevailed that the doctors should have little or nothing to do with the men until they were ill or disabled.

By the year 1900, there was a marked advance. On the march to Peking. what with portable apparatus for providing boiled and filtered water, and the improved hospital service, the strides made in improvement seemed those of a giant. While the Chinese capital was occupied in 1900, the percentage of deaths among Russians, French, Germans, British, American, Japanese, in their order ranged from 8.75 to 2.51. Japan seemed to have put on her seven-leagued boots, while much of Christendom still crawled. Of 22,080 patients in the North China campaign, only 1137 died. The percentage of loss in the war of 1894, of 8.1 was reduced to 5.01; the proportion of deaths from sickness to deaths from wounds, from 9.7 to 2.3 per cent., and the percentage of deaths among diseased men from 8.4 to 4.2. Thus in the four great wars of 1877, 1894, 1900, and 1905 the percentages of deaths among wounded men have been 17.0, 9.7, 4.6, 1.51, respectively.*

The causes of the war of 1904 were even more economic than political. Japan's population, estimated in 1828 to be 27,200,000, had increased, in 1875, to 34,000,000; but in 1903, the new empire, including Formosa, numbered 50,000,000, with an annual rate of increase of nearly 600,000. This sudden enlargement, with prospects of steady increments, arose from the fact that the Japanese in one generation had been transformed from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. The rate of growth in the urban population is nearly twice as great as in the rural districts, showing that with so much of the soil given over to tea and silk culture, the people must derive their main support from manufactures and commerce. The Japanese archipelago is made up of elevations emerging from the waters, so that only the rim and the wrinkles of the mountain chain can be cultivated. Only about one-twelfth of the soil is under cultivation, most of the land being too steep for agriculture.

A brief glance at Japan's history reveals the economic cycles. Roughly speaking, there was no Japanese nation until about the tenth century. The various tribes in the islands Ainu, Malay, Nigrito, Corean, and the Yamato race, which possibly came from the region of the Sungari Valley, were without much unity, coherence, or knowledge of each other, until the introduction of Chinese civilization and Buddhism. After the great revolution of A.D. 645,† there followed four hundred years of military conquest, north and south, chiefly through the activities of the

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* See the two books, "From Tōkiō through Manchuria with the Japanese," and "The Real Triumph of Japan," by L. H. Seaman, M.D.

† See "The Early Institutional Life of Japan," by K. Asakawa, 1903.

Taira and the Minamoto clans. These activities, with the aid of Buddhism, which is the real mother of Japanese civilization, brought all the people under one general system of laws, language, religion, and manner of life, forming what could be called the Japanese nation. In the twelfth century began the separation of the civil and the military power, the divorce of throne and camp, the rise of the warrior classes, and the growth of feudalism. In time the whole country became a field of internecine strife. It was not until the founding of the city of Yedo, in the early seventeenth century, that many consecutive years of peace were enjoyed. The people increased rapidly during the first Tokugawa century, but with the country shut up and foreign commerce prohibited, population came to a standstill about 1720, and remained virtually the same for another hundred years. Floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, epidemics of small-pox, measles, dysentery, typhus fever, and famine, aided by rigid sumptuary laws, kept down the population level to the food limit. During the worst famines, it was common for from half a million to a million or more of persons to die of starvation. Within a century and a half, there were twenty-two great famines, six of which were very severe, besides instances of local scarcity too numerous to mention. Often whole villages would contain nothing but skulls and bones. At such a time the eating of human flesh was common. Still oftener was the systematic destruction of infants. In many places in Japan there are great mounds of ashes near the cremation furnaces, showing where corpses were incinerated hundreds or thousands at a time* (pp. 513-14). The reality of things is abundantly reflected in those local histories which the writer has read by the dozen. To restrain consumption, the Yedo Government was continually issuing edicts enjoining the people to practise economy. Severe sumptuary laws in the various provinces forbade indulgences in luxuries in ways that seem most ridiculous. A commonplace injunction upon the farmers was that they should tie their topknots with straw, instead of paper cord.

Japan has never yet raised enough food to furnish her people with a meat diet. "The simple life" has for centuries been the rule, perforce. Both Buddhism and Shintō, religion and common-sense, made it a precept to eat sparingly and to practise economy. Public notices at the entrances of villages showed this. As the central Government did little or nothing to improve the state of affairs, so long as the double policy of exclusion and inclusion was enacted, famines were recurrent.

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* Consult Professor Dropper's paper on "The Population of Japan in the Tokugawa Period," *Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan*, Vol. XXII.

When the feudal framework of society, with its minute and sumptuary rules, was broken down, the old checks upon population were suddenly removed, while at the same time the food-producing area was curtailed through enlargement of the mulberry and tea plantations for the rearing and export of silk and tea. With the influx of the means through industry and commerce, for buying food from abroad, domestic agriculture progressed very slowly, while mouths multiplied and wants increased. In view of these startling facts, the vital necessity of holding the freedom of the seas, and of securing aid controlling a food-supply, was clear. Japan must have Corea for a rice-field and a market in Manchuria, while earning the money to pay for the varied products of Europe, and for the flour, cotton, and steel of America.

The governments of Continental Europe never looked with favor upon the ambitions of Japan to become a great industrial power. Their doctrine, three centuries old, was that Asiatic nations existed for European aggrandizement. The commentary upon that doctrine is read in the conquest of the Philippines by Spain, of India by Great Britain, of Java by the Netherlands, of Annam by France, of northern Asia by Russia, of Kiao Chau by Germany. On the other hand, the American contention that the nations of Asia have a right to exist, and are to be healed and helped, taught and assisted, while encouraged to work out their own salvation, was initiated in 1784, when the flag of the United States was carried round the world, and commerce with China began. The withdrawal of General Chaffee's force after the relief of the legations in 1900, and Secretary John Hay's note in 1904, limiting the field of hostilities in the Russo-Japanese war, were in harmony with the initial American doctrine.

Simultaneously with the movement of the Anglo-Saxon peoples across the Atlantic, westward, the Cossacks began their overland advance eastward. Their long duel with the Tartars nearly over, they reached the Sea of Japan, crossing over to

Saghalien and claiming it as their own, and this not without the shedding of the Japanese blood.

Certain historical facts concerning the island of Saghalien and the progress of modern geography may explain the excitement in Tōkiō, over its division by treaty, in September, 1905. The name is a Russian corruption of the Ainu, Sakarin-moshiri, or Navy-plateau country. It is called by the Japanese, Karafuto, and was first insulated by Mr. Mamiya Rinzo, in 1808. The Tokugawa Government sent Mamiya and Matsuda Denjuro to study conditions in the northern seas. They constructed a boat sixty feet long and four feet wide, and pushed their way amid many hardships into the Strait of Tartary, making the discovery that Saghalien was an island. The water they first navigated fully was thenceforth known as the Sea of Mamiya. When Count Muiravieff Amursky (who negotiated the Russo-Chinese treaty of Aigun in 1858, and the treaty with Japan at Yedo in 1859) began his governorship of Eastern Siberia in 1847, he supposed Saghalien to be part of the Asian continent, but in 1848, Nevolskoy discovered the error, and this body of water was called the Strait of Tartary. In 1855, the Russian squadron at Castries Bay, blockaded by the British under Sir Charles Elliott, who was ignorant of the local geography, steamed away to the north and escaped because of their superior knowledge in hydrography. On the new charts of the Navy Department in Tōkiō the name Strait of Mamiya is conspicuous.

After the usual negotiations, conducted in the Russian style, followed by the traditional fiction of "joint" occupation, the czar secured possession of the whole island by treaty in 1875. By this time Russia had annexed a large portion of Chinese territory, founding at its southern end, in 1861, a city named Dominion of the East (Vladivostok). The same year, the Russians sent a man-of-war and landed marines on Tsushima, intending to make permanent occupancy. Katsu Awa, the shōgun's minister, true founder of the Japanese navy, sought successfully the aid of Sir Rutherford Alcock in compelling their withdrawal.

The supreme desire of Russia for centuries has been to gain a warm-water outlet, and to possess ice-free ports. When by the Congress of Berlin in 1878 she was forced backward from access to the Mediterranean, her energies expanded eastward. The great Siberian Railway was begun, the first sod at Vladivostok being turned May 24, 1891. At the end of the Chino-Japanese war, the opportunity to reach an ice-free port presented itself. Summoning to her aid Germany and France, Russia snatched from Japan the fruits of her victory. This coalition compelled Japan, the exhausted victor over China, to be satisfied with her own island possessions, including Formosa, and an indemnity in money. The Japanese promptly invested the silver in steel battle-ships, and began preparations to save her own life, to say nothing of Corea and China, by fighting Russia. After the campaign of 1900, for the relief of the legations in Peking, Russia, on April 8, 1902, signed a convention with China agreeing to withdraw her forces from Manchuria on the 8th of October, 1903.

From this time forth, the centre of Russian diplomacy seems to have shifted from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur, and to be incarnated in the person of the viceroy, Admiral Alexeieff. Russia completed her railway to the fortress. At Dalny, besides immense docks of imposing solidity, thousands of houses were built for a future trading population as yet invisible. Over and above her military, naval, and engineering forces in Manchuria, there were not over one thousand Russians engaged in trade, while from Japan there were nearly ten thousand people. Everywhere the Russians gave evidence in solid structures of stone that she would be very slow in fulfilling her promises of evacuation.

When it seemed certain that Russia did not intend to keep her plighted word, and the situation in Manchuria and Corea being dangerously unstable, Japan took the alarm, and the whole nation as one man faced the situation with no intention of turning back. On June 23, 1903, five of the Genro, or elder statesmen, members of the Privy Council, and survivors of the heroic band of "the fifty-five creators in 1868," with the four leading men of the cabinet, Premier Katsura, Baron Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the heads of the War and Navy Departments, met in council before the throne. There and then they decided upon the principles to govern the negotiations with Russia.

The diplomatic duel, prelude to the trial on sea and land, was protracted until the end of the year. By telegraph, letter, or word of mouth, Russia persistently ignored the two fundamental principles insisted upon by Japan, and which herself, Russia had often professed—that is, China's sovereignty over Manchuria, and the open door of trade for all nations. The date fixed for evacuation, October 8, 1903, proved to be a day of perjury, for there was no sign of movement on the part of Russia except to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes on Chinese soil. The United States, believing in Russia's good faith, signed on this day of promise the treaty with China which was to open Mukden and An-tung as treaty ports. The signatures to the convention between Japan and China, for the opening of Mukden and Tatung-ko, were also affixed on this date, which became the pivot of the world's modern history.

Notwithstanding Russia's plighted faith, she rushed a regiment of soldiers with eight field-guns into Mukden, early on the morning of October 28th. The pretext, of "the man at the front" for gaining at a stroke nine points of the law, was that the agitation which prevailed in the district must be allayed. At the same time the Russians began the fortification of the Corean port of Chinnampo, near the mouth of the Yalu River, while timber-cutters, guarded by Cossacks, crossed and camped on the soil of Corea; all of which showed the reverse side of the czar's diplomacy.

On October 30th, Japan forwarded her virtual ultimatum, or "irreducible minimum," making concessions, but limiting her willingness to submit to further evasions. In contrast to Russia's feverish military and naval activity in the Far East was her sluggish answer given on paper December 11th—that is, forty days after receipt in St. Petersburg of the Japanese note. In speed, Nippon was as the hare, Muscovy as the tortoise. Again were the czar's ministers silent on the subject of Manchuria and the sovereignty of China. Since it ignored what Japan had so often specifically urged, this communication was considered to be little better than a deliberate insult.

Meanwhile, the United States Government, recognizing the sovereign rights of the Chinese Empire, had appointed consuls for the ports opened by treaty, but the Russian Government refused to allow them residence or functions. There were now at least six nations, including England, the passive ally of Japan, acutely interested in the impending struggle.

The mikado's ministers repeatedly begged Russia to reconsider the situation, the fourth time being on January 13, 1904. Yet although Mr. Kurino, the mikado's envoy in St. Petersburg, made at least four requests for an early reply, it was not until February 1st, within three days of hostilities, that Count Lamsdorff declined even to name the date of answer. When the reply did come, it was substantially the same as before. On the other hand, Russian military activities were on the increase. Artillery and infantry moved nearer the Corean frontier, and troops along the Yalu were equipped and provisioned for a campaign. At Vladivostok, the Japanese were warned to be ready to leave. Of the twenty-six war-vessels at Port Arthur, a large contingent steamed out of the harbor. In a word, those in authority at the eastern end of the czar's dominions were far from being taken by surprise.

The critical moment had arrived. After a conference before the throne in Tōkiō, two telegrams were sent to St. Petersburg announcing Japan's decision to break of negotiations, and to sever her diplomatic relations uselessly maintained with the Russian Government. Count Lamsdorff received these notices on February 6th, at 4 P.M. Two divisions of the Japanese army were immediately afloat, and within sixty hours two Russian war-ships had been sunk in Corean waters, and a naval battle at Port Arthur had taken place. In less than three days, one-third of Russia's fleet had been damaged.

The premise of Japanese strategy was the military occupation of Corea. The Twelfth Division made landing at Chemulpo, and marched through Seoul northward to the old Rubicon, the Yalu River. At Ping Yang they were joined by two other divisions that were disembarked at Chinnampo, at the mouth of the Tatong River. Japan, left with a free hand in Corea, negotiated a treaty signed February 23, 1904, pledging herself to guarantee the independence and territorial integrity of the Corean Empire.

The whole coast of Manchuria is ice-bound from January to April, nor was a descent upon Vladivostok possible while there were Russian ships in that port. It was with the First Army, a body of 45,000 men, that General Kuroki confronted the Russians at the Yalu. After some artillery practice and the movement by infantry, masked by artificial screens of brushwood and corn-stalks, the crossing was made April 30th, at the same place as in 1894, on pontoons between the river banks and islands. The battle, occurring on May 1st, resulted in the complete success of the Japanese. Pressing on a few miles westward at Hamatan, they captured twenty-eight Russian guns and 400 prisoners. In love of nature's beauty and in gladness of heart, the soldiers rested and picked violets to send home as first tokens of victory; the officers sent a telegram of gratitude to Meckel.

After securing provisions, thence the march forward was made over three roads through a mountainous land. The old market town called Feng-wang Chang, or Phœnix Gate, was occupied. Victorious attacks were made on Motien Pass. The campaign thenceforward for weeks reminded a veteran American of the battle on Lookout Mountain above the clouds. The splendid qualities of the Japanese soldier, familiar with his own home land, which is but the crest of a mountain range emergent from the ocean, now came into view on a large scale. As I have written before (p. 543), "Admirable is the spirit of the Japanese in hardship." The First Army, including the Imperial Guard, ascended and descended in joyful anticipation of reaching the great plain of Liaotung. Other battles were fought. When on the level, they found the country rich in cover, because of the ripening stalks of millet and corn already higher than a horse's head. The Japanese gunners were now able to screen their batteries, and the infantry to make surprises.

The common object of the Second and Third armies which landed on Chinese soil was first Liaoyang and then Mukden. The capital of Manchuria, and not Port Arthur (which was but an episode), was the real prize of the war. The victor before the tombs of the Manchu dynasty of Peking, who should treat them reverently, would hold the heart of China, and turn the sentiment of her millions as the river of waters is turned.

Behind Port Arthur, well fortified and provisioned, a line of fortifications at Kinchow stretched across the neck of the peninsula from sea to sea. The work of the Second Army, which landed May 5th, was to take these. After nine days' fighting at Nanshan Hill, the Japanese won a victory so brilliant and rapid that, instead of a siege by slow engineering, they hoped and actually attempted to take Port Arthur by assault, the less wise among them confidently expecting the fortress to fall in July.

With the loss, from a mine, of the *Petropavlosk* and Admiral Makaroff, the Russian fleet ceased to be a factor of offence.

When the Russian general moved south, to relieve twenty thousand of his beleagured countrymen, he was met on June 14th, and defeated by General Oku. The whole peninsula was now open to the Japanese. General Nogi and his force closed in on Port Arthur, and by June 15th the armies of Oku and Nodzu were moving to join Kuroki at Liaoyang. Hope was high that Marshal Oyama could unite the First, Second, and Third armies, and march on to Harbin early in August. The besiegers were all the more earnest in assaulting the fortress, because all attempts to block the harbor by sinking loaded vessels had failed. From their slender stock of battle-ships, the splendid *Hatsusé* had been eliminated by the explosion of a submarine mine, and the historic cruiser *Yoshino* was sunk by collision. Nevertheless, with Dalny in their possession and the port of Newchwang as a source of Russian supplies, the Japanese had superb bases of activity. Yet the great hindrance to Japan's rapid movements was that with plenty of railways and rolling-stock, she had no locomotives. The Russian gauge being broad, and the Japanese narrow, it took time to bring engines from Japan, and to relay the railway tracks. The islanders, however, took the precaution to saw off the ends of the ties, so that the Russians could not, in case of victory, use them again.

Kuropatkin's forces were not at first the crack regiments of Russia, but only the Siberian army, which, including railway guards, numbered 60,000 men and 150 field-guns. Of these men, 20,000 were in Port Arthur.

Throughout the campaign, it seemed to be Kuropatkin's plan to risk no decisive battle until he had superior numbers. He hoped to win at Liaoyang. By July, reinforced by several European army corps, his force was equal to that of the whole of the Japanese army in Manchuria. He made his detachments so that the Japanese must fight their way. On July 17th, Count Keller tried to force the Japanese back, but after two disastrous attempts this gallant officer was defeated and slain. By September the Russian force was superior, and Kuropatkin telegraphed to the czar that he felt able to drive back the Japanese.

The operations of four months, which had Liaoyang for their object, culminated August 26th. On the night of the 29th, Kuroki made a flanking movement, crossing the Taitsé River, or rather its two branches, thus menacing Kuropatkin's flank and rear. The five days' continuous artillery duel and pitched battle resulted in the Russians being driven inside the walls (previously breached in several places on the further side, to permit a "preconcerted movement northward") and through them on the other side. The Russians' position had been in the form of a semicircle south of the city, confronting the three columns of the Japanese. Deserting the city, the Russians fell back in praiseworthy order, and by September 8th reached Mukden.

In this first great pitched battle on a large scale, in which nearly half a million of men were engaged, as in all the previous engagements, the Japanese won complete victory. The struggle was now for Mukden, the sacred city of China's ruling dynasty.

Entering Liaoyang September 4th, Marshal Oyama waited and recuperated his forces. An expedition was organized in Japan for a descent upon Saghalien, as soon as Port Arthur should fall. In Corea, General Haségawa, with two divisions composed chiefly of reservists, kept the Russians in the northeast at bay. Then, disappearing westward from the world's view, these soldiers in good season joined Oyama for the final decisive battle. From Kronstadt, the Baltic Fleet under Admiral Rojestvensky sailed eastward to enjoy the winter hospitality of France at Madagascar and Annam, and to meet its May doom in the Sea of Japan.

October, with its glorious climate, having opened, Kuropatkin duly announced, with high-flown rhetoric and much spectacular religious ceremony, that the time had come to move southward. With 300,000 men, and artillery superior to the Japanese, he set forth. An active campaign of two weeks opened along the Sha-ho River. The Russians gained initial victories, but were unable to make the Japanese give ground. After the loss of nearly sixty thousand men, Kuropatkin reverted to his northward movement, and settled down in front of Mukden. After November skirmishes, the two armies fortified their lines, and made dug-outs, roofing their quarters with timber and millet-stalks, with matting to cover the entrances. During the winter they confronted each other, at about the same distance and under similar circumstances as the armies of Grant and Lee at Petersburg in 1864-65.

Meanwhile at Port Arthur, the assault having failed, the approaches were made by the slow processes of engineering, with sapping, mining, and occasional fighting in the open. Heavy mortars from Osaka were set upon beds of masonry and concrete behind the town, whence a rain of shells fell on the doomed ships. On the 30th of November the Japanese gained possession of 203-metre Hill. This was the turning-point in the siege operations. Observers and telephones were set on the hill-top, and the Japanese artillerists were able to drop eleven-inch Shimosé shells, over a three-mile range, upon the decks of the Russian war-ships until one by one all were destroyed. The great Keekwan mountain fortress was taken December 18th, and on the 30th, the key of the inner defence, Fort Ehrling, fell. The new year was ushered in by General Stoessel's proposal to General Nogi of terms of surrender, and for the second time the Sunray banner floated over Asia's mightiest stronghold. Even more wonderful than the winning of this war-prize was the Japanese work of sanitation carried out so thoroughly that the "Demon of Pestilence was foiled after the Fiend of War had been annihilated."

Nogi's army, now set free, pressed northward to join the hosts at Mukden, to which goal also the heads of the Corean divisions were pressing. Sixty thousand fresh men were journeying to join Marshal Oyama in the world's greatest battle and sure peacemaker.

With ships docked, refitted, and clean as new pins, with guns remounted, men in perfect discipline and trained to aim and fire even in stormy weather and violent motion, Admiral Togo waited at the Corean port of Mokpo for the coming Russian armada. The scout-ships were busy on the seas, and wireless telegraphy kept the air virbrant with news. No greater ally had the Japanese in field or on deck than electricity. The story of Franklin's kite is known to every child in the empire.

When the attack opened, in zero weather and amid blinding snow-storms, on February 22, 1905, five Japanese armies, making a total of 400,000 soldiers, formed a crescent line a hundred miles long. Russian batteries numbered 1300 guns, and Kuropatkin's force of 360,000 men were massed within fortified trenches on the south of Mukden. After nineteen days of attack and defence, the Russians left their fortifications and began retreating. On March 10th the mikado's Sun flag waved over the Manchu mausoleums. The prize was won. Mukden was occupied. The Japanese killed and wounded numbered 50,000. The Russian loss was 30,000 dead, 100,000 wounded, and 50,000 prisoners. With little loss of time, the pursuit of Kuropatkin's forces towards Harbin was begun, and the important passes were quickly gained.

Not until late in May did the Russian armada of thirty-eight ships, in two divisions, under Admirals Nebogatoff and Rojestvensky, enter Japanese waters. The ships moved by two columns in imposing array through the Corean Channel, between Japan and Tsushima, the lighter cruisers being on the left and the battle-ships on the right, the heaviest four leading. It was at 5 A.M. that the ærogram, "Enemy's fleet sighted," from the *Shinano Maru* reached Togo. Among the most interested watchers were the men of the garrison in the fort on Tsushima, near which, in 1860, the Russians had slain a guardsman, shedding Japanese blood to seize the island. His monument was in their sight. Not far away was the scene of the annihilation of the great Mongol armada in 1281 (p. 178), for which triumph, on April 4, 1905, the mikado Mutsuhito had bestowed posthumous honors on the Hōjō regent, Tokimuné, creating him a noble of the second class of the first grade—the highest honor possible to a subject.

As the Russians advanced they kept firing upon the scout and telegraph ships under Admiral Kataoka and Captain Togo (of Fukui), but the latter kept busy forwarding their aerial messages containing full details to the Japanese commander-in-chief. Despite the fog, Admiral Togo took in the full situation, both visible and invisible. He commanded in person his first division, of four battle-ships and two cruisers, which approached from the north. Admiral Kamimura, with the second column of six cruisers, rounded the southern point of Tsushima to make onset in the rear. The unarmored vessels, in a third line and ready to join in later, were under Admiral Uriu. Togo followed his usual tactics. His purpose was to destroy the head and front of the enemy. This done, the various members could be dealt with in detail. The Japanese, having cleaner and lighter ships, were able to move faster than the Russians.

First of all, this battle was a test of scientific gunnery, and

Togo was able to choose his own position and range. The Russians opened fire at 2:08 P.M. The Japanese were silent until within 6000 metres' range, when they concentrated their fire on two Russian battle-ships. A strong breeze, a real "sou'wester" blowing, the Japanese were in their element. They pierced the hulls of the enemy, as the rolling Russian ships exposed their sides below the water-line, sinking or disabling the leading ships, and throwing the whole line into disorder. With the closing in of Kamimura's squadron, the action became as general as it was one-sided in results. "By 2:45," says Togo, "the result of the battle had been decided." The daylight conflict lasted five hours. When the sun set, the Japanese torpedo-boats swarmed to sting to slow death their broken foe. The wind fell with the darkness, and the sea calmed, favoring the destructive work. It was an awful night of carnage and destruction.

The next day the bloody work went on, and when the pursuit of 200 miles ended at the Liancourt Rocks, it was for lack of material to chase. Of eight Russian battle-ships, six were sunk, and two captured; of nine cruisers, four were sunk, four escaped, and one was wrecked; of coast-defence ships, one was sunk and four were captured; of nine destroyers, four were sunk and the rest escaped. Of thirty-eight ships, twenty were sunk, six captured, two went to the botton while escaping, six were disarmed and interned, two escaped, one was released after capture, and the fate of one is unknown. The Japanese lost three torpedo-boats, 116 men killed, and 538 wounded. In Togo's official report, he declared the victory was "because of the virtues of his Majesty, the Emperor, and not owing to any human prowess . . . the small number of our casualties was due to the protection of the spirits of the Imperial Ancestry." In plain, pragmatic English, Togo would ascribe all glory to God, the Father of all men. *Soli Deo gloria.* No Japanese conceives of the victories of 1904 and 1905 as having been won by one man, or by any set of men, but only by the united spirit of the whole nation, past as well as present. The jealousies, squabbles, and heart-burnings, so common among Western commanders, who carry individualism to its extremest limit, are absent from the Japanese, whose civilization is communal. Personality with them is weak, but the national "soul of Japan" is all the more a rational and a potent conception. Yet, increasingly by "the mikado's ancestors" is meant to myriads of Japanese, a line which, in its consummation, reads, "Which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God."

Yet Japan's success in arms did not stand alone. Almost as worthy of record was her conquest of credit in the world's money-markets, and her success in winning the plaudits of civilized men everywhere, including many even of her foes. At the outbreak of the war, the emperor despatched three envoys to the Occident to secure not only "the sinews of war," but the sympathy of Europe and America. Notably did one and all of this triumvirate fulfil the mission on which they were sent. Baron Takahasi, president of the Yokohama Specie Bank, negotiated three loans, which were quickly over-subscribed, amounting to $450,000,000. The first, at six per cent., was hypothecated upon customs duties; the second, at four and a half per cent., upon the tobacco monopoly; and the third, at four per cent., upon Japan's good faith alone. Baron Suyématsŭ, known as a scholar and translator, by his presence and writing in Europe influenced favorably and guided wisely the public opinion of Germany, France, and Great Britain. Baron Kanéko, a graduate of Harvard, with graceful pen, forceful personality, and eloquent oratory in English, kept warm the American heart and aided notably in the peace negotiations.

Yet even the victories of Japan's armies and navy were no greater than the moral grandeur of her devotion to those mighty principles of civilization, as held by the best sentiment of the world. It was this loyalty to humanity's code that called forth the profound and even passionate sympathy of the American people, and, indeed, of all English-speaking nations. Premier Katsura made it plain, by word and act, that this war was not one of creed, race, or color, nor one that had anything to do with national or individual prejudice, but of principle only. Complete protection was given to all Russians living in Japan, and to all Christians of the Russo-Greek Church. Perhaps the most imposing edifice in Japan is their church building reared on the high ground of Suruga Dai on the north side of Tōkiō. Built on ground gained in a way not approved of, it looked down even upon the emperor's palace. Nevertheless, a special guard was put round this white marble Cathedral of the Resurrection, which had been built in Tōkiō with Russian money.

No advantage was given over any form of religion in spiritual ministration to the army. Besides permission given to Shintō and Buddhist priests to act as army chaplains, Christian pastors and laymen, and especially the field secretaries of the Young Men's Christian Association work, were encouraged to do all the good possible to the soldiers. Impressed by the fruitful activity of the Christians, the emperor, at the recommendation of his generals in the field, sent, at his own expense and as his own personal guests, several missionaries to the armies in Manchuria, notably the veteran Rev. Henry De Forest, Rev. E. W. Fulton, and Bishop Harris. From his own private purse, the emperor appropriated the sum of ten thousand *yen* to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association, as well as a like sum to the Okayama Orphanage conducted by Mr. Ishii, and the Christian Institution for the reclamation of native prisoners.

During the war, nearly one hundred thousand Russian prisoners of war were paroled or detained in Japan in comfortable circumstances, and in a way that shames by its record Elmira or Andersonville in our civil war. A society was formed by the Greek-Church Christians of Japan to minister to the material and spiritual comfort of their brethren of this branch of the Christian Church. Thousands of illiterate Russians were taught, by Japanese priests educated at Moscow, how to read and write their own language. When on February 18, 1906, this society met in the Suruga Dai Cathedral to return thanks to God for the privilege of showing Christian brotherly love to defeated foes, and to dissolve its organization, Bishop Nicolai, Father of the Mission, who came to Japan in 1860, testified that during the war, "nothing was said or done to give him pain." Said he, "I seemed to lose my Russian nationality, and only to remember that we were all brothers and sisters in Christ. . . . The Mother Church in Russia will not forget how her young daughter in Japan has acted towards Russian captives." He declared that the kindness of the Japanese to their incarcerated enemies would go far towards cementing friendship between the two nations.

Throughout the war, Japan had a noble army of men and women commissioned to save life. By report of Inspector-General Koiké, April 7, 1906, it consisted of 10,175 physicians and nurses, of whom 4517 belonged to the Army Department, 5470 to the Red Cross Hospital, and 188 were assistants. They cared for 554,885 sick or wounded Japanese and 77,850 Russian prisoners, handling 3,200,000 parcels of medical necessities costing $3,500,000. The total number of wounded Japanese was 220,812, of whom 47,387 died and 173,425 recovered; and of the sick, 236,223, of whom 27,158 died and 209,065 recovered. By the records of ceremonies at the Shokonsha (Spirit-greeting Shrine) in Tōkiō, May, 1906, it is seen that of her sons killed in battle, Japan lost 60,624, and that those who died of wounds and disease were 74,545, or a total sacrifice of 135,169 lives of men.

Peace between the two nations came about through the invitation of the President of the United States that commissioners should meet on American soil and arrange terms. The mikado appointed Baron Komura and his minister at Washington, Mr. Takahira. The czar chose his late envoy in Japan, Baron Rosen—who had never erred in his estimate of the Japanese, but whose warnings had been unheard in St. Petersburg—and his able minister Serjius de Witté. They met August 9th, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where had lived and whence, in 1832, as the first American envoy to the courts of Asia, from President Jackson, had sailed Edmund Roberts for China and Japan. After twenty days of conference, terms of peace were agreed on, Japan obtaining even more than what she went to war for.

The foreign newspapers and the native populace, inflamed by the vernacular press, had great expectations of a full reimbursement from Russia of the expenses of the war. It is not probable that the elder statesmen* and those in the Imperial Privy Council—the only ones constitutionally entitled to advise the mikado upon the subject—had any hope of indemnity. The substance of the instructions given to Komura before leaving Tōkiō was, "Do not disappoint the hopes for peace of the President of the United States and the American people, if peace can be made with honor." The supreme motive actuating the Mikado's advisers lay in the samurai's horror of prosecuting war for the sake of lucre, and their reluctance to have the mind and energies of the nation turned into the channels of conquest and carnage, with a view to make money. With a short crop and an impending famine, with resources undeveloped, the merchant yet low in honor, the mass of the people still to be lifted up, and the fruits of success to be gathered up made sure, Japan's problems were still too vast and complex for her to prosecute wasteful war. To continue hostilities, even if financially able, would seem like a reversion to barbarism and the manifestation of a spirit thoroughly alien to Bushidō.

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* See "The Elder Statesmen of Japan: the Power behind the Portsmouth Treaty," by W. E. Griffis, *North American Review*, February, 1906.

Without looking at the Russian side of the situation, we believe that President Roosevelt acted not one moment too soon. The emperor welcomed Komura in person, bestowed signal honors on him as guest and servant, and approved his course. One night of riot, arising chiefly from local and exceptional causes of irritation peculiar to the metropolis, disgraced Tōkiō, and made Japanese hang their heads in shame; but irritation was soon forgotten in the visit of the British fleet and the welcome given to the returning hosts from Manchuria. Baron Komura in Peking made a new treaty, and the Marquis Ito was sent to Corea as the mikado's resident-general. Japan sobered by her victories began afresh her enlarged tasks. As her ambition is to be a nation second to none on earth, her mightiest problems lie before her. Her greatest task is the lifting up of forty-eight millions to the standard of the two or three millions who have mental initiative. In the long run, her communal civilization cannot compete with nations whose aim is democracy—that is, the perfection of the individual.

Striking proofs and hopeful symptoms of the new national life are seen both in things material and in the moral realm. Two new British-built battle-ships, the *Katori* and the *Kashima,* are already in home ports. On the 26th of March, 1906, the *Tsukuba,* and on April 9, 1906, the *Ikoma,* battle-ships, of 14,000 tons, wholly the products of Japanese industry, designed, built, and armor-clad in Japan, were launched, and the keel of the *Aki* laid down. Corea, under its Japanese protectorate, is becoming a land of order, intelligence, and wealth. China is sending her sons by the thousand, and her daughters by the hundred, to be educated in Japan. The new Imperial Library in Tōkiō, memorial of peace, is not only a palace of riveted steel cased with stone, but has under it, as a base stronger than rock or concrete, a national library law. The Christian sentiment in Japan, after securing the passage of a law by the Diet giving a measure of freedom to the slaves of the Yoshiwara* has been enforced, despite ruffianism and brutal opposition, by the Salvation Army, and 12,000 women have been set free to earn an honorable living. Japan's prostitution of filial piety and of paternal power is as vile and abominable an "institution" as that which shields the stronger, while degrading and leaving defenceless the weaker, sex. Signs are not wanting to indicate that Nippon's shameful record in the sale of womanhood for man's lusts, according to a system that shields one party and dooms the other, will, as ethical forces become stronger, be blotted out.

The profound heart-searchings of a nation that has raised itself to a high pitch of enlightenment and civilization make the Japanese people hungry for something better than a rudimentary faith like Shintō, a bald system of unaspiring ethics like Confucianism, or even Buddha's creed of mercy, good as it is. Experiences in peace, in war, in government, and in the contact of Oriental and Occidental concepts of duty, have shown that there is no real conflict between mikadoism and Christianity. Unless the Japanese determine to remain wholly insular and parochial, even in the matter of religion, their aspirations and forms of soul life must merge into the best ideals of the race.

Despite war and the comparative poverty of the nation, steady advance has been made in popular education, though the Japanese have not yet risen to realize the necessity of sufficiently remunerating their teachers. Noteworthy has been the growth of technical training, the need of which was foreseen by the writer in 1872 (p. 538), who made a successful plea for the establishment of an initial polytechnic school in Tōkiō. The plan was happily carried out on a much larger scale by the Kōbushō, or Department of Public Works, in the organization of the Engineering College, whose history, as well as the general industrial development of Japan, has been so ably and interestingly told, in 1904, by Dr. Henry Dyer, in his book "Dai Nippon: A Study in National Evolution." The Higher School of Technical Training in Tōkiō has been for years under the direction of Mr. S. Téjima, the superintendent also of Japan's exhibitions at Chicago, Paris, and St. Louis. Wisely and profitably has the nation been represented at these clearing-houses of civilization. In 1904, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Japan's astonishing progress in every department of science and the arts, and in all lines of human achievement, was attractively shown. Of the 125 scholars invited from abroad and in attendance, three were from Japan, including Dr. Kitasato. Of the two who had been pupils of the writer in Tōkiō, the first was Professor Hozumi, one of the three native lawyers chosen to frame the modern civil code, and author of "Ancestor Worship and Japanese Law," and the second was Professor Mitsukuri, the authority on oceanography. Another pupil, Mr. Masujima, one of the great barristers of the empire, when in America in 1903, addressed several legal bodies on the modern law of the empire. In the same category were the treaty commissioners at Portsmouth in 1905, Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira.

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* "The Nightless City," by J. E. Becker, Yokohama, 1905, is a work which treats this unpleasant topic judicially and with accuracy. See the chapter, "Woman's Work for Woman," in "Dux Christus,"

A striking literary phenomenon within this decade is the Japanese author writing in creditable English. Among these are Nitobé, the Okakura brothers, Asakawa, and various writers of university theses on modern politics and sociology, besides men and women who wield a lighter feather in imaginative productions. With all their excellencies of style, thought, grasp of their subject, and affluence of knowledge, they show one common weakness in a lack of the historical sense, by refusing to face the facts concerning the early national traditions and their untrustworthiness. A shining exception is seen in Asakawa's "The Early Institutional Life in Japan." Every year, however, the iron fetters of pagan orthodoxy are breaking down, academic freedom is being slowly gained, and the Japanese are realizing their youthfulness* as a nation, and therefore their future of promise.

The death roll among civilians from 1903 to 1906 shows many a bright light extinguished. Count Otani Joson, since 1871 head of the great Shin sect of Buddhists, and the twenty-first abbot bearing the same name, of Nishi Honguanji in Kiōto, died in January, 1903. Takahashi Séichi, one of the three "ships" (ocean, iron, and earthen), with Katsu Awa and Yamaoka, which sailed out of old duarchy and feudalism into the new land of imperial promise, joined the others in the port beyond, February 13, 1903.

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* See the author's "Dux Christus," with topics for study and bibliographies.

Prince Komatsu, who in the Restoration of 1868 abandoned the monastery for active life, was the first imperial prince to go abroad, in 1871. He served as sub-lieutenant in the new national army, and was commander-in-chief in 1877. Later he visited America, in 1902, and was at King Edward's coronation in 1903, dying the next year on February 18th. Prince Kujo, one of the men of 1867, who upheld the Restoration, has passed away. Prince Konoyé, an uncompromising opponent of Russia, who foresaw and predicted her policy and action, died on the eve of the war, January 2, 1904. He was long President of the House of Peers, and of the East Asia Common Script Society, having many friends in China, Corea, and among his countrymen abroad. Mr. Ozaki, who with Tsuboichi introduced the new style of novel-writing, using natural conversation instead of speeches in the classical style as did Bakin, died at the age of thirty-seven. Fukichi Genichiro, the pioneer of journalists and newspaper-publishers in Japan, and later active as a dramatic composer and in politics, passed away in the prime of life. On the two great actors, Ichikawa Danjuro and his rival and comrade Kikugoro, the curtain fell in 1903. Kataoka Kenkichi, one of the first soldiers from Tosa in the loyal army of 1868, visiting America in the suite of Iwakura in 1872, and one of the founders with Itagaki, of the Liberal party, was from its twelfth session until his decease, President of the Lower House of the Imperial Diet. A fervent and active Christian, and president of the Doshisha University in Kiōto, Kataoka was one of the incarnated forces in the making of Christian Japan. Another eminent Christian was Professor Taguchi, economist. Count Soyéshima, who expired at midnight, January 30, 1905, born in 1823 in Bizen, was a profound scholar in Chinese, and also a student under Dr. Verbeck. Active in the making of the Meiji Government and civilization, he was chosen counsellor in 1867, at the age of twenty-seven. Later he was envoy to Russia to settle the Saghalien boundary. As ambassador in China in 1874, he proved himself a match for Li Hung Chang, and secured audience of the emperor, standing before the Dragon throne. In 1885, he was Court Counsellor and President of the Oriental Association.

With Count Okuma, he had just completed the manuscript of a "History of Fifty Years of National Progress."

Among other shining lights that in the period under review have passed from sight, in Japan's perpetual Feast of Bon, are to be named the Viscountess Tanaka—remembered in many American homes; Baron Utsumi, loyal soldier of the ante-Restoration era; Viscount Torio, a Chōshiu man, whom a visit to Europe made an intense conservative, opposed to Occidental tendencies in his people; Baron Sannomiya, of the Imperial Household Department, the ever-efficient smoother of difficulties between native and alien; Mr. Saso, who after nine years in Europe became the chief naval constructor, and designed the famous *Naniwa* and other efficient war-ships; several military commanders, and many noblemen. There are 706 nobles of Japan, with 1542 male members of their families, making an aggregate of 2248. When on the 4th of November, 1905, the Nobles' Club in Tōkiō held a memorial service for those of their order, fourteen in number, who lost their lives during the war with Russia, it was found that ten per cent. had borne arms. Prince Tokugawa presided. As military officers, from sergeant to major, these patriots had met death in action, or died of wounds. Of 234 titled noblemen serving in fleet or army, thirty-one were of the Kugé, fifty were of the old daimiō families, and 153 of the new nobility. Several imperial princes on deck or field also risked their lives in the empire's behalf and one was wounded.

Among foreigners identified with Japan, death has reaped a notable harvest in the passing of many of those who, coming out as young men in early days, made the social and business life of Yokohama. Eminent in professional life were Dr. Julius Scriba, for twenty-five years active as a physician, who died in Tōkiō, and Dr. David Murray, so noted as an educator in America, and as adviser from 1873 to 1879 to the Education Department in Japan. The latter died at his home at New Brunswick in New Jersey.

After forty years' acquaintance with the men, manners, literature, thought, and history of Japan, the writer is not yet prepared to answer yea or nay to the question often asked, "Have the Japanese creative intellect equal, in potency or reality, to that of the greatest races?" It seems certain that in the power of selection and adaptation their genius is of a high order and apparently unique. Subjected to the comparative test, this youthful people, who "came out of the woods," and rose from barbarism simultaneously with the nations of northern Europe, is not as original as the Chinese. Just as the Teutonic and Romance nations of Europe gained culture from the Romans, so the Japanese borrowed most of the features of their civilization from China. Buddhism, which is an Aryan creation, the fair flower of the spirit of India, may be looked upon as a union of the Hindoo and Mongol ideals. When, already a thousand years old, it reached Japan to be mother and nurse of the popular development, it brought the best in both material and spiritual form of two very different civilizations.

So far as history gives answer, the Japanese intellect is most fertile when touched by the Aryan mind. Mongol or Chinese thought and structures have furnished the material basis, but the soul of India has been the source of Japanese mental expansion and spiritual progress.* Of two great creative epochs noted in the national evolution, the first begins with the sixth century. Its fruits are seen in the uprearing of masterpieces of architecture, temples, pagodas, and monasteries, the making of the home, the adornment of the landscape, and the gift to the imagination of a wonderful world of thought. It was Buddhism that enthralled the Japanese heart, and made artistic conquest of the country. From the sixth to the twelfth century, this faith was in its creative epoch, but after that came conventionality and repetition, with the inclusion of the national mind. Native genius was again made surprisingly fertile in the eighteenth century, though sporadically, by the Dutch, who sowed much seed, and in the nineteenth with mighty outburst, when the Occidental and Christian forces of the West rolled in. To-day, to those able to see the invisible, the most tremendous transformation—less apparent than the mustard-seed phenomena of material borrowing and expansion, but more positively leavening—is discernible in the real Christianization of the nation.

Trained mentally and ethically, yet not in the philosophy of Greece or the discipline of Rome, the Japanese will become a great Christian nation. "They have already accepted European philosophy and science. It is simply inconceivable that the Christian religion should not follow." Shintō is little better than the simulacrum of life steadily being transformed into folklore and patriotic custom, "but the main stream of Japanese piety has cut for itself new channels."* Already the Japanese nation is Christian at heart.

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* See the five chapters on Buddhism in the "Religions of Japan."

Yet these islanders will not be Christians as Russians, Spaniards, Germans, or English-speaking people who know only the European tradition of the faith, as shaped by Greek philosophers, Romans, or Byzantine churchmen, embedded in mediæval notion and custom, or hewn into blocks of logic by the Reformation creed-makers. The Japanese will themselves press to the Founder, and inquire of the original documents. Seeing how different is the simple Christianity of Jesus from the various ethnic and ecclesiastical representations of it, they will interpret and embody the Master's call in forms best suited to their genius and capacity. In a word, the Japanese will hear, heed, and obey, not as slavish imitators of disciples, but as true samurai of the Great Captain. There is little hope for the alien ecclesiastical corporations and traditional creeds in the Land of the Rising Sun, but there is bright promise of Christian Bushidō.†

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* See Mr. W. G. Aston's "Handbook of Japanese Literature," and "Shintō: The Way of the Gods."

† See the writer's "Protest Against Sectarianism," written to the Christians in the Churches of Tōkiō and Yokohama, January 21, 1874, in "Sunny Memories of Three Pastorates," Ithaca, 1903.

VIII

JAPAN ON THE ASIAN CONTINENT.

When in August, 1876, the first edition of this book saw the light, the Mikado's empire had a population of 33,110,825 persons, who dwelt wholly upon islands, within an area of about 150,000 square miles. By the annexation of Korea, on August 29, 1910, 12,934,282 souls and about 85,000 square miles of territory were added to the empire of Japan, which now includes, in the archipelago and on the Continent, a population of 65,000,000 within an area of about 261,000 square miles, or slightly less than Texas, and much larger than France. The number of inhabitants to the square mile is about 243, so that at least five countries in Europe—England, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and Germany—exceed Japan in density of population.

With Yezo, Formosa, the lower half of Saghalin, sixty-five per cent. of the arable soil in Korea still waste, much of the land in the old regions awaiting intensive cultivation under scientific development, the raising of standard crops other than rice well begun, and the nearly untouched potencies for food and clothing, in the sheep and the cow in process of development, there is no imminent scarcity of food. To increase the easily possible resources of the empire, Japan has need that every able-bodied man in the empire be kept at home for a century to come.

Even more significant than census figures is the political situation developed by Japan's absorption of Korea. It sets her boundaries directly alongside of those of the Central Empire and Asiatic Russia, making the Chinese and the Muscovites immediate neighbors of the Japanese. The diverse elements in the Empire now comprise many ethnic stocks and qualities of people. Beside the old Japanese race—the composite made long ago of Aryan, Malay, Semitic, and Tartar tribes—are the Ainu, Riu-kiuans, the Chinese of western and the aborigines of eastern Formosa, the Saghalin tribes, and the Koreans.

A nation's progress does not depend upon its homogeneity. With a territory such as Japan possesses, stretching from sub-tropical to cold northern regions, it is well to have people of various characteristics, provided there be a good basis of popular education and of justice, with wise methods of promotion. This, with the aid of Buddhism, was pre-feudal Japan's method, as the Nihongi shows. Nevertheless, the empire's heterogeneousness will tend rather to confirm than to weaken the doctrines of mikadoism, as well as that form of Japanese orthodoxy which requires belief in the dogma of the emperor's heavenly ancestry. Scientific challenge or definition of the "virtues of the Imperial ancestors" is not open to public discussion, nor may the subject be critically handled by any one in the service of the government. Full academic freedom for the Japanese has not yet come. "It is not the personality of the Emperor, but the unique history and tradition of the Imperial throne, upon which the strength and value of the Japanese monarchy chiefly depend. . . . It is the Imperial throne, not the individual Emperor, which is associated in the minds of the Japanese people with the continuity of the Empire, and the unity and solidarity of the nation."* It is undoubtedly true, however, that the personality of Mutsuhito the Great has powerfully strengthened the monarchical tradition in Japan. The necessity of making the throne the central national force seems imperative, and with it appears to be equally strong, as yet, the determination that the ministers shall obey the mandate of the sovereign and not of the Diet. A review of the history of representative government since 1890 shows that but a very slight margin of freedom is given, either to parties or to modification of the budget. The item of "fixed expenditures" is the real garment of government, parliamentary votes being only the fringe. Despite Diet and Constitution, the invisible conservative power that hedges the emperor, including the "elder statesmen," still rules Japan, and, it must be confessed, for the most part, with consummate wisdom. Nevertheless, it is worthy of inquiry whether this state of things, if too long continued, can work out the destinies of the nation in the best way. The bureaucracy of Japan, with its vast power and network of influence, is now able to neutralize, to a large extent, the benefits of the restoration of 1868, possibly even to thwart the will of the nation.

A frightful shock was given to national feeling when, towards the end of 1910, a plot to destroy the Emperor and Crown Prince was unearthed. It had almost become an article of faith with the Japanese that no native, under any circumstances, would wish to injure the Son of Heaven, the beloved Emperor. Yet here were men, twenty-six in all, who had deliberately planned to take the lives of the Heaven-descended rulers. The ringleader, a violent enemy to Christianity and to organized government, was, in the confusion of thought which results when men get badly frightened, variously called a socialist, an anarchist, and a Christian. After deliberate and careful examination of the accused persons, according to the laws of the land, judgment was given. The cool-headed world was horrified to find that, instead of one or two victims being ordered to the gallows, there were no fewer than eleven men and one woman executed. It had been thought by those who in other countries had given close attention to the subject that most of those implicated would be pardoned and only one or two examples made. It was a grief to many friends of Japan that she was so ready to follow the example of other less civilized nations in meting punishment to so large a number of accused persons. Others, with a better perspective upon Japanese affairs than natives in the employ of the Government can possibly have, began to inquire whether such a character as the arch-conspirator was not the direct outgrowth of the bureaucracy, and the logical result of methods of repression that paralyze individual enterprise in Japan. Undoubtedly fear of destructive socialism and anarchy, long before Secretary Knox's Manchurian proposition, led to sympathy with Russia, and was a factor in the Russo-Japanese agreement which startled many Americans.

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* "The Political Development of Japan, 1867–1909," by G. E. Uyehara, New York, 1910.

One of the constant wonders of a modern man, accustomed to the free spirit of inquiry and personal initiative of the Occident, is that the average Japanese leaves almost everything to the government. Instead of attempting progress and the overcoming of obstacles through private endeavor, he relies on official initiative or interference. So long as the relics of feudalism plague the nation, and communal instincts and Chinese traditions prevail, bureaucracy and slavish dependence upon the government will retard Japan in the line of true advance. In the reaction of impotent fear against "socialism," the military classes and the police, in their measures of search and repression, have often gone to silly extremes and have come perilously near violating the constitution. The whole episode brought clearly into the light the fact that the real socialists are among the ruling classes, who would still further paralyze individuality by putting nearly everything under government control, even industry and agriculture. This spirit of reaction is seen even in education.

On the 7th of May, 1911, at the second meeting of the united educational societies throughout the Empire, those present decided by a large majority in favor of ancestral worship and the family system of Confucius as the basis of morality. Evidently such an anachronism, perpetuated by educators in the twentieth century, in thus indorsing so miserably incomplete a system—the fountain of so much moral pollution and of the degradation of woman—is one of the signs of reaction against "socialism." This bogy is made to loom like a Brocken spectre before frightened men that have adopted the material forces of Western civilization, while purposely ignorant, even to self-imposed blindness, of its real roots and fountains. Those who at present dominate in the government and intellectual leadership of Japan are trying to rule religion out of daily life, and to base ethics upon no nobler sanctions than those found in insular patriotism and Chinese traditions. They hope to get along with Imperial rescripts only, and thus not only to fit the rising generation and the nation for the colossal tasks and duties confronting them, and to keep abreast of the foremost nations in the struggle of evolution. Against this tendency, happily, native men and women of enlightenment are boldly protesting.

At the same time, with the relaxation of the old restraints that fell with feudalism, and following upon two successful wars—one of the most potent means of disturbing ethical and mental balance—crimes of violence and suicide increase, life is cheapened and the morale of the populace is frightfully injured. It is certain that the nation is not at present (in 1912) improving ethically, and that the old moral foundations are utterly inadequate to sustain the tremendous superstructure which Japan is uprearing. What the far-seeing Nakamura Masanawo wrote in 1868, after returning from Europe—boldly addressing his words directly to the Mikado and challenging his or any other man's right to judge Christianity without study or examination—is shown to be true—viz., that Japan attempts vainly to appropriate the flower and fruit of European civilization, while ignoring the root.

It was this seemingly hysterical action of the government, in the matter of the "socialists" in Tōkiō, leading to apparent manifestations of official hostility to Christianity, as the reputed parent of "socialism," that led many people in America and Europe to suspect that the wholesale arrest of church-members in northern Korea, in 1912, in the alleged plot against the life of the Governor-General, was a "conspiracy of the Japanese Government against Christianity," and great was the journalism on this subject. The answer of Terauchi himself, published in the New York *Sun*, on October 4, 1912, completely refutes this unjust suspicion. Despite the mistakes and ignorance of zealous subordinates, the liberal provisions of the constitution of 1889, as to freedom of conscience, have been maintained in Korea as in Japan. Hearty recognition of the good work of the Christian missionaries, both as pioneers* and teachers, is made in the "Government-General's Annual Report of Reforms and Progress in Chosen (Korea), 1910–1911," which states officially that there are now "over 370,000 Christians" in Korea.

One sign of the times is seen in the fact that after the great conflagration of 1911, by which seven thousand houses and the Yoshiwara, or licensed prostitutes' quarters in Tōkiō, were destroyed, there were symptoms of a hotter moral fire to cauterize this horrible tumor from Japan's body social, to fumigate to sweetness the fair name of Nippon that now, in the name of science, smells rank in the world, because of licensed and officially encouraged sexual impurity, and to compel the adoption of a single standard of morality for man and woman. In public meetings thousands of decent people protested against the renewal of business in this plague spot.

The story of the absorption of Korea by Japan, which means probably the ultimate amalgamation of the two peoples into one, has a poetical, a legendary, and a historical background, making the act of August 29, 1910—which adds the province of Chosen to Dai Nippon, unites the Korean princes to the Imperial household, and transfers the nobles of Korea to the Japaness peerage—seem a natural and logical conclusion.†

In the early ages, before there were any "Koreans" or "Japanese," in the modern sense of the word, but when the nomads in the islands and in the peninsula were of much the same stock and still only in the tribal stage of political organization, there were trade and fighting, mutual raiding, emigration and immigration. Upon a possible predatory adventure of some female chieftain from the islands into the neighboring peninsula, Japanese legend, mythology, and nursery fairy tales, with every conceivable expression in art and literature, have for a thousand years built up the notion which, by and by, became holy dogma to many, that Jingu Kogo had "conquered" the whole peninsula, and that all "Korea" was made "tributary" to "Japan." The peninsulas themselves, suffering alike from China and Japan, spoke of their country as "a shrimp between two whales." Certainly nothing in history seems more unjustifiable—unless possibly the invasion of Mexico by the Americans in 1846—than the brutal raid of Hidéyoshi in 1592, when Korea was desolated and scraped clean of its artistic treasures and craftsmen. Indeed, the invaders actually removed and prepared to take away three stories of the pictured marble pagoda in Séoul. Though Japan, during the Tokugawa period, had only a trading station at Fusan and was dictated to and treated very much as an equal by Korea, it became an article of faith with many samurai of the old school, who made slight distinction between mythology and history, as so many Japanese yet do, that Korea should be conquered. When in 1872 the new government in Tōkiō was directly insulted, by letter from the Korean regent, for discarding Chinese civilization and adopting the material forces of Christendom, a cabinet crisis in Tōkiō and the civil war of 1877 followed. Later the Kang-wa affair took place.

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* See "A Modern Pioneer in Korea: The Life Story of Henry G. Appenzeller," by W. E. Griffis: New York, 1912.

† See the author's article, "The Absorption of Korea by Japan," in *The North American Review* for October, 1910.

Happily Count Inouye, the Mikado's envoy to Korea, had borrowed from the American minister in Tōkiō, Mr. John A. Bingham, a copy of Bayard Taylor's abridged history of Commodore Perry's Expedition, by which he refreshed his memory as to the American sailor-diplomat's methods of patience and firmness in winning hermit Japan to reason and brotherhood in 1853. Japan magnanimously made a treaty with Korea after the Townsend Harris model, which conferred sovereignty upon Korea, a country which had hitherto been a vassal of China and was so mutually acknowledged by both the Middle Kingdom and The Little Outpost State herself. For the first time Korea was known to the world as a sovereign state.

For years thereafter Japan nobly attempted to redeem the old "Treasure Land of the West," to which her people were bound by ties of gratitude. She lent Korea her best statesmen, and has lavished fully one hundred and fifty millions of dollars to aid the retarded people into freedom and modern life. Japan knew that in the great world-movements, especially in the Russians' march eastward to the Pacific and with predatory European nations seeking territory in eastern Asia, it was for her own safety that the cowed and hermit vassal of China should be lifted up and assisted to national vigor. Yet opposed to this sincerely peaceful policy of Japan were not only the whole political habit and traditions of China, but also her claim of universal sovereignty, always ostentatiously and sometimes fiercely asserted with armed force. China's determination, despite international law and treaties, was to keep Korea a vassal state. Having recognized Chosen as a sovereign state, Japan instantly came into collision with the Chinese dogma, which the Peking Government now stood ready to enforce with military intervention. China repeatedly attempted to hinder the dispatch of Korean embassies, and the first one travelling abroad was brought at American expense, on the U. S. S. *Trenton*, and was sent home by the same method.

After Chinese partisans in Séoul had stirred up the Korean mob to fire their legation, the Japanese retreated, leaving their murdered fellow-countrymen unburied in the streets. China sent three thousand troops under two generals and Yuan Shi Kai to preserve order. She virtually annexed Korea by placing the customs service under that of Peking. After the returning Korean Progressives had attempted hasty reform by the methods of assassination and incendiarism, the Japanese were again driven out by overwhelming numbers of Chinese troops and their dead again left to the dogs. China still kept her Resident Yuan, who for years dictated the policy of the Korean Government. Then Marquis Ito went to Peking, when he and Li Hung Chang became friends, and the two governments agreed by treaty to withdraw their troops and to send no more unless first notifying the other.

But at the first new symptom of the anarchy, almost chronic in the southern provinces, the pro-Chinese party at Séoul asked Peking for aid. The result was the war between China and Japan, which made Korea free. Then it was hoped, through Count Inouye's labors, that Korea would attain to the organization of a modern state. But with a weak ruler, the incarnation of Korea's superstition and bigotry, and all attempts at separation of the Court from the government, of the affairs of the palace from the public administration, being foiled by Queen Min, reform seemed impossible.

After the savage murder of the queen and the incidents leading to the war with Russia, Ito took up the task of reform. In uncertain health, and at a time of life when rest seemed imperative, Ito the Noble summoned his best energies, resolving to make it his life's ambition to redeem Korea, and to give her common people, whom he sincerely pitied, the same service he had so long and loyally given to Japan. With even-handed justice, he deported as many as possible of the villainous Japanese, the bad subjects of the emperor, who had disgraced their country. Then, holding back at arm's length the military jingoes and his own greedy countrymen, he patiently mastered details and began the virtual reconstruction of the nation, while Japan poured out money freely from her treasury for the building up of the Korean state. How fundamental, imperative, and detailed was this needed work may be judged from what Lieutenant Foulke, after long study in traversing the whole peninsula, wrote in 1884: "Central national life in Korea is weak. The nation is one just removed from being tribal . . . its despotic power, tainted with the air of mountain tribal life."

Ito was Resident-General, according to the treaty of November 17, 1905, when the foreign relations with the little kingdom came under Japan's control. The nations which had made treaties acquiescing not only without protest, but with astonishing promptness and unanimity, withdrew their legations. On July 19, 1907, after both his violations of solemn treaty obligations had been exposed, the Korean "emperor" abdicated in favor of his son, and a fresh agreement was made between the two governments, "with the object of increasing the wealth and promoting the welfare of Korea." In the months following, the Japanese Government again spent millions of dollars in schemes of practical advantage to the Koreans. But instead of responding to their opportunity, the Yang-ban, or privileged classes, followed the example of their chief rulers. Too indolent or suspicious to co-operate with the Japanese, to develop the country's resources, or to foster education and to uplift the common people, they preferred the old ruts of dishonesty and peculation, of laziness, of hatred of honest labor and of caste. Patriotism for the office-holding class had scarcely any meaning apart from personal advantage and the filling of private pockets. After months of trial had run into years of disappointment, and reform appearing impossible, withal seeing that Korea, while remaining in medieval weakness, was sure to remain the hotbed of intrigue, a source of danger to Japan, and a perilous element of instability in the Eastern situation, the Japanese Government, having only one exit out of the difficulty, resolved upon formal annexation.

By the act of August 29, 1910: "With the approval of his Majesty the Emperor of Japan and his Majesty the Emperor of Korea," a treaty was concluded which made the province of Chosen an integral part of the Japanese empire. It declared that the agreements hitherto concluded by Korea with foreign powers ceasing to be operative, Japan's treaties would, so far as practicable, be applied to Korea. Foreigners resident in Korea would, in so far as conditions permitted, enjoy the same rights and immunities as in Japan proper. The existing schedules of goods imported into Korea from foreign countries or exported from Korea were to remain the same as before, during ten years. The existing open ports of Korea, with the exception of Masan-po, were to be continued as open ports, and in addition Wiju, on the Yalu River, was to be newly opened to trade.

According to the articles of the treaty, complete and permanent cession to his Majesty the Emperor of Japan was made of all rights of sovereignty over the whole of Korea. The Imperial Household of Korea became part of the Imperial Household of Japan, and such titles, dignities, and honors as were appropriate to their respective ranks were accorded, and sufficient annual grants were made for the maintenance of these to them and to their heirs. Peerages and monetary grants were also to be bestowed upon those Koreans who, on account of meritorious services, were regarded as deserving such special recognition.

Entire responsibility of government, administration, and protection of the person and property of Koreans and of promotion of their welfare were assumed by the government of Japan. Those Koreans who accepted the new régime loyally and with good faith, and who were duly qualified, would be employed in the public service.

The direct expenses to Japan of this amalgamation were over $15,000,000. Besides $750,000 appropriated for the maintenance of the Korean princes, seventy-five Koreans were made peers of Japan, and pecuniary grants—$25,000 to a baron and up to $100,000 for a marquis—were arranged for, the money to be paid, not in a lump sum, but, as in the case of the old kugé, or Kiōto nobility, given as interest at regular intervals.

Against both the attempts at reform, previous to Ito's hold upon affairs—carried out, it is true, often with slight regard to the feelings of the natives—but also against the very idea of reconstructing the old régime, many Koreans rebelled. Some prominent men committed suicide. Others, especially the weak and cowardly, sought to stay the engine of progress over the steel rails of necessity by assassinating the engineer. As in old Japan—so truly a mirror of semi-barbarous Korea—the weapons of murder were made ready, and several Korean statesmen fell. These victims were known to be in sympathy and in active participation with the new measures, by which alone the sovereignty of Korea could be regained or maintained.

In this method of removal, as applied to their own countrymen, they had before them the examples of Queen Min and her husband, who sent scores of their victims to the blood-pit, the strangulation-cord, or into exile; and of the Tai Wen Kun, who not only festooned the city gates with the heads of his enemies, but on one occasion officially notified Count Inouye that he wanted sixty more removed at once. The Korean assassins went further and, selecting an American, murdered him on his own home soil. Mr. Durham White Stevens, former adviser to the King of Korea, was shot in San Francisco by a wretch who abused the hospitalities of the country which sheltered him.

Another shining mark was Prince Ito. On October 29, 1909, a Korean assassin from Séoul, who, wearing foreign clothes and mingling with the crowd of Japanese and Russians that gathered at the Harbin railway station to welcome Prince Ito, shot at his victim from the rear and killed him. The Mikado immediately raised to the second degree of the first rank his dead servant—greatest and best known to the world of all modern Japanese. This posthumous elevation is the highest honor attainable by a subject. On November 4, 1910, after a state funeral in Tōkiō rarely matched in its imposing solemnity, Ito's body was laid to rest.* Quite possibly this murderous incident hastened the action of the Japanese Government toward amalgamation.

Count Terauchi, the successor of Prince Ito in this great work, with a military education and renowned in war, and with a notable record for organization, is a Chōshiu man, of tenacity, imperturbable good humor, and sympathy with the people, being thus excellently fitted to carry out the work initiated by Ito. Already Korea is well on the way of having, for the first time in her history, a sound money standard, good roads and means of communication, common and special schools, including technical, commercial, industrial, agricultural, forestry, and medical colleges, besides model farms, preventive hygiene, waterworks, hospitals, scientific agriculture, and other means of improving and saving life.* Taxes are paid in coin, and not in kind, a reform which in itself dries up the fountains and streams of corruption and helps to wash clean the hands "greasy with palm-oil." The centre of graft and rottenness, the old Imperial Court, made up largely of eunuchs, sorceresses, geomancers, and fortune-tellers, has been cleansed. Instead of these multitudinous parasites upon the wealth of the people, there are now trained men, Korean and Japanese, in office. Throughout the whole country the local and national police and civil servants, native and imported, are in about equal numbers. The Japanese have studied conditions rather than enforced theories.

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* See "The Statesmanship of Ito," by W. E. Griffis, in *The North American Review*, January, 1911.

Under the operation of the great underlying forces of ancestry, ethnic likeness, social organization, of language, religion, common culture and traditions, reinforced by the new environment of reformed law and custom, and by the necessities of the new national life and the power of Christianity to fulfil without destroying, the two peoples, Japanese and Korean, will blend and become one. The experiment of the more advanced nation giving to the other the constitutional rights and privileges gained by itself will, if successful, constitute one of the greatest peace victories known in human history.

The sequel of the war with Russia was less disastrous than might have been expected. The tremendous losses of life and treasure, the heavy debt incurred, the great numbers of crippled and deformed men still visible, the collapse of the notion that war improves trade, the failure of many industrial schemes, with long-continued commercial depression, gave food for reflection, and lessened any tendency to boastfulness on the part of the Japanese. Instead of bitterness between Nipponese and Muscovites, there has been increase of that mutual respect which knowledge bought by experience brings, and a determination on both sides to forget the passions of the war. At Port Arthur there stands a noble memorial edifice, inscribed in both Russian and Japanese, reared to the memory of the brave men who gave up their lives in the struggle. In Russia visiting Japanese officers, including General Nogi, have laid wreaths upon the graves of their former antagonists.

It was not strange, then, that Russia and Japan in July, 1910, entered into a mutual compact to maintain the *status quo* in Manchuria, and virtually agreed to become co-operators in railway matters, instead of competitors. This convention in no way affects any third power, but continues the Open Door and Equal Opportunity for all. These negotiations were begun previous to the proposition of Secretary Knox to neutralize the Manchurian railways and allow other nations to join in their financial exploitation. The text of the agreement, or convention, made by Secretary Elihu Root and Baron Takahira, in 1908, specifies that, in case of any change in the *status quo* of the United States and Japan, "it remains for the two governments to communicate with each other, in order to arrive at an understanding as to what measures they may consider it useful to take." In both spirit and form this was a noble advance in the line of just and fair diplomacy, but the spirit of it seemed to be violated when Secretary Knox, without preliminary communication with the two powers intimately concerned, Japan and Russia, made the proposal to six governments that the railways in Manchuria should be neutralized. This was a bitter disappointment to Japan, and it created a great wave of suspicion. It looked as though the money interests of the United States had got control of the State Department in Washington, and appeared to be opposed to the open and frank diplomacy exhibited in the Takahira-Root agreement. One wondered why the great Pennsylvanian had not proposed to Germany that her enterprises in Shan Tung, China, should be similarly neutralized. Whatever may have been the motive, however, the redeeming features of which time may reveal, a new face was put upon the whole situation by the commercial treaty negotiated between the United States and Japan by the Imperial ambassador Baron Uchida and Secretary Knox, and ratified by the two governments in May, 1911, a delightful exchange of personal opinions and feelings taking place at the dinners given in Tōkiō and New York. Baron Uchida declared that as the sun and stars had never been at disagreement, so the banner of the Land of the Risen Sun and the flag of the American Republic would ever wave in harmony. The visit of Secretary Knox to Japan, in September, 1912, as the President's personal representative, at the funeral obsequies of Mutsuhito, the Meiji Tennō, and this cabinet officer's noble words and conciliatory bearing, reaffirmed the oldest of friendships, that of the United States to Japan, initiated by Millard Fillmore, a whole "Cycle of Cathay," or sixty years ago.

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* See *The Annual Report of Reforms and Progress in Chosen (Korea) for 1910–1911.* Séoul, December, 1911.

The resources of Formosa are being steadily developed, but the labor of subduing head-hunting savages to civilization is a slow one.

When in 1895 the combined pressure of Russia, Germany, and France, backed by their great fleets of battle-ships, compelled Japan to relinquish her hold on the Continent, and, in lieu thereof, to take Formosa and thirty million taels indemnity, the Japanese, to use the Chinese expression, "bought" two quarrels. They had to deal first with the so-called Formosan Republic, which gave them several months of fighting, and then with the mountain aborigines. At first these red-skinned forest men looked on with delight, when they saw the Japanese slaughtering their ancient enemies, the Chinese. For a while the Japanese thought it would be comparatively easy to bring the whole jungle population under control.

For the purpose of subjugation an army of Aiyu, friendly braves, or allies, made up chiefly of local natives, Chinese and Formosans, was employed. It was officered by Japanese constables, and occasionally a sergeant and file of men was detailed from the army, sometimes a whole company of soldiers assisting. The Mikado's forces met with varying success, and at certain points penetrated the great natural castle of eastern Formosa and along the lower edges of the stronghold they planted their forts and out-stations. Hundreds of savage villages have been brought under law—and taxation, and vast collections of skulls—the archives and treasures of the tribes—buried from sight.

But after fifteen years the Japanese find that they have much work yet to do, and that mountain and forest fighting is an art by itself. Without the experience, such as Americans on the frontiers, in Iroquois land, in the everglades of Florida, among the lava-beds, on the prairies, within the cañons and on the dry sand wastes, have gained during nearly three centuries' struggle with the red man, the Japanese saw that they were making very slow progress and at fearful cost. They now began to think they had a problem which, in difficulty and tediousness, exceeded that of taking Port Arthur.

The copper-colored aborigines, declining to yield the ownership of the land of their forefathers to strangers, fought with the tenacity of Seminoles or Apaches. Besides being brave, they were skilled in jungle lore and craft. Arboreal in their habits, having a skin, and wearing a dress that, with the mimicry of protection, served admirably to make them almost invisible in the twilight of the bamboo forests, they showed considerable tactical skill, gained by fighting the Spaniards, Dutch, and Chinese for nearly three centuries. They had been enabled to resist armed British, German, and American modern invaders, who were unable to follow them in the furnace heat and darkness of the steaming jungle, and were now furnished with repeating rifles brought from China, and well equipped with metallic cartridges made in Connecticut. To yield to the Japanese, who, besides taxes, brought in schools, hospitals, roads, and the manners of civilization, would mean to give up their cherished customs, blood feuds, and head-hunting. Such impiety and disturbance of their ancestral institutions was not to be thought of. Fresh human skulls, whether American, Chinese, or European, served as assets for housekeeping, decorations for the feast or funeral, and passports into society. A native youth could not get a wife unless able to show a festoon of heads. To be forced to change his own household decorations and the public furniture by removing the dadoes of crania that adorned the council-house of his village seemed an insult to his ancestors.

Fifteen years of this kind of warfare on roadless mountains, from five to eight thousand feet high, in a territory as large as New Hampshire, have yielded sad experiences. The stockades of the natives are made of bamboo and timber, strengthened with bags of earth, that require artillery and trained soldiers for their capture; but wheeled cannon require roads. Though the Japanese have made great progress, after having slaughtered thousands of natives and lost many hundreds of their own people, they are still at work in a tedious and difficult business, which yields neither fame nor glory. Yet their task is in the interest of civilization, and peaceful, night-lighted shores are for the good of all sea-faring humanity. There is every prospect of the whole region being soon brought under control, and of the utilization of the almost measureless resources of the Island Beautiful.

The problem before Japan's modern statesmen is to provide for fifty millions of people living upon a mountainous island area, fitted by nature to feed fewer than ten millions. Great enterprises of peace are therefore imperative, in addition to securing national defense. Yet in the midst of them all their great leader, the emperor, passed away. At forty-three minutes past twelve, on the morning of July 30, 1912, Mutsuhito the Great,* after a few days' illness, breathed his last. He was the incarnation of the spirit of the Meiji era. The impressive spectacle, during the last hours of the Imperial patient, of thousands of people, of every age, name, and sect, in front of the palace, praying, with millions of their countrymen throughout the empire, for the emperor's life, showed not only how different is the modern from the former age of secrecy and seclusion, but demonstrated the existence of a new spiritual temper in the nation. The new emperor, Yoshihito, duly invested with the sacred symbols, mirror, sword, and sphere, educated in the learning of the West, and his conjugal life modelled on that of Christendom, begins his reign most auspiciously in the era of Taisei, or Great Righteousness.

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* See the article by W. E. Griffis, "Mutsuhito the Great," in *The North American Review* for September, 1912.

Coincident with the report of the cannon that announced the removal of the body of the Mikado from the palace to the place of lying in state, was the suicide of Count General Kiten Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur and the consummate white flower of Bushidō. With no desire to outlive his chief and passionately intent upon "following the Master"* in death, he and his samurai wife died by their own hands. It was out of the Echizen district, with Fukui as its centre, and from the public schools of the west coast, that the famous Ninth Division, commanded by Nogi, was raised. A letter from him, received only a week before his death, mirrors at once Japanese gratitude, the pessimism of a Spartan amid luxury, and the feelings akin to those of veterans of our Civil War, who see Memorial Day changed to one of sport and carousal. Let the letter, one of the last from his pen, tell its own story.

Tōkiō, *July 7, 45th year of Meiji.*

Dr. William Elliot Griffis.

Dear Sir,—I have received your favor. I am very thankful for your sincere kindness, which you have shown us for two-score years, since you have kindly helped in the opening of our Japanese civilization in the beginning of Meiji, and also at the present time.

Whenever I recall the experiences of eight years ago, when I had death or life in common with my Echizen-district fighting companions, whom you love best, I am ashamed that I cannot find anything which deserves your applause in the present state of our country.

I have enclosed my most recent picture, with gratitude for your kindness, and I also congratulate you upon your happiness and health.

Yours sincerely,

Kiten Nogi.

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* See Index, *Jun-shi.*

Grand and admirable as is Bushidō, and glorious as was my friend Nogi, the least in the coming kingdom of Christian Japan is greater than he. How different the spirit of Lincoln at Gettysburg—"It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us. . . . that these dead shall not have died in vain."

The question has often been asked whether the modern government of the Mikado has, at any time since 1867, earnestly inquired into the truth or power of the Christian religion, with the idea of making it the basis of a State Church in Japan. I believe that no such attempt has ever been seriously undertaken, though secretaries in the great embassies and special observers from time to time have been requested to report upon the subject.

Happily for pure Christianity, the Japanese have kept their hands off the ark. They took the wiser way in 1899, and in the constitution granted full toleration of religion, giving Christianity a fair field and no favor. Whatever of personal, individual, or social prejudice, or of indifference, or wilful or pitiable ignorance may exist in regard to this greatest force that has come into human history, the action of the Tōkiō Government throughout the whole empire, in old and new lands, has been beyond praise. No official manipulation of what ought to be too sacred for kings, emperors, or political rulers to meddle with has been attempted. Christianity in the Far East is thus saved from the politician's wiles, from priestcraft, and from the corruption and decay that has cursed Europe.

That Japan's need of spiritual religion is keenly felt by her people and their leaders, that she has not yet "found her own soul," is certain. Even the famous rescript of Mutsuhito on education has failed to be a bulwark of national morality. The absence of so powerful a factor as religion so impressed Mr. Tokonami, Vice-Minister of Home Affairs, that early in 1912 he called a convocation of Christians, Buddhists, and Shintōists in Tōkiō, to unite them all in the work of stimulating the moral sense of the nation. It was well attended, and one result, at least, emerged—that Christianity is thus acknowledged as one of the dominant religions of Japan.

The notion that some good people indulge, that the Japanese were repelled from Christianity because of its sects and divisions, is not only ridiculous in itself, but to the knowing furnishes food for merriment. The idea that these "Orientals" should be guileless lambs in regard to religious division, bickering, or strife, when in their own country, besides religious wars and riots of old, there are about fifty different ways of being a Buddhist (p. 175), about twenty ways of being a Shintōist, while the old schools of Confucian philosophy varied even to hostility, persecution, and torture, is highly amusing. All educated Japanese know that when men think they differ, and the bolder their speculations and the more they show the spirit of inquiry and initiative, the more are they likely to dissent as to dogma, method, and results. In the schools of Far Eastern thought, almost every phase of the human mind, very much as shown in the discipline and development of Christian theology, whether derived from Plato, the Latin or Greek fathers, the medieval schoolmen, or the modern Reformers, Roman or Greek Catholics, has been gone through with. Christianity in Japan needs no government help, and is far better off without it. Despite the difficulties in the way, the unity of the Protestant forms of the faith furnishes to the churches at home a powerful object-lesson.

The sooner Japanese Christians are able to pierce through the dogmatic mask and strip off the European habiliments of pure Christianity, discerning the real Master and His own life and message and words, the sooner will His kingdom come in their hearts. When Bushidō, Buddhist culture, Shintō tradition, or other forms of their national inheritance are transformed by the spirit of the Christ, the Japanese will have a religion richer in truth and compelling power than any they have hitherto known. To infuse the native culture with the spirit of Jesus, and to deepen, enlarge, and purify their ideals in conformity to what Jesus taught, lived, and acted, is the task before them, which, when fulfilled, will be for the lasting good of Japan's millions.

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F, for words in Dutch books, or in writings copied therefrom, see under *H*, or *A*. In foreign books, *f* or *ff* is often inserted, or made terminal in a Japanese word which ends in an open vowel. Thus Shikokŭ and Hokusai, appear as Shikokf, Hokffsai, etc.
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H. In Dutch and Portuguese books *f* often takes the place of *h.* See under *F.* In combination, or by *nigori,* becomes *b, f,* or *p.*
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L. There is no letter *l* in Japanese. The name Liu Kiu is Chinese; Japanese, Riu Kiu. The Kurile, or Kuril, Islands derive their name from the Russian Kuril, *to smoke*, from the active volcanoes on them. Saghalin is Russian. See under *R.*
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Nigori, the impure or soft sound of a consonant, expressed in Japanese by two dots or a circle. *Chi* or *shi* by *nigori* become *ji; ho, bo, po; tsu, dzu; su, zu; ku, gu; fo, bo;* etc., etc.
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O, pronounced as *o* in *bone.* Ō denotes prolonged *o*.
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P is the second modification of *h* or *f*, and the first of *b*. Probably no pure Japanese word begins with *p* except onomatopes, or children's words. Double *p* (pp) in a compound word is the strengthening of a vowel and an aspirate into two explosives, a sign of careless speaking, and lack of cultivation. The repetition of the vowel and aspirate is the mark of good lingual breeding. *Nihon* and *Yohodo* of the Japanese gentleman are far more elegant than *Nippon* and *Yoppodo* of the common people. One can tell a person of cultivation by this one sound.
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